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Pajoo Rajah 1017

THE

KNIGHTS OF THE SWAN;

OR,

THE COURT OF CHARLEMAGNE:

A HISTORICAL AND MORAL TALE:

TO SERVE AS A CONTINUATION TO

THE TALES OF THE CASTLE:

AND OF WHICH ALL THE INCIDENTS THAT BEAR ANALOGY TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ARE TAKEN FROM HISTORY.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL LIBRARY

519

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MADAME DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE

THEATRE OF EDUCATION, ADELAIDE & THEODORE, &c.

BY THE REV. MR. BERESFORD.

An age of pain does not atone for a moment of guilt.

TH. CORNEILLE.

If that adversity which arises from loss of fortune fix our attachment stronger towards the friend who suffers, and force us to new efforts to assist him; the loss of innocence, when it happens from no habitual depravity, forms a much stronger motive to exertion, when those who have fallen struggle to raise themselves up.

SETHOS, Book 8.

VOLUME II.

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL LIBRARY TANJORE

NOTWITHSTANDING the total interruption of our correſpondence during ſix years, I have not forgotten the proofs of friendſhip which I have received from you, or the promiſe I made to inſcribe to you this Novel; which at firſt was intituled *Les Petits Talons**. It is but juſt to pay you this homage: ſince I ſhould never have written it but for *the journey to the cave of R.*

* The Little Heels.

PREFACE.

THE firſt nine chapters of this work were compoſed two years before the Revolution. I read them, at the time, to ſeveral perſons, who will ſee that I have altered nothing in them: and, indeed, my principles having never varied, the late events have had no influence on my opinions. This is a fact, that may be eaſily aſcertained, by the peruſal of my writings. In all of theſe will be found the ſame abhorrence of deſpotiſm and intolerance, the ſame reſpect for religion and morality, the ſame ſentiments of humanity and generoſity, the ſame intereſt in the people's welfare, the ſame contempt for the prejudices of birth, and the ſame love of order, juſtice, and virtue.

It is more eaſy now, than ever it was, to calumniate individuals: but it is hardly poſſible to throw the ſame obloquy on works that have been tranſlated into all the languages of Europe; and of which, in a very ſhort ſpace of time, the editions have been pro-

prodigiously multiplied.—Hence, some Gazetteers and Libellists, while they tear in pieces my personal character with equal ire and absurdity, say not a single word of my works. Yet, assuredly, those anonymous writers have no personal knowledge of me: consequently, it would be more reasonable in them to form an idea of my character and principles, from what I have published, in the course of fourteen years, and in twenty-one volumes, than to judge of me by hear-says:—and what sort of hear-says? and in what times propagated? (*a*)

For

(*a*) At the head of a work, which is now in the press, I have placed a preliminary discourse, intituled *A short Account of my Conduct since the Revolution*; in which I prove, 1st, That even in the sense of the most rigorous decrees, I am not an emigrant, although I have been in foreign parts since 1791. 2dly, That I have had neither the inclination nor power to meddle with state affairs. 3dly, That, invariable in my sentiments, while I have been uniformly attached to the love of my country and of liberty, I have as constantly retained the most sovereign contempt for intrigue, and a horrour of injustice and cruelty. In that account of my conduct, I have advanced incontestable facts, without accusing or committing any one. Those of whom

4 I had

For the reſt, I take this opportunity to declare a truth, which thoſe who know me will not doubt; namely, that all thoſe malicious ſlanders make not, on me, the ſmalleſt impreſſion. They make none, I truſt, on any enlightened, impartial mind: and of this I have an almoſt certain proof, in the generous hoſpitality which I meet with in this country, and in the kind reception and marks of eſteem, which I have received.

To my other misfortunes, I will never add that of abandoning myſelf to party-ſpirit, and its conſequences—injuſtice, animoſity, and bitter hatred. All the wretched have powerful claims on my heart: this natural ſentiment the laſt four years have improved: could I refuſe it to my fellow-citizens, whatever might be their opinions? If there be a ſingle perſon, who has placed an honourable confidence in me, and has not obtained

I had cauſe to complain, have ſuffered ſuch calamities as deprive me of the right of ſpeaking of them.—Since I have been in this happy country, I have experienced neither perſecution nor malice. Apparently, the ſubject is exhauſted: and the three preceding years have filled up the meaſure.

my service or aſſiſtance; if I have ever rejected the plaints or requeſts of the, miſerable, let them ſpeak; let them raiſe their voice againſt me:—and I ſhall give over writing on *Religion* and *Morality*.

The following work was delivered to the printer, as early as the month of October, 1794, although the impreſſion has been retarded by various incidents (*b*): but the whole was finiſhed almoſt two years ago: ſome notes only have ſince been added.

We have already, in our language, ſeveral pleaſant Hiſtorical Romances (*d*), almoſt all written by Females: but none of them exhibits a picture of the manners and uſages of the times to which they relate: all of them are devoid of hiſtorical reſearch; they have no unfolding of characters, no diſplay of ſentiments, no moral tendency. A dozen of

(*b*) Among others, the delay of a cargo of paper from Holland, which was detained by the French for ſeveral months.

(*p*) Theſe, however, are not the beſt: for *The Princeſs of Cleves*, *The Peruvian Letters*, the works of Mad. Riccoboni, and ſome other later, charming novels, are not *Hiſtorical Romances*.

names,

names taken from Hiſtory, and two or three facts, known to all the world, form the foundation of every one of them.—I have endeavoured to avoid theſe defects; for which there was leſs need of genius than labour and induſtry.—I have, at the end of each volume, placed *Hiſtorical Notes*, that the inventions of the author might not be confounded with the events that belong to Hiſtory. I have read with care whatever has relation to the time of which I ſpeak; I have availed myſelf of all the moſt ſplendid and intereſting uſages of ancient chivalry; and, I preſume, I have painted in true colours the two moſt celebrated perſonages of that age—Charlemagne, and the caliph Aaron. The contraſt between a good monarch and a deſpot has been often drawn; but the portrait of the latter has been ſo overcharged with colouring, as to be of little inſtructive utility. It is ridiculous to compoſe a work for the eſtabliſhment of a truth which may readily be conceived and felt by the moſt vulgar minds, and the moſt ignoble ſouls. A woman may, without being virtuous, deſpiſe a courtezan; and it is not

necessary for a prince to have the mind of Trajan, or of Henry IV, to detest Nero and Caligula. A tyrant, whose reign is supported only by terrour, who

Has nought of human, but the form and pride *,

is a monster in the eyes of all mankind.—When I taught History to the unfortunate children with whose education I was entrusted, I never made reflections on the character of Lewis XI, or of princes like him. I thought it enough to detail their conduct. My attention was chiefly turned to disgrace, in the minds of my pupils, the memory of those princes, who, to amiable qualities, joined shameful weaknesses and fatal crimes. With that view I have drawn the character of Aaron. I have painted him, not as historians, dazzled with the splendour of his glory, have represented him; but such as, from reading his story, we may suppose him to have been—a great warriour, an absolute sovereign, an affable and popular prince, endowed with the rarest gifts of na-

* Dufresni.

ture,

ture, ſenſible, magnanimous, the enlightened patron and protector of talents and ſcience; but depraved by pride. Allowing him all the former ſhining qualities, I think I have made him hateful even before that period when his predominant paſſion, which had been blended with all his actions, made him at length commit an execrable crime.— Such was my plan: I may have badly executed it; but the idea, at leaſt, is new, and truly moral.

On the ſame principle, I have painted a *coquette*, with a view to preſerve young perſons from *the ambition of coquetry*. On the artful Armoſlede I could not beſtow a ſenſible mind: for ſo decided a coquette as ſhe, cannot be ſuppoſed to have a good heart; yet I have clothed her in the moſt impoſing forms: and after having firſt made her contemptible, even in her ſucceſſes, I end by making her atrocious. To the vile, intriguing character of Armoſlede, I oppoſe, as a contraſt, the characters of Celanira, Beatrice, and Maria.—The author of a celebrated romance has endeavoured to make his heroine intereſting by her weakneſſes: this

this idea is, aſſuredly, pernicious to morality; eſpecially if the weakneſſes of the heroine be accompanied with circumſtances which render them inexcuſable. For my part, I wiſh to prove, that a truly noble and virtuous mind never pardons its errours, and can never be conſoled for the loſs of innocence. I have painted two paſſionate lovers ſacrificing duty to love: but this picture, far from preſenting the image of happineſs, preſents a ſtate of horrour, of which even the violence of love ſerves only to augment the bitterneſs.—In ſhort, it has been my deſign to recal, by great examples, the ancient and ſublime virtues which honoured thoſe ages we call *barbarous*. I had no intention of re-eſtabliſhing *Chivalry*: but it was my opinion, that the generoſity, humanity, and loyalty of the ancient Knights, would contribute more to ſtrengthen a *Republic*, than the principles of Marat and Robeſpierre: and, thank heaven! the French, reſtored to their former character, are at this moment guided by ſuch noble ſentiments.

One

One of the great uſes of hiſtorical romances (if the writer avail himſelf of hiſtorical facts) is to furniſh ethics with the powerful authority of experience and example. It is impoſſible, that an imaginary perſonage ſhould produce impreſſions equal to thoſe, which are excited by a real hero, whom glory has conſecrated to fame. From real hiſtory, then, I have ſelected all the brilliant features, all the ſublime actions, inſpired by friendſhip, love, and generoſity, which are contained in this work. In painting all that in heroiſm is moſt noble and pathetic, I have invented nothing: I am the mere hiſtorian of virtue. The ſame ſources have furniſhed me with all thoſe facts, which, in the laſt two volumes of this romance, form ſo many ſtriking alluſions to events, of which Europe has been the theatre for ſix years paſt. Of this any one may convince himſelf, by reading the hiſtorical notes at the end of each volume. I have endeavoured to make theſe as intereſting as I could: and, I truſt, that, in conjunction with the romance itſelf, they will give a clear and preciſe idea of the manners and uſages, and of the

the most memorable events, of the ages which I had to paint. I flatter myself, that this work will be useful in more than one respect: certain I am, at least, it will corrupt no one, and that it will be interesting to feeling minds. I am sensible it is not without defects: I am conscious of several; yet, in general, I think I have made no unhappy use of historical documents; and that I have, with some skill, introduced on the scene all the great personages of those times, except the famous Irene, empress of Constantinople, who appears only to preside at a *tourney*, and to give away a chain of jewels. Without greatly straining the imagination, she might have been made to act a more imposing part, and afforded a wider scope to ingenuity. In my first plan, I had made that celebrated woman re-appear. The episode, with which she furnished me, was as long as that of Giaffar: I chose rather to withdraw it altogether, than to spoil it by abridgment. Perhaps I ought to have given it entire, with some other details relative to the history of my heroes: but all this would have composed another volume; and I longed

to

to conclude. For the ſame reaſon, the character of Theudon is a feeble, ill-executed ſketch; which is the leſs excuſeable, as he acts an important part.——Roget and the young Guichard ſhould alſo have been made more intereſting, and the virtuous Amalberga leſs inſipid.——The ſtory of Axiana is rather too ſhort. Perſons of taſte have found in that little epiſode ſomething peculiarly intereſting and original, which creates a wiſh that it had been extended. It is alſo a fault, that, after this ſhort hiſtory, which intereſts us in Axiana, there is very little more ſaid of her; we hardly know what becomes of her.——Such, I think, are the principal defects of the work. I doubt not but many more will be diſcovered, by certain critics: but whatever be their deciſions, they ſhall never engage me in literary diſcuſſions. I ſhall read with pleaſure every judicious criticiſm, (for a good critic is the beſt of counſellors) and ponder it in ſilence; perſuaded as I am that the beſt manner of anſwering is—to profit.——As to *anonymous* or *pſeudonymous* libels, &c. equally devoid of wit and truth,

truth, their authors will pardon me if I pay no attention to them.

"To pleafe the fools I never undertook." *

Let me add, that after fifteen years of public encouragement, I have not much need of philofophy to bear without pain or chagrin the petty injuries of fome writers, infpired, or paid, by animofity.——For the reft,

——————"My heart was ne'er afraid
"To end the project I had once begun."

* La Chauffé.

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THE

KNIGHTS OF THE SWAN, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE HISTORY OF OGER THE DANE.

Pianger de' quel che gia ſia fatto ſervo
Di due vaghi occhi e d'una bella treccia;
Sotto cui ſi naſconda un cor protervo,
Che poco puro abbia con molta feccia
Vorria il miser fugire; et come cervo
Ferito, ovumque va porta la freccia,
Ha di ſe ſteſſo e del ſuo amor vergogna
Nè l'oſa dire! e in van ſanaſſi agogna.

L'ARIOSTE.

"YOU have been the witneſs, my dear Iſambard, of ſome of my follies, but you are but little acquainted with what gave them birth; and ſince you are deſirous to know the real motives which induced me to abandon the ſword, and retire from the converſe of mankind, I muſt give you ſome idea of my diſpoſition, my opinions, and my errours, and of courſe I am going to relate the whole ſtory of my life.

"I was born in the reign of the ſage Sigefroy; I received my education at an ancient caſtle far diſtant from

from the court, and my father, who was the moſt learned man of his time in Denmark, was my ſole preceptor. From my tendereſt infancy I diſplayed a ſtrong paſſion for glory; that is to ſay, for war; for in the age in which we live, theſe two ideas unhappily are inſeparable: but my father rectified them in giving me the definition of true valour: *it is*, ſaid he, *virtue combating for juſtice* *. This maxim I have ever endeavoured to make the rule of my conduct. Sigefroy drew my father from his ſolitude, called him near his perſon, and made him his miniſter. Denmark applauded his choice, and appeared ſenſible of the rare felicity of being governed by a good king, and a virtuous and enlightened miniſter. I was then ſixteen years old; in a few months after I heard of the war between Charlemagne and Didier, king of the Lombards. Didier appeared in my eyes unfortunate and oppreſſed. I obtained permiſſion to eſpouſe his cauſe, and I repaired into Lombardy (1). I made my firſt eſſay in arms with prince Adalgiſe, who was then but ſeventeen years of age. You have heard, Iſambard, that at the beginning of a battle, I had the audacity to challenge Charlemagne; he demanded of me my name; that name, ſaid I, is yet unknown, but it depends upon you, my lord, to render it renowned, if you accept my challenge. Well, replied Charlemagne, I accept it; and advancing forwards, he quitted the ranks, and came towards me with his lance in it's reſt. The combat began; but hardly had we come to blows, when Adalgiſe, followed by a party of ſoldiers, fell upon Charlemagne, and giving him a

* This is the fine definition which the ſtoics gave of courage.

thruſt

thruſt of his lance on the ſide, threw him upon the ground. The army, impelled by juſt reſentment, ruſhed to his aid, but could not have hindered him from being taken priſoner, had the treachery of Adalgiſe and his unmanly companions been ſeconded by me. Tranſported with rage, I kept them aloof with one hand, whilſt with the other I aſſiſted Charlemagne to riſe; on ſeeing the hero upon his feet again, they took to flight and dragged away Adalgiſe by force, who not having been able to aſſaſſinate his enemy, was now going to lay violent hands upon himſelf (2). After the battle, which we loſt, Charlemagne, who had heard of my age with ſome ſurpriſe, ſent me, by a herald, a magnificent ſuit of armour, which I have worn ever ſince. This adventure drew upon me the hatred of Adalgiſe. That prince, whoſe nature is ſavage, impetuous, and revengeful, has oftimes diſplayed raſh courage, but almoſt always ſullied by violence and ferocity; which, notwithſtanding his tender years, had already ſtrongly marked his character. This war led me to the knowledge of all the great qualities of Charlemagne; I admired his heroic valour, his activity, his genius, and, above all, his generoſity. On the attainment of every victory, I have ſeen him conſtantly propoſing peace *; and I then conſidered him ſtill greater than when in the field of battle. Didier, overpowered by hatred, blindly ruſhed upon his own deſtruction: all the enemies of France, who ſurrounded him, daily increaſed his reſentment; their pernicious

* See l'hiſtoire de Charlemagne, par Mr. Gaillard, tome 2.

counſel induced him to continue the war; and to that counſel he fell a victim. I ſhut myſelf up with him in the city of Pavia, when it was beſieged by a French army; but the people, tired out by a bloody war, which was prolonged by the deſire of vengeance, opened the gates of Pavia to Charlemagne, and gave up to him the unhappy Didier, and the ſame Hermengarde, whoſe divorce had proved the cauſe of the war; and thus was it, ſhe again ſaw that formidable monarch, who was once her huſband, but now her enemy and conqueror! I was made priſoner, together with all the ſuite of Didier. Charlemagne ſent for me; as ſoon as that prince perceived me, he advanced, and embracing me: 'Oger,' ſaid he, 'by accepting the armour I ſent you, you became a French knight; but it is juſt that I reſpect the liberty of him, who ſo generouſly preſerved mine. I am deſirous to have you at my court; however, you are free to quit it if you think proper; but do not forget that France will be ever a ſecond country to you, and Charlemagne a grateful and faithful friend.'—When kings know how to ſpeak in this manner, how do they extend and eſtabliſh their empire!

"This prince, equally enlightened and magnanimous, reſpected the form of government among the Lombards, which he found already eſtabliſhed; he took upon himſelf to make no change that was not abſolutely neceſſary, had recourſe to no precaution that was not indiſpenſable; he ſeemed to rely upon the faith of the conquered; he appeared in the midſt of them attended with a ſlight guard, he left them their eſtates, their

laws

laws, and their cuftoms *; a ufeful and fplendid leffon to conquerors, did conquerors know how to profit by examples of juftice and moderation! Loaded with the favours of Charlemagne, I left Pavia; and, notwithftanding my difputes with Adalgife, I confidered, that his misfortunes, and the party I had efpoufed, claimed all the attention I had in my power to beftow; I difcovered the place of his retreat, I fought him, and became the companion of his flight; nor did I leave him till he had no longer any want of my fervices.

"I travelled for more than a year, and then returned to Denmark. I there found Witikind, at that time, the beloved chief of the Saxons, and the intrepid defender of their liberty. He had juft loft a battle againft Charlemagne, which appeared decifive; and obliged to flee from a country in the poffeffion of his enemies, he had taken refuge at the court of Sigefroy, who approved himfelf worthy of the confidence of that illuftrious fugitive. In Saxony the emigration was prodigious; thofe friends to liberty were repulfed, and perfecuted, in almoft every ftate of Europe; the kings feemed to dread thofe high fpirited republicans, and their fufpicion called forth that of their own people, who imagined the apprehenfion of their kings to be founded upon the full conviction, that the republican was preferable to the monarchical form of government. Hence is it, that an intolerant and unfkilful policy led the people to a blind admiration of fuch principles, as they would neither have received nor difcuffed, had kings confulted generofity, which is ever on the fide of reafon. The per-

* The whole of this paragraph is literally copied from Mr. Gaillard's hiftory of Charlemagne, vol. 2, p. 123.

ſecution at length produced a double effect; it rendered the oppreſſed intereſting, and gave a dazzling ſplendour to their cauſe; and hence thoſe ſeeds of troubles and revolts, which have been ſown in ſeveral kingdoms ſince the commencement of this unjuſt and fatal war.

"Denmark, owing to the wiſdom of a good king and able miniſter, is ſheltered from the ſtorm. The mildneſs and juſtice of its government ſecure the public tranquillity. The Saxon emigrants are received there with humanity, and live without moleſtation (3). Refugees know how to reſpect the ſacred rights of hoſpitality: and their own intereſt and a ſenſe of gratitude afford a pledge of their good conduct. I have ſeen with pleaſure, in Denmark, even in places inhabited by the court, groups of Saxons taking part in public rejoicings, applauding the love of the people for the royal family, and blending with our ſongs their celebrated hymn *of the great Arminius*, without giving the leaſt umbrage to our miniſtry (4). Noble and captivating ſecurity, which ſeems to proclaim to the whole nation, *I take too much concern in your welfare, not to have reliance upon your generoſity.* The Danes, indeed, intereſt themſelves in favour of the Saxons, but are not the leſs attached to monarchical government; impoſts and deſpotiſm are the cauſes of revolutions; a happy people will always be faithful to their chief. In the mean while I ſought every occaſion to ſee Witikind; the converſe of that great man inſpired the warmeſt intereſt for his cauſe; my admiration for Charlemagne did not induce me to allow the juſtice of the war which that prince carried on againſt the Saxons; and at length, enraptured at the diſcourſes of Witikind, I

promiſed

promiſed to fight under his banners, if he ſhould prove, as he hoped, able to rally his ſcattered forces.

"In reality, he ſet off in a few months for Saxony, and I followed him; he there found himſelf at the head of a numerous army, and the war broke out afreſh. I made the whole campaign, which proved fortunate and brilliant to the Saxons, but in my eyes was ſullied by devaſtation and cruelty, which moderated the enthuſiaſm I had gained in my intercourſe with Witikind. Courage without generoſity is but an odious and ferocious inſtinct; the contempt of death is a virtue in the mind of the compaſſionate and tender only; but the man who embrues his hands in the blood of a ſuppliant enemy, who in his murderous fury diſtinguiſhes neither age nor ſex, and believes that war can give ſanction to aſſaſſination and maſſacre, is, whatever his exploits may be, only a ſanguinary monſter, an infamous plunderer, the ſcourge and opprobrium of mankind. I beheld villages ſet on fire, and age, and infancy periſh together in the flames; at length, I ſaw the Saxons, in the ſhameful exceſs of their fury, take the execrable reſolution to give no quarter to their priſoners!—(5) At thoſe horrid proceedings Witikind ſhuddered, but was unable to arreſt their progreſs; he even became liable to ſuſpicion by the endeavours he made to repreſs them.—Then did war appear odious to me; I had come in queſt of glory, but I found myſelf an accomplice in the moſt atrocious of crimes. A truce was made, I withdrew from the army, and again ſet out upon my travels. I had heard of the admirable laws which Charlemagne had given his ſubjects; I was deſirous of ſeeing ſo novel a ſpectacle, and I made an

 excurſion

excursion into France. It was then on beholding Charlemagne in those famous legislative assemblies, that I began to form an idea of real glory; sublime man! cried I, impartial posterity will forgive thee for having been a conqueror! Yes, in this august circle art thou expiating all thy warlike exploits!—I attached myself so closely to that prince, that I determined to establish myself in France, and live under the laws I had heard discussed and decreed. But I disliked the court, and was averse to remain there. I purchased some land and an old castle in this province, and here I have fixed my abode. For several years past I have never quitted the spot, unless to accompany Charlemagne in such of his warlike expeditions as did not appear to be unjust; that is, whenever his enemies attacked him without provocation; for I began to think, that defensive war alone was consonant with justice; hence has he never been able to prevail on me to take arms against the Saxons.

I spent at my castle a part of the year, which preceded that of the treaty of alliance between Charlemagne and Witikind; towards the end of summer, I was one evening retired to my closet, where a servant informed me, that a young and unknown lady, who had lost her way in the woods, was come to solicit hospitality for the night; he added, that she was mounted upon a palfrey, and was unattended. I hastened to give her welcome, and found her in the garden under a row of elms; on hearing me approach (for the darkness was such that objects were not to be distinguished) she advanced and made many apologies for the trouble, she feared, she was going to give me; the tone

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of her voice prepoſſeſſed me in her favour, and ſtrongly excited my curioſity to ſee her. After the firſt compliments were over, I propoſed to ſhow her to her apartment, but ſhe praiſed the coolneſs and beauty of the evening, and we continued in the garden; ſhe accepted my arm, and we began to walk. I intended to conduct her out of the grove into an open place, where, notwithſtanding the gloom of the night, I could have had a glimpſe of her face, but in the middle of the walk ſhe perceiving a ſeat ſat down; and I placed myſelf at her ſide. We converſed together for more than an hour, and I was equally ſurprized and enchanted with her underſtanding and wit. We aſked each other many queſtions; mine ſhe always eluded, but her own were flattering, and proved that ſhe knew me by reputation. At length it was time to retire to the caſtle: the more I was delighted with her converſation, the more was I deſirous of ſeeing her; however, I conjectured ſhe was not pretty, becauſe ſhe had ſhown ſo little earneſtneſs to be looked at, and the idea produced a diſagreeable ſenſation. I aroſe and offered her my arm; ſhe ſighed and laid her hand on mine; that hand was ſo ſoft and delicate, that I had no doubt of its beauty; but I perceived that ſhe trembled: I felt myſelf affected, was quite at a loſs what to think of this adventure, and diſquietude began to ſucceed to aſtoniſhment.—The ſtranger kept ſilence, and, as we approached the caſtle, her agitation appeared to increaſe; my thoughts became ſtill more perplexed, and I not only began to conclude ſhe was ugly, but that ſhe had alſo ſome monſtrous deformity about her perſon; and this idea brought tears into my eyes.

eyes. She appeared ſo amiable and intereſting, that I ſincerely felt for the misfortune I had aſcribed to her, and partook of all her embarraſſment. At the door of the manſion we were met by ſervants with lighted torches; I caſt my eyes with trepidation upon my unknown gueſt, but could not ſee her face; it was concealed under a veil of thick gauze, a circumſtance that gave the finiſhing ſtroke to my conjectures. We came to the apartment which was allotted her; in the middle of which a table was ſpread with refreſhments; the ſervant placed the lights upon it and retired.

"When we were alone, the ſtranger turned towards me, and appeared to look at me with great attention; for ſhe could ſee through her gauze veil. During this examination I admired the elegance and ſlenderneſs of her form, and the beauty of her hand and arm; and I remained transfixed with curioſity, ſurpriſe, and emotion. After conſiderable ſilence, ſhe exclaimed: *O fatal imprudence!*—On uttering theſe words ſhe ſtaggered, ſhe endeavoured to lean upon the table, her feeble hand could not ſupport her, and ſhe ſunk down upon the floor. My aſtoniſhment is not to be expreſſed; I ruſhed towards her, and perceived ſhe was in a ſwoon; it was neceſſary to take off her veil, that ſhe might breathe with greater freedom. I heſitated however; I wa fearful to look at her face, which ſhe had ſeemed ſo deſirous to conceal; whatever was her motive, it was my duty to reſpect it, and not take the advantage of the ſituation ſhe was in, in order to ſteal a ſight of her. But at length, as I obſerved ſhe no longer drew her breath, or ſhowed any ſigns of life, my fears overcame my delicacy; I removed the veil which covered

vered her face and part of her perſon—but what was my ſurpriſe on ſeeing a young creature of tranſcendent beauty!—the diſorder her fall had occaſioned added ſtill to her charms, her fine long black hair was all diſhevelled—the handkerchief which covered her neck had fallen off, and expoſed to view the moſt beautiful boſom in the world.—If the wit and graces of this dangerous ſtranger had the power of intereſting me to ſuch a degree, under the idea I had formed of her face, you may judge, my dear Iſambard, what I felt at the ſcene I have been deſcribing!—In contemplating the unknown charmer I had forgotten to adminiſter any aſſiſtance; her eyes were ſhut, but as ſhe had all the freſhneſs of health about her, ſhe looked more like a perſon aſleep than fainting. I knelt down by her, and ſupported her head on my arm—I then lifted her gently up and laid her upon a couch; and again kneeling at her ſide, I threw water on her face, and in a few minutes ſhe opened her eyes. Her firſt look ſtartled me; I held her by the hand, I kiſſed it with rapture, but I remarked ſuch natural and modeſt confuſion, and embarraſſment in her countenance, that I was conſtrained to conceal all I felt at my heart. I ventured, however, to aſk ſome queſtions; I could obtain no reply; the lady kept her two hands upon her face, and remained in obſtinate ſilence. In about half an hour ſhe intreated me, with a feeble tremulous voice, to leave her to herſelf; I obeyed, and retired the moſt aſtoniſhed, and the moſt enamoured of men.

"I did not cloſe my eyes the whole night; I aroſe with the day, and waited with impatience the hour of the lady's waking; at laſt, at ten o'clock I obtained

permiſſion to viſit her in her chamber. I found her a thouſand times more beautiful than ſhe had appeared the night before; an air of languor and melancholy had added new graces to her mien; ſhe ſeemed embarraſſed at my approach; but after a moment's ſilence, growing a little compoſed, 'I ought, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'to explain to you, at leaſt in part, the ſingularity of my conduct. I implore your indulgence—I ſtand in great need of it—here ſhe ſighed, and without leaving me time to reply; I was born, continued ſhe, with a lively imagination, a great ſhare of vivacity, and a heart of too great ſenſibility.—For more than a year paſt I have continually heard of your adventures, Sir, and your exploits. In the character of Oger the Dane, I found every thing that could intereſt me and captivate my imagination, and I perceived an originality in it that ſtrongly excited my curioſity—In ſhort, Sir, I was extremely deſirous to be acquainted with you—ſhall I avow it? I knew that you lived in this ſolitude, and I have undertaken a long journey on purpoſe to ſee you.—I took the advantage of a few moments of liberty, which chance afforded me, for I am under the dominion of a ruthleſs guardian, who tyranniſes over me; but I have found means to elude his attention, and can frame a plauſible pretext to remain here three days, at the end of which I ſhall be forced'——

"No, no,' replied I, interrupting her and throwing myſelf at her feet; 'if what I hear be not an illuſion, you will not quit this place, of which you are the ſovereign; you deigned to take an intereſt in me, when you knew me only by name; and, as for me,

Madam, without knowing yours, I adore you and make you the arbiter of my deſtiny.' 'O generous Oger,' replied ſhe, letting fall a few tears, 'be perſuaded that my heart, which firſt felt the impreſſion, is capable of anſwering yours, but an invincible obſtacle'——'And what,' cried I, in diſmay, 'is not your hand at your own diſpoſal?' 'I am at liberty,' replied ſhe, 'and I ſhall be the abſolute miſtreſs of myſelf, and of an ample fortune, in the courſe of eight months; till that time the peculiarity of my ſituation, my honour, and the ſacred obligations of gratitude, oblige me to conceal from you whom I am, and to bid you farewel in three days: make no further inquiries of me, you ſhall know every thing in time; but I ſhould be undeſerving of your eſteem, if, at the preſent moment, I unveiled this extraordinary myſtery.' 'Ah! if you love me,' replied I, 'what ſignifies the reſt to me?'—'If I love you! after the imprudent ſtep I have taken, after the ſituation in which you have ſeen me, can you have the ingratitude to doubt it?'—'And yet you are determined to leave me in three days?'—'Yes, but at the end of eight months I will return and conſecrate to you my whole life.'—'O! is not this a dream that deludes me? is it really true—is it your intention?'—'Yes, I ſwear by that love and folly, which have led me hither, and which have guided me better than reaſon could have done.'

"Theſe words ſhe uttered with as much feeling as grace; ſuch kind of vows, however, did not appear ſerious enough to give me much encouragement. I complained of it, and ſhe replied in ſo tender a manner, that my intoxication was increaſed, and my head completely

completely turned. But in vain did I renew my queſtions, and conjured her to ſpeak with confidence relative to her ſituation; ſhe remained unmoved; and only confeſſed, that on her arrival, not knowing whether my perſon and underſtanding would correſpond with the idea ſhe had formed of me, ſhe had ordered the ſingle attendant, who had accompanied her within two hundred paces of the caſtle, to return to the place where ſhe had ſlept the preceding night, and to wait for her there with the reſt of her ſuite, obſerving to him, that if ſhe did not rejoin them on the next morning, he was to return for her in four days. 'For,' continued ſhe, 'if ſympathy had not decided our fate, you would never have been acquainted with my folly; on the very evening of my arrival I ſhould have aſked you for a guide, and ſhould have bidden you farewel the next morning at break of day.'

"I liſtened to my unknown charmer, and gazed at her with a degree of rapturous aſtoniſhment, which muſt have given me an air of ſtupidity; I thought I was dreaming; it was in truth a dream, but unhappily it impreſſed my heart in a manner never, perhaps, to be effaced. The lady aſſured me ſhe could not mention the name of her family, but proteſted her own name was AMINTA, and that ſhe had never gone by any other appellation. To the embarraſſment, which ſhe had at firſt ſhown, now ſucceeded a degree of confidence and gaiety, that gave her new charms; I admired the inexhauſtible variety of her wit, and I confeſs I was a little alarmed at the aſtoniſhing flexibility of character, which rendered her ſo intereſting, but which, in ſpite of myſelf, inſpired I know not what

kind

kind of diſtruſt, which all her proteſtations were not able to remove.

"This day paſſed away with inconceivable rapidity. In the evening, after ſupper was over, we went into the garden; the beauty of the moonlight gave her a deſire to walk over the fields, and I conducted her to the lawn that ſurrounds this cottage (which did not then exiſt.) We ſat down upon a verdant carpet encompaſſed with fruit-trees, and ſituate at thirty ſteps diſtance from the fountain where you found me yeſterday; it was near midnight. Aminta, whoſe vivacity and gaiety ſeemed to have been every inſtant increaſing ſince the decline of the day, fell ſuddenly into the ſofteſt languor.—'Every thing ſleeps in this peaceful ſpot,' ſaid ſhe, 'both the domeſtics of the caſtle, and the inhabitants of the village; it appears as if we were alone in the univerſe; charming and dangerous illuſion!' The plaintive tone in which ſhe uttered theſe words, imparted to my imagination and ſenſes a diſorder which I had never before experienced.—'Oger,' reſumed ſhe, 'let us return to the caſtle.' 'And why?' cried I, ſnatching her to my arms.—'Ah,' anſwered ſhe, 'becauſe love may dare every thing here.' Thrown off my guard by this reply, I forgot that I had promiſed to reſpect her youth, the confidence ſhe placed in me, and the ſacred laws of hoſpitality!—Aminta, made no reſiſtance to my fortunate audacity—her weakneſs endeared my happineſs; I fancied I ſaw the cauſe and the excuſe of it, in the tenderneſs of her ſentiments, and the impetuoſity of her paſſion. Aminta, agreeably to her promiſe continued two days longer, but ſhe departed on the fourth, in

in ſpite of the exceſs of my love and regret; ſhe obſtinately perſiſted in concealing all her ſecrets from me, and I obtained from her nothing farther than tender adieus and faithleſs vows. I conducted her myſelf to the place ſhe had mentioned, which was two leagues diſtant from the ſpot; ſhe required my word of honour that I would not ſecretly follow her, and that on leaving her I ſhould immediately return to my caſtle; I ſcrupulouſly fulfilled this engagement, and thus it was that we parted.

"Eight months elapſed, and then four more, without bringing me any account of Aminta; I loved her paſſionately, and it was with inexpreſſible grief, that I gave up the hopes of ſeeing her again. Being recalled to Denmark, by my father, I returned thither. Sigefroy was no longer living; Godefroy had juſt ſucceeded him; but I found the kingdom in the ſame ſtate of tranquillity, becauſe the policy and principles of the court were ſtill the ſame. Witikind in vain endeavoured by his agents to prevail upon the ſage Godefroy to break the neutrality, for the Saxons had again revolted; the laſt reply of Godefroy appeared to me ſo noble, and I read it over ſo often, that it is forever engraved on my memory; I am certain you would like to know it, and here I give it you:

THE REPLY OF THE KING OF DENMARK TO WITIKIND.

'No, Witikind, I have not forgotten our ancient friendſhip, I have changed neither my ſentiments nor my opinions; I have ever conſidered the war undertaken againſt the Saxons as unjuſt; and I have conſtantly

ſtantly blamed the exceſſes into which that warlike nation has frequently run. But are thoſe leſs to be reprehended, who, with the view of enſlaving them, have carried fire and ſword into their territories, and excited ſo many factions and diſorders among them? Tired at length with the havocks of war, and diſguſted at the crimes which hatred and vengeance have inſtigated your countrymen to commit, you have prevailed upon the nation of which you are the chief, to bend beneath the yoke of the emperor: that nation immerſed in the groſſeſt barbariſm was independent; but it wanted thoſe principles, and that knowledge, which are neceſſary to eſtabliſh a durable freedom. It had no laws, while the greateſt man of the age exhibited the moſt admirable ſyſtem of legiſlation. Hence, Witikind, you will be excuſed in the eye of poſterity: you yielded to admiration, and you imagined, that all Saxony would partake of your enthuſiaſm for the emperor: you have been deceived, the country is again riſen in arms, and the war, which you flattered yourſelf you had terminated, rages again with more fury than ever. You urge me to break the neutrality, which I have preſerved to the preſent moment. I cannot do it, for I repeat, that my opinions are ſtill the ſame. You tell me the cauſe of the emperor is now become that of every king, and that if Saxony triumph, all ſovereigns muſt tremble for their own ſituation. I could ſatisfy myſelf in merely replying, that I hold juſtice dearer than my crown; but I will add, that, in the preſent caſe, ſound policy ſolely directs my choice. The prodigious emigration of the Saxons, the long war which they have ſuſtained, and their

heroic

heroic reſiſtance, have attracted the notice of all Europe, and ſerved to propagate in every country their ideas of independency; the evil therefore (if it be an evil) is irreparable, and the entire ruin of Saxony will prove no remedy for it *. It appears to me then, that, in the preſent age particularly, princes, who are deſirous of preſerving their authority, are guilty of ſtrange folly in taking any part in a war which muſt ſtrip them of their troops, exhauſt their finances, and load their ſubjects with taxes. And is it by involving a nation in ruin, in creating multitudes of diſſatisfied people, in laviſhing the blood and treaſure of our ſubjects, that we can reaſonably hope to avert a revolution? To preſerve peace and abundance in their dominions, to encourage arts and promote commerce, to rule with juſtice, and approve themſelves humane and generous, ſuch, be perſuaded, is the true policy of kings; and ſuch ſhall be mine to the lateſt hour of my life. You deplore the cruelties and the crimes which have ſullied the party againſt which you are combating; if ſuch accounts be true, beware leſt you yourſelf ſhould imitate the example; either do not reproach your enemies with it, or do not countenance them by making horrible repriſals!—I addreſs you with frankneſs, and I ſhall maintain this reply with firmneſs. I will not violate the rights of hoſpitality in baniſhing out of my dominions refugees who commit no diſorders; I have no enemies but thoſe of my country, nor will I take up arms but in defence of it;

* This reaſoning would have proved infinitely more forcible, had the art of printing been known in thoſe days.

fears

ſears and terrours are the lot of tyrants; I have no ſuſpicions and no reſentments, becauſe I hate deſpotiſm; and my conduct, my ſentiments, and the purity of my intentions ſecure me the love and fidelity of my ſubjects.'

"Such was the anſwer of the ſage Godefroy to Witikind. His conduct has proved the ſincerity of his declarations, and Denmark has remained in perfect neutrality (6). I continued a few months only with my father; the unſurmountable diſquietude of a wild and unhappy attachment ſoon induced me to return to France. Conceiving, that I might perhaps meet my unknown beauty at the court of Charlemagne, I repaired to Aix-la-Chapelle. I arrived there the day on which the emperor gave audience to the ambaſſadors of the caliph Aaron, that celebrated deſpot, who, aſſiſted by the virtue and talents of his grand vizier, the illuſtrious Barmecide, governed with juſtice and glory, but who has ſince tarniſhed all the ſplendour of his reign by the murder of that miniſter, whoſe fate has thrown the eaſtern world into mourning and conſternation *. On the morrow of my arrival, I attended the queen Hermengarde, where I knew all the ladies of the court were aſſembled. Judge of my aſtoniſhment and confuſion, when, in the courſe of a few minutes I diſcovered my faithleſs Aminta, ſeated beſide the beauti-

* Barmecide was in truth the greateſt man, who ever had the misfortune to ſerve a deſpot. Hiſtorians have been very copious in their praiſe of the caliph Aaron. In the courſe of this work will appear part of his hiſtory, and his character drawn from the actions of his life, and conſequently very different from that which hiſtory gives him.

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ful Celanira. I changed countenance to ſuch a degree, that Angilbert, who was ſpeaking to me, imagined I was taken ill.—I ſhowed him the perſon who cauſed ſo violent an emotion, and aſking him who ſhe was, he replied, that her name was Armoſlede." At this part of the ſtory, Iſambard could not refrain from breaking into a loud fit of laughter; he begged Oger to pardon the interruption, and entreating him to proceed, Oger continued in theſe terms. "My eyes caught thoſe of Armoſlede, who looked at me without any kind of confuſion; I ſaw her even inquire who I was, as if ſhe had been totally unacquainted with my perſon. I drew near her, and ſeizing a moment in which we were not obſerved, I requeſted in a whiſper that ſhe would give me a private interview; ſhe ſeemed ſurpriſed at the requeſt, but however, anſwered that ſhe would ſee me at her own apartments on the next day at five in the afternoon.

"This promiſe almoſt reconciled me to her, although I was extremely piqued and confounded at her diſſimulation; but my heart again excuſed her, and told me, that I ought not to condemn her unheard. I retired, for I could no longer ſupport her calm and ſerene deportment, and the coldneſs of her looks. You may eaſily imagine I did not paſs a very tranquil night, and that before the hour of five on the following afternoon I was at Armoſlede's door. I was ſhown into a large cloſet, where I found her alone; my firſt movement was to fly to her with open arms, but ſhe darted to the other ſide of the chamber, with an expreſſion of ſurpriſe and fear, which abſolutely petrified me; ſhe ſkreened herſelf behind a table, and remained ſtanding

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and looking at me in a ſteadfaſt manner; I became mute and motionleſs with aſtoniſhment. At length breaking ſilence, 'And how!' cried I, 'is it thus that Aminta ſhould receive Oger?'—'Aminta!' replied ſhe, ſtill looking at me with the greateſt attention; 'good God! Sir, what do you mean?' She uttered theſe words with ſo much frankneſs, that I was quite thunderſtruck.—I made no anſwer, but perceiving her to look towards the door, and that ſhe had a deſign to make her eſcape, I ruſhed forward and held her by her robe; ſhe turned pale, ſhe bluſhed and ſunk into an arm chair: 'O God!' ſaid ſhe, 'his head is turned, what will become of me?'—Theſe words were pronounced in ſo unaffected a manner, that my aſtoniſhment ſtill increaſed; the ſtrangeſt doubts began to ariſe in my mind, and produced the greateſt fluttering at my heart that I had ever felt. 'Aminta,' ſaid I, in a ſtammering voice; 'do you dare to aſſert you are not Aminta?' 'Alas, Sir, replied ſhe, I am any thing you pleaſe, I will neither offend nor contradict you; but only give me leave to go out a moment.' I muſt confeſs, Iſambard, that I was totally at a loſs what to think, I diſcovered in the movement of her features and the inflexion of her voice, ſuch an indication of truth as every moment multiplied my doubts; I looked at her with an air of ſtupidity, and, whether it were prejudice or reality (for I am yet under ſome degree of uncertainty on that point) I will not venture to determine, but I remarked a difference between her and Aminta; it ſeemed to me, that Armoſlede was taller, had a nobler mien, her countenance was leſs ſtriking and intelligent, and ſhe had leſs charms and vivacity in

in her manner. I had frequently heard of miraculous resemblances; it did not appear impossible therefore that Armoflede might not be my unknown fair one. I concealed my doubts from her, and entered into an explanation, recalling to her memory every thing that had passed between us. Her looks were expressive of the most genuine surprise, and when I had left off speaking; 'Indeed, Sir,' said she, 'notwithstanding this inconceivable resemblance which has deluded you, I may venture to say, that had you made any inquiry respecting my reputation and conduct, you never could have confounded me with the person you have been describing.'

"This reply, delivered in a dignified and spirited manner, served to redouble my embarrassment. After some minutes silence: 'At least Madam,' replied I, 'in order to believe you, I must give up the evidence of my own eyes.' 'I confess, Sir,' said she, 'that I have never given credit to the accounts of perfect resemblances, in spite of all the instances recorded in history; and I am persuaded, that, if you examine me without prejudice, you will find me very different from your Aminta.' 'Ah,' cried I, 'the more I look at you, the more am I attached to my errour—if it be one!'—'Hear me Sir,' replied she, 'I perceive that you are really in earnest, and it is therefore my duty to destroy an illusion, which is as painful to you, as offensive to myself; the story of my life may undeceive you; and here it is in two words. From my infancy I have been passionately in love, and beloved again. For my sake, has the amiable and generous Oliver refused the hand of the princess Emma; in fine,

Sir,

Sir, a ſecret bond has united me with him more than eight months paſt.—Out of reſpect to the princeſs, I do not yet aſſume the name of my huſband; but this marriage is no longer a myſtery, and every body can vouch the truth of what I am now telling you.' This diſcourſe was a thunder ſtroke to me, and in an inſtant convinced me beyond all doubt, that Armoflede was not Aminta. I quickly terminated this painful interview, and retired with equal confuſion and mortification. I made enquiries concerning Armoflede: the ſtory of Oliver and Emma was in every one's mouth, and I was aſſured that Armoflede was actually the wife of Oliver. How could I then believe that a woman beloved, as ſhe was, by a young and handſome knight, ſo diſtinguiſhed by the graces of his mind, and renowned for his various exploits, could prove falſe and perjured, and for the ſake of a man ſhe was unacquainted with?—In ſpite of all this reaſoning, when I ſaw Armoflede again, I relapſed into a ſtate of incertitude. I muſt, however, confeſs, that the more I obſerved her, the leſs I deſcried the manners and turn of mind which I had remarked in Aminta, but I found her face ſo perfectly like, that after looking ſteadfaſtly at it, I no longer doubted that Armoflede and Aminta were one and the ſame perſon. I then broke out into a rage, and acted ſome very ridiculous ſcenes, many of which have been made public. Armoflede, without betraying the ſlighteſt degree of embarraſſment, at one moment would lament my folly, at another, turn it into ridicule; and her countenance, her eaſe, and her converſation overawed me to ſuch a degree, that I finiſhed by acknowledging I had been raving. Her

paſſion

paſſion for Oliver pierced my ſoul; deſparately in love with a woman, who pretended not to know me, jealous even to madneſs without daring to diſcover it, betrayed and yet not allowed to complain, I was playing a part which was equally ridiculous and diſtreſſing; but a ſecret deſire detained me at court. A tournament was approaching in honour of prince Egbert, and I intended to meaſure lances with Oliver (7). In that combat, you well know, I neither acquired glory nor obtained vengeance; I was overcome, and taking my reſolution, I prepared for my departure on that very night, and left the court the following day with an intention never to return. I undertook a long journey, during which I paſſed through the village you mentioned yeſterday; there I ſaw the intereſting Zoe and her faithful Lubin; there I found that virtue and happineſs, which I had vainly ſought in camps, in cities, and at courts; I became paſſionately fond of a country life, hither I came, and abandoning my caſtle, I made myſelf the equal of the peaſants of whom I had been the lord; I adopted their manners and way of life, and built this cottage upon the very lawn on which the faithleſs Aminta ſeemed to have partaken my paſſion.—My ſquire, who was neither undeceived reſpecting the world nor glory, quitted me; I have retained my little page only, whom I have metamorphoſed into a ſwain; I turned ſhepherd with him, and being determined to fix myſelf in the condition I had choſen, I intended to look out for a companion among the ſhepherdeſſes of this canton. In the daughter of one of my late farmers, I have diſcovered every thing that could captivate and ſecure a heart not pre-engaged. Innocence,

cence, virtue, grace, and beauty, all thoſe happy gifts of nature, are poſſeſſed by Chloe; but I do not yet feel myſelf worthy of her hand, and I refrain from marrying her, until the remembrance of Aminta be entirely effaced from my mind."

CHAPTER II.

A PHILOSOPHER IN LOVE.

This devil beauty is compounded ſtrangely,
It is a ſubtil point and hard to know.
Whether 't has in 't more active tempting
Or more paſſive tempted ; ſo ſoon it forces
And ſo ſoon it yields.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WHEN Oger had finiſhed his ſtory, Iſambard went in queſt of Oliver, who had riſen an hour before, and was walking in the garden. To what a degree does misfortune ſometimes render us unjuſt! Oliver, as he walked under the window of Oger's cloſet, had heard Iſambard laugh, and that fit of laughter had thrown him into a ſtate of ill humour and diſcontent, which proved too powerful for the control of reaſon ; he had agreed the preceding evening not to continue his journey till after dinner, but, in oppoſition to the preſſing inſtances of Oger, he was now determined to ſet off immediately.

During the reſt of that day and the following one he continued in ſuch melancholy mood, that the generous Iſambard would not venture to urge him to go on with his deplorable ſtory. Let us leave them to purſue their route, and return to Armoſlede, whom we had left eſcaping from the inn where the impetuous

Adalgiſe had diſturbed her tête-à-tête with Iſambard. The reader muſt remember ſhe was on horſeback, and had taken a guide. She recollected, that Oger's caſtle was in this canton, and but two or three days journey diſtant. Dreading to fall into the hands of Adalgiſe, ſhe made no heſitation to go and throw herſelf under the protection of the Daniſh knight. She had found him ſo credulous, ſo generous, and amorous, that ſhe had no doubt of the ſucceſs of her plan. But the fancy ſhe had taken for him had long ſince ſubſided; and at the preſent moment the amiable Iſambard engroſſed her ardent imagination: ſhe imagined herſelf deeply enamoured of the latter, and ſhe was averſe to act over again the part of Aminta, and determined to appear before Oger only under her own name. Arriving at the caſtle about two hours after the departure of the Knights of the Swan, ſhe was much ſurpriſed to find the manſion deſerted and falling into ruin. But a peaſant ſhe met informed her, that Oger's new abode was five hundred paces from that place. Thither ſhe repaired, and recognized the lawn, nor did ſhe obſerve without ſome emotion to what degree the enamoured Oger had taken delight to ornament the ſpot; her aſtoniſhment was extreme, when ſhe ſet her foot in the elegant cottage. Oger was not within; Sylvan ran to call him, and he appeared in the courſe of a few minutes. At the ſight of Armoflede he was ſtruck motionleſs, while ſhe on her part was not a little ſurpriſed to perceive Oger in the garb of a ſhepherd. This diſguiſe appeared in her eyes ſo ludicrous and original, that ſhe could not refrain from burſting into a fit of laughter. Oger in great indignation loaded her

with reproaches; Armoflede ftill continued to laugh. Oger with his fcrip and crook, holding forth in fo tragical a ftyle, feemed fo comic and ridiculous to her, that fhe totally forgot the ballad fhe had compofed and intended to exhibit; all fhe could now do, was to ftare at him, to liften to him, and to laugh in the moft inconfiderate and obftreperous manner. Oger feized her haftily by the hand, and leading her to a window which overlooked the country; "O thou moft audacious and moft ungrateful of women," faid he, "caft thy eyes upon that lawn, doft thou not recollect it?" Armoflede by way of reply fnatched up a lute which lay upon a table near her, and renouncing her firft determination in order to give way to the gaiety which now infpired her, fhe fang the following madrigal.

Obfcurely does remembrance tell
That once, in yonder confcious dell,
When I thy tender vows receiv'd,
I fwore to love thee whilft I liv'd.
And on that verdant lawn reclined,
My eyes betrayed my love-fick mind:
But then in folly's maze I ftrayed,
Ah! why believe a giddy maid?
And why enraged doft thou complain
Of altered faith and proud difdain?
What hafty vows can binding prove?
I raved when thus I fwore to love.

Armoflede had a charming voice, and warbled this fong with a grace which would have turned a better head than Oger's. "O true fyren," exclaimed he, "feducing, audacious and perjured."—"Indeed feig-

nior," ſaid Armoſlede, interrupting him, " you wander exceedingly from the paſtoral ſtyle; all theſe violent emotions are out of place in an eclogue or idyl, and if you be determined to go on in this tragic ſtrain, for heaven's ſake quit your crook and reſume your armour." " No," replied Oger, " I have eternally renounced all my former errours."—" And the fine device you were ſo fond of," ſaid Armoſlede, " *glory and love*, do you renounce that too?" " Glory," replied Oger, " is nothing more in my eyes, but a chimera, and as for love, it would be in my caſe ſo contemptible a weakneſs—but what am I ſaying—no, I may ſtill without bluſhing be enamoured, for I have made a new choice."—" A ſhepherdeſs without doubt?"—" Truly ſo, and ſhe is eighteen, and is beautiful, ingenuous and tender."—" And, what is the name of this rare object?"—" Chloe."—" Does that name appear to you as charming as that of Aminta?"—" Aminta is forgotten, I recollect Armoſlede only; judge whether I be not cured." At this, Armoſlede changed countenance and aſſumed an air of aſtoniſhment. Oger, whom ſhe looked full in the face, beheld her with amaze; and after a moment's ſilence: " I believe," ſaid ſhe, reſuming her diſcourſe, " that there is ſome miſunderſtanding here. I at firſt thought, that your anger aroſe only from my long abſence, but it appears, that you want to perſuade me that you take me for Armoſlede?" At theſe words Oger put on a diſdainful ſmile: " You are Aminta then?" replied he. " Do you dare to maintain to me," cried Armoſlede in a violent manner, " that you ſtill think Aminta and Armoſlede are not two different perſons?"—" And you yourſelf," ſaid

 Oger,

Oger, " if you be Aminta, how came you acquainted with my adventures with Armoflede ?"—" Can it be," replied fhe, " that you are ignorant of what has made fuch noife ? Is it poffible you do not know, that after having fearched in vain for you here, I went to the court of Charlemagne: that every body faw Aminta and Armoflede together, that in fact their refemblance is ftriking, but not to fuch a degree, however, that a lover may be held excufable for having miftaken one for the other. The languid, infipid Armoflede is much taller than I am, her hair is not of fo deep a black, and her looks and tone of voice are entirely different; in fine, fhe is older than I."—" What a tale are you telling me ?" cried Oger, interrupting her; " all the court of Charlemagne has been witnefs to this prodigy, and I have juft feen the Knights of the Swan, who made no mention of it ?"—" It could not be otherwife," replied Armoflede, " they have been travelling for eight months paft, and I arrived at court fome days after their departure. But you do not fpeak of Angilbert, you have feen him, however, fince that period ?"—" No, I vow I have not."—" You deceive me, for I faw him fet off to repair to this place, and certainly he made mention to you of Armoflede and Aminta. I would not follow him, I was exafperated that you had taken Armoflede for me.—I was refolved to forget you, and I came here, I confefs, to brave you.—I find you faithlefs, I expected it; but at leaft, do not add deceit to inconftancy, or pretend ignorance of the unhappy Aminta!" On finifhing thefe words, fhe melted into tears.—O! who can doubt the fincerity of the tears of her we love?—Oger fubdued fell at her feet, and

Armoflede

Armoflede received him into her arms.—From this moment fhe refumed her fupreme afcendancy over him; Oger happy and enamoured fet no bounds to his credulity, and Armoflede managed him with fovereign fway. She had come to him without any intention of renewing an engagement, which was no longer alluring, but an inftant of gaiety and folly led her to forget her determination; afterwards, finding the indignation of Oger ftronger than his paffion, and hearing mention made of a rival, fhe was fenfible fhe could not regain her empire over his heart and mind but in having recourfe to all the blandifhments of love, and hence fhe refolved to become Aminta again. The fquire of Ifambard, who had been queftioned by her, had declared that his mafter was going to the duchy of Cleves to enrol himfelf in the number of Beatrice's defenders, and thither was Armoflede defirous of going. Whenever an idea took poffeffion of her imagination, fhe calculated neither the inconveniencies nor difficulties that attended it; fhe paffionately longed to fee Ifambard again, and to get the better of his prejudices againft her: all her wifh was now to prevail on Oger to conduct her to the duchefs. It was no difficult tafk to intereft him in favour of that princefs, and to rekindle in his mind the love of glory. "It is not Iphis," faid fhe, "that Aminta is come to feek, it is a hero whom fhe loved; Oger the Dane alone can juftify her paffion and her weaknefs. Reftore to me my lover, and in order to defend innocence and beauty, refume your brilliant arms; it is juft, that fhe who engages you to fly to the fuccour of an oppreffed woman, fhould have the honour of arming you knight." Thus fpeaking,

ſpeaking, Armoſlede took down the arms from the trophy which hung from the ceiling, and preſented Oger with his lance and ſhield. He conſented to every thing, and their departure was fixed for the next day; young Sylvan quitted his rural garb without pain; Armoſlede borrowed ſome of his clothes and dreſſed herſelf as a page, for it was under this diſguiſe that ſhe wiſhed to accompany Oger. The following day at ſun riſe, Oger, attended by his two pretty pages, abandoned his peaceable retreat without regret, and took the road to the duchy of Cleves.

CHAPTER III

PIETY.

Quel charme, vainqueur du monde
Vers Dieu m'élève aujourd'hui!
Malheureux l'homme qui fonde
Sur les hommes ſon appui.
Leur gloire fuit et s'efface
En moins de tems que la trace
Du vaiſſeau qui fend les mers,
Ou de la fléche rapide
Qui loin de l'oeil qui la guide,
Cherche l'oiſeau dans les airs.

RACINE.

Solo e penſoſo, i piu diſerti campi
Vu miſurando a paſſi tardi e lenti
E gli occhi porto per fuggir intenti
Dove veſtigio uman la rena ſtampi.

PETRARCH.

THE firſt day of Oger's journey was ſpent very agreeably. Armoflede did not ſuffer the converſation to languiſh: ſhe took much notice of young Sylvan: ſhe obſerved, that he was penſive and frequently ſighed; and had learnt, that he was in love with Chloe. Sylvan was handſome, lively, and frank. Armoflede, in order to charm the tedioufneſs of a long and troubleſome journey, had formed the project of conſoling him. The party intended to ſleep at a ſmall town called Altendorf, but arriving at the foot of mount Etrel, they deſcried a pretty houſe upon its ſummit. Armo-

flede was much fatigued; they made inquiry of a peasant who was going by, and were informed, that the master of that house was a holy person, and never refused hospitality; and the three travellers determined to pass the night under his roof. They climbed the mountain, and, arriving at the door of the holy man's habitation, perceived, that what they had taken for a house was a handsome chapel, and that the house, which was situate behind that building, was a simple hermitage only. They knocked at the door, which was opened by a child of ten or twelve years old. He conducted the strangers into a neat chamber, and leaving them, said he was going to look for his master. They expected to see a venerable old man, with a long white beard, make his appearance; but what was the surprise of Armoflede and her companions, at the entrance of a handsome young man, with a fine countenance, which was rendered still more interesting by its paleness and melancholy cast. Oger named himself, and introduced Armoflede, under the appellation of Philenus, as one of his pages. At the name of Oger the Dane, the unknown recluse embraced him, and appeared delighted to receive such a guest. After the first compliments were over they reciprocally began to ask questions. Oger said he was going to Cleves to the assistance of the duchess, who was besieged by Gerold and the confederate princes. At this information the young and handsome hermit showed some emotion, and the tear glistened in his eye. Oger's curiosity was excited to such a degree, that he entreated him to mention what interest he took in that event. "I have no reason," replied the hermit, "for concealing

cealing my misfortunes or my name, and even if I usually made a myftery of them, I fhould be foothed in unbofoming my heart to a hero, who is as renowned for his loyalty and virtues, as his valourous exploits. I fhall, therefore, fir, relate my forrowful ftory when the frugal meal, I am going to offer you, is over; that ftory will difplay the true caufe of Gerold's capricious conduct; a conduct, with the motives of which Beatrice herfelf is ftill unacquainted, and which brought on the war you are going to engage in." As the hermit was fpeaking, a venerable prieft entered the room, the hermit prefented him to Oger, informing the knight, that the old man had educated him: "He is the only friend I have left," continued he, "and he fupplies the place of every thing I have loft." The hermit, as he thus fpoke, feemed to be much affected, and after a moment's filence refuming his difcourfe—"Generous Oger," faid he, "you feem to feel for my fituation, yet I am not to be lamented; painful recollections fometimes diftrefs me, but my foul is calm and peaceful; religion, and the paternal tendernefs of this virtuous man, have at length healed the deep wounds of my heart." Every word the reclufe uttered endeared him in the eftimation of Oger, and quickened the curiofity of Armoflede. They fat down to table: the reclufe placed himfelf between Oger and Armoflede; the latter frequently caught his attention by her charming countenance, her innocent and infantine air, and the feeling manner with which fhe feemed to liften to him. After fupper the reclufe related his hiftory, which will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IV (8).

THE STORY OF MEINRAD.

Injuſtiſſimo amor, perchè ſi raro
Corriſpondenti fai noſtre deſiri ?
Onde perfido avvien che t'è ſi caro
Il diſcorde voler che in due cor ſi miri ?

ARIOSTO's *Orlando Furioſo.*

" MY name is Meinrad; Bertold, my father, of the houſe of the counts of Hohenzollern, beſtowed on me an excellent education, and furniſhed me with the beſt requiſite towards it, by giving me Oſwald for my preceptor, that reſpectable man whom you ſee here, and who now partakes my ſolitude. I was cloſely united in friendſhip, from my tendereſt infancy, with Gerold, count of Bavaria, the prince who is the lover and perſecutor of the ducheſs of Cleves. There was little conformity in our diſpoſitions and principles, but Gerold, notwithſtanding his errours and his faults, was born with a tender and generous ſoul, and I became ſtrongly attached to him. During our early youth, I was the confident of his weakneſſes and follies; and at length I was alſo of an attachment which reaſon approved. His paſſion for Beatrice was ſincere and violent; he loved her to diſtraction, and love, by engroſſing his whole ſoul, appeared to finiſh his character and produce a total change in his manners. While he was yet at the court of that princeſs, I was, for the firſt

first time, at a castle my father had just purchased. One day, as I was walking in its environs, I passed by a small lone house, the elegant simplicity of which struck me. While I was surveying it, I heard on a sudden the sound of a most enchanting voice; I drew near to a room on the ground floor, the windows and curtains of which were shut. A person was singing in the room, and I could easily distinguish a young female voice, which was accompanied by a lute. The clearness, the incomparable beauty of the voice, and the expression of her singing, caused an emotion in my breast, which I had never before experienced.—When she had finished the song, I heard her sigh, and after a moment's silence: 'Alas!' cried she, 'I shall sing no more, a fortnight hence, I shall then be too unhappy!' —— 'And why,' replied another female, 'did you give your consent?'—'O! I gave it not,' answered the first voice, 'but I was obliged to yield to authority, to violence; I will obey—and will die—and except you, my good Magdalen, no one laments poor Maria.' Here they ceased speaking, and I heard nothing now but sighs and sobs. At this moment a door was hastily opened, and I drew back with precipitation, with a heart and mind wholly taken up by what I had just been hearing. During the whole night I did not close my eyes, and thought of nothing but the unfortunate Maria. I conjectured, that her parents were bent upon forcing her to marry the man she hated, and that to this misfortune she joined that of loving another object. I imagined the authority of my father would prevent such barbarous violence, and I determined to return to the little mansion in

order to make inquiry into this affair. Thither I repaired at the decline of the day; I drew near to the apartment without making any noiſe; I found the windows and curtains ſhut as before, and ſoon heard the ſoft ſound of Maria's voice, who was holding converſe with Magdalen. I heard the latter ſay to her—'It is true he is very old and ugly, and beſide that he is ill-humoured, as it is ſaid, but you will be very rich; and that is a comfort!'—'O! as for riches,' ſaid Maria, interrupting her, 'they have their value in the opinion of my aunt; but, as to me, I care not for them, and you know it well.'—'Don't weep in that manner,' replied Magdalen, 'your aunt is coming; conſider how ſhe ſcolded you yeſterday!'—'If you be deſirous,' ſaid Maria, 'that I ſhould weep no longer, teach me ſome expedient by which I may free myſelf from this cruel tyranny!' As ſhe pronounced theſe words, I opened the curtains a little way, and cried, 'It is I, who will give you an infallible one.' On hearing this, Maria gave a great ſhriek, and endeavoured to run away. Magdalen ſtopped her, and Maria, turning about to look, ſmiled at me; her cheeks were ſtill wet with tears, and ſhe remained ſtanding without ſpeaking a word, and continually looking at me. Imagine what muſt be my ſurpriſe, when I diſcovered the intereſting Maria, who in a fortnight was to marry an old man, to be a young girl of fourteen; but more beautiful than I am able to deſcribe. The innocence and ſimplicity of infancy added inexpreſſible charms to the graces of her perſon, and notwithſtanding her ſorrow, the ſerenity of her looks, and the ſweetneſs of her ſmile, gave a celeſtial

expreſſion

expreſſion to her countenance: yes, did angels condeſcend to aſſume a mortal ſhape, and to appear to mankind, it would be in the form of Maria! I was ſo diſturbed, aſtoniſhed, and affected, that I found myſelf unable to ſpeak. Maria, after having looked at me for ſome moments, turned her eyes to Magdalen, who was a young girl of eighteen, and they both began to laugh in a hearty manner. Afterwards Maria looked again at me; and remarked, that far from partaking in her gaiety, I was making vain efforts to check my tears. Then ſhe aſſumed a ſerious and plaintive air, and advanced ſome paces towards me. 'You have heard then all I have ſpoken?' ſaid ſhe.—'Pardon me,' replied I, 'for having diſcovered your ſecrets, I ſhall take no advantage of them, but to ſerve you. I can venture to aſſure you, that you ſhall not marry the man you diſlike; but tell me, fair Maria, have you no inclination to marry another? I ſhould be happy to know it, in order to be uſeful to you in that reſpect.' At theſe words, Maria looked at me with aſtoniſhment without ſaying a word, and I perceived that ſhe made no reply to my queſtion, becauſe ſhe did not underſtand it. Magdalen taking up the diſcourſe: 'Why, my God,' ſaid ſhe, 'would you have her think of being married, ſhe is yet but fourteen!' In truth, Maria's age had induced me to imagine that her heart was free; but I was willing to obtain the full certainty of it. We now heard a noiſe; ''Tis my Aunt,' ſaid Maria, 'go away, for if ſhe ſee you here, perhaps ſhe will ſcold.' In order to obey Maria, I made a motion to retire; but having my head through the window, my hair became entangled

gled in the fringe of the curtain; and while I was making ineffectual efforts to disengage myſelf, Maria's aunt entered the room. Maria laughed violently at my embarraſſment, and at the ridiculous figure I made; but her aunt, on perceiving me, thought ſhe had diſcovered an intrigue, and advanced in a great paſſion towards her niece. Poor Maria, who was acquainted with the violence of her temper, ran and took refuge in the aperture of the window where I ſtood, and I inſtantly threw myſelf into the chamber. Gertrude, for that was the name of Maria's aunt, not being able to lay hold of her niece, whom I held in my arms, aſſailed me with a torrent of abuſe, and then aſked me who I was? 'I am Meinrad,' replied I, 'the ſon of Bertold, your lord, who will not ſuffer this innocent child to be the victim of your avarice or cruelty. I have learnt her ſtory by chance, and I declare to you, that ſhe ſhall not marry the old man you intend for her.'

"This ſhort explanation entirely quieted Gertude; I perceived that my name added great weight to my diſcourſe; ſhe perplexed herſelf in excuſes; ſhe told me ſhe had no intention to conſtrain Maria, for whom ſhe had great affection; 'But, my lord,' continued ſhe, 'this child, though born of honeſt parents, has nothing in the world; ſhe is an orphan, I have taken her under my protection; it was all I was able to do; I have no fortune myſelf and could not provide for her. A wealthy man, who is not old, as Maria calls him, for he is not yet fifty, has ſolicited her hand; for her ſake I was deſirous the marriage ſhould take place; but I was unacquainted with her repug-

nance to it, and had ſhe ſpoken to me with frankneſs, I ſhould have entered into no engagement; I will, however, now take proper meaſures to cancel it without expoſing the parties.' This declaration did not convince me, that the diſſimulation and fault lay on the ſide of Maria; but I pretended to be ſatisfied with the apology. Maria clung round her aunt's neck, and thanked her with unaffected ſimplicity; ſhe then flew to embrace Magdalen, as if it were to receive her congratulations upon the breaking off the marriage. I continued half an hour longer; and, on taking my leave of Gertude, I requeſted permiſſion to ſee her again; and I quitted the houſe in ſuch an agitation of mind, as left me no doubts reſpecting the ſtate into which I was fallen. I had never been in love, and I was paſſionately fond of a child; that child had neither fortune nor birth, and I was but too well convinced that my father would never conſent to ſuch an union; the idea of working upon the avarice of Gertrude, and taking the advantage of the innocence and forlorn ſituation of Maria, inſpired me with horrour; but I felt that my deſtiny was for ever connected with hers. Maria was ſo young, that I could not indulge the hopes of marrying her for a year or two to come; and I flattered myſelf, that time and love would be able to furniſh me with the means of ſoftening my father, or afford me an opportunity of eſcaping from his authority. The next day I ſent Maria two large baſkets of fruit and flowers, and in the evening I paid her a viſit; the moment I was in ſight, ſhe ran up to me, and, with a childiſh delight, told me ſhe was very happy, that her aunt was exceedingly good, for the marriage was entirely

entirely broken off; ſhe then thanked me for the flowers, and ſhowed me how ſhe had decked herſelf with them. After half an hour's converſation, Maria ſuddenly left me alone with her aunt, friſked out of the room and went to run about the garden. I prevailed upon Gertrude to go and join her, and we found her on the parterre at play with Magdalen—I became one of the party, ſhe was much pleaſed at it, and the whole evening paſſed away in races, dancing, and ſportive tricks. To pleaſe Maria I conducted myſelf in this manner on all my viſits, although this childiſhneſs and exceſſive gaiety did not at all accord with my natural diſpoſition; frequently ſhe would reward my complaiſance with a ſong; I could never grow weary of hearing her voice, that enchanting voice, the ſweeteſt in all the world; ſhe ſang with ſuch expreſſion and ſentiment, that then alone ſhe did not ſeem a child; yet I ſometimes caught her attention in relating an intereſting ſtory; and even in her play, in ſpite of her childiſhneſs and vivacity, ſhe diſcovered a ſoul replete with goodneſs, elevation, and generoſity.

" The more I ſaw her the more deeply I became enamoured. Gertrude had eaſily ſeen into my heart; my love was too flattering to her ambition, not to ſecure all her endeavours, were it poſſible, to augment it. As ſhe ſeemed to be very fond of Maria, my prejudices againſt her gave way apace, and ſhe ſoon became miſtreſs of all my ſecrets. I declared to her my paſſion for her niece, and vowed I was irrevocably determined to marry her, if I could only flatter myſelf, that ſhe partook of my ſentiments; but I con-

feffed I was under great apprehenfions in that refpect. ‘ I know not,’ continued I, ‘ whether it be my happy lot to be loved by Maria; fhe is yet too young to feel a paffion like that fhe herfelf infpires; but if her heart could ever yield to its impulfe, its tendency towards it may already be difcovered, if it really exifted, and I cannot fee any thing in her that announces fuch a difpofition. She expreffes friendfhip for me, but fhe is fo much at her eafe in my prefence, has fuch a fund of gaiety, fuch perfect equanimity, that nothing can lefs refemble love than the kind of attachment fhe difcovers towards me. I am perfuaded fhe would give me her hand without repugnance; but you muft conceive, that it would prove infufficient either for her happinefs or mine.’ Gertrude fmiled at my alarms, ridiculed them with much art, and diffipated them by relating feveral inftances of Maria’s partiality towards me. Gertrude had fenfe and addrefs; I was young, without experience, and paffionately in love; it was no difficult matter to perfuade me of the truth of what I defired with fo much ardour. The moft common expreffions and unmeaning action of Maria fhe would interpret with fo much dexterity, and in a manner fo highly flattering to me, that I gave myfelf up without diftruft to the dear illufion they created. Six months paffed away in this manner, at the expiration of which my father undertook a journey, and I was obliged to quit Maria for a while.

“ About five weeks after my departure, my father declared, that he had fixed upon a wife for me. I knew the lady he deftined for me, fhe had no fortune, but was high born, and nature likewife had been fo unfavourable

favourable to her, that, even before I had ſeen Maria, I could not have forced myſelf to form ſuch a connection. I fell at my father's feet to conjure him not to give me a wife whom it was not poſſible to love. He repeated, that it was the greateſt alliance we could ever expect, and remained inflexible. At laſt he added, that he had given his word, and I muſt marry the lady in ſix months. I retired overwhelmed with deſpair, curſing the frivolous and inconceivable vanity, which preferred a name beſtowed by chance, to beauty, talents, and virtue; and which ſacrificed happineſs to the moſt ſtupid of all prejudices. In this critical ſituation I ſhould have done well to have conſulted Oſwald, that worthy friend who had brought me up; he would have given me uſeful counſel, which would have preſerved me from the dreadful evils that my imprudence was laying up in ſtore. I wanted confidence in him, and I have been ſeverely puniſhed for it. I had juſt received a letter from the count of Bavaria, who, agreeably to the command of the ducheſs of Cleves, had been travelling for ſome months paſt. He informed me, that it was his intention to come and paſs the remaining part of his exile with me, and he actually arrived at the moment we returned to my father's caſtle. Gerold ſpoke of the ducheſs with enthuſiaſm, he adored her, and ſhe engroſſed all his thoughts; love had reſtored him to virtue, and made him deſpiſe, from the bottom of his heart, all the follies of his early youth. I entruſted him with my ſecret ſorrow, and related to him all my ſtory: he felt keenly for my ſituation, ſaid he could not venture to give me advice; but that I might entirely diſpoſe of his ſervices. I haſtened to

Maria's

Maria's habitation, ſhe received me with ſenſibility, I reviewed her with tranſport, I found her much grown, improved in her charms, and ſtill as gay and unaffected as ever. At laſt, I declared my love, for hitherto, out of reſpect for her youth and innocence, I had unboſomed myſelf only to her aunt; I mentioned the rigour of my father, and the reſolution I had taken to eſcape from that tyranny, to take my flight, and marry her in ſecret.

" Maria liſtened with her accuſtomed ſerenity, without ſurpriſe and without emotion; but ſhe anſwered me with an enchanting ſweetneſs which I took for love; and Gertrude, with her uſual addreſs, did not fail to confirm me in that deluſion. I took the count of Bavaria to Gertrude's habitation; he ſaw Maria, and found her ſuch as the moſt paſſionate love had depicted. Gerold, full of gaiety and gracefulneſs, accommodated himſelf without effort to the childiſhneſs of Maria; but I remarked ſhe was extremely reſerved to him, and ſhe betrayed a timidity which I had never perceived before. He wiſhed to hear her ſing, and I obſerved her bluſh and tremble; Gertrude, on the morrow, related to me that Maria had ſaid, *I thought, perhaps, that ſtranger would tell Meinrad I did not ſing well.* ' In every thing,' added Gertrude, ' the manners of the prince do not pleaſe her, and ſhe has conceived a kind of averſion to him; I believe, though ſhe does not acknowledge it, that ſhe entertains a kind of jealouſy of the friendſhip you have for him.' This diſcourſe, which was greedily liſtened to, ſerved to blind me reſpecting every thing, which would have opened my eyes, had I been free from prejudice.

In

In the mean while, time paſſed away, my father already began to make preparations for my nuptials, and it was neceſſary to take my reſolution.

"Gerold offered me an aſylum in his dominions; I accepted his offer, and it was agreed upon, that in ſix weeks I ſhould haſten thither with Maria. But all on a ſudden, in ſpite of all the precautions I had continually taken, my father diſcovered my aſſiduity to Maria, he ſpoke to me concerning it, and I conceived, that did I not remove his ſuſpicions a little, he would have me watched, and my flight with Maria could not then poſſibly be effected. In conſequence of this, I replied, that I had been there merely out of curioſity, to find out what could have ſo frequently drawn the count of Bavaria to that houſe. I added, that after his engagements with the ducheſs of Cleves, I could not believe he had any deſigns upon the young girl; but yet my friendſhip for him made me conſider this intercourſe with concern, and that I was endeavouring to perſuade him to avoid it. This account fully ſatisfied my father; however, I learnt, that he had ordered my proceedings to be watched, and my embarraſſment was now extreme. The count of Bavaria propoſed to return into his dominions, through which (in ſetting off from the ſpot where we were) it was neceſſary to paſs, in order to repair to Beatrice. The year of exile, preſcribed by that princeſs, now drew towards its concluſion, and Gerold, whoſe happineſs was near at hand, was to quit me in a few days.

"After a thouſand reflections upon my diſtreſſing ſituation, I thought of entruſting Maria to the care of Gerold, and to entruſt her all alone, for her aunt, who

had

had lain ill for ſeveral days, was not in a condition to accompany her. I, therefore, entreated Gerold to take Maria under his protection, to convey her into his dominions, and to leave her there in ſafety, when he ſhould return to the ducheſs. 'When you are gone,' ſaid I, 'I will tell my father you have run away with Maria; I ſhall then be no longer watched, and ſhall be able in a ſhort time to eſcape and join you, and the more ſo as I ſhall be alone, and my flight will be the eaſier.' Gerold appeared aſtoniſhed at this reſolution, and I ought to confeſs that he combated it, and produced many reaſonable objections; but as I could deviſe no other expedient than this to ſecure the poſſeſſion of Maria, I perſiſted, and Gerold yielded to my importunity. We communicated this plan to Maria, who conſented with extreme difficulty, and wept abundantly. I naturally believed, that the vexation ſhe felt at not having me for her companion was the cauſe of her tears, and I was extremely affected at her ſorrow!—Alas! for two months paſt I had no doubt of her tenderneſs; ſhe was entirely changed, had loſt all her gaiety, and I was convinced this change aroſe from the diſquietude which this diſtreſſing embarraſſment of our ſituation created in her mind. It appeared very natural to me, that every day ſhould increaſe her grief, ſince every day brought that nearer which my father had fixed for my marriage.—At length, Maria departed with Gerold.—My father really believed that the prince had carried her off; he did not appear at all ſuſpicious of me: I ſecretly prepared for my flight, and intended to eſcape the day after a wild boar chaſe, which my father was about to give,

give, had taken place, and to which he had invited all the nobility of the neighbourhood. The day being arrived, I accompanied my father to the hunt; and you may imagine how unfit I was to partake in the ſport: the chaſe laſted ſix hours, when my father, deſiring to terminate it, took upon himſelf, according to his cuſtom, the taſk of attacking and deſtroying the boar. He alighted from his horſe, and, armed with a ſpear, began the combat, while we all remained forty paces diſtant; my father miſſed his ſtroke, and the beaſt fell upon him with fury. I inſtantly flew to the ſuccour of my father, who had already received ſeveral wounds; I ruſhed upon the animal, received a deep wound myſelf, but dealt him a deadly blow. All the hunters ſurrounded us; my father ſunk down in their arms; a litter was made of the branches of trees, and he was thus carried to the caſtle. Immediate aſſiſtance was called, his wounds were examined, and declared to be mortal.

"What I felt is, on this declaration, not to be deſcribed. I ſhuddered in thinking, that it favoured the intereſt of my love; and that I felt a paſſion, which nothing but my father's death could render legitimate and happy. This ſituation appeared in all its horrour to me; however, the more I examined my heart, the more I felt that I would have given my life to preſerve his. I was myſelf much wounded, but I would not take to my bed; I watched and attended my unhappy father during twelve days; he gave me his benediction, and expired in my arms!—Fatigue, ſorrow, the wounds I had received, and which were much feſtered, threw me into ſuch a condition, that my life was endangered.—

As ſoon as Oſwald had heard of my father's accident, he quitted his retreat, and took up his abode at the caſtle; he found me in a ſtate of inſenſibility, and on the verge of the grave. In this condition I lay for more than three weeks; at length I returned to life in order to experience new afflictions. On recovering my ſenſes, I reflected, with much pain, that Maria muſt have been under great uneaſineſs for two months paſt. I opened my heart to Oſwald, and intreated him to write to the count of Bavaria. He complied with my requeſt; and, in a few days after, I became well enough to write myſelf to Maria. I began to quit my couch; my health was returning very faſt, when one morning I heard a courier from Gerold announced, who preſented me a letter.—O generous Oger, your heart has ſurely felt the force of love and friendſhip; judge then of my feelings on the peruſal of this fatal letter, which was written in the delirium of remorſe and deſpair; and informed me, that Gerold, having at once betrayed his friend and his miſtreſs, had, in an unguarded moment, ſeduced the innocence of the unfortunate Maria.—He added, that being reſtored to himſelf, he was ſtill more enamoured than ever of Beatrice; but having now, as he ſaid, the choice of crimes only, he conſidered he owed his hand to Maria; that he had written to the ducheſs in order to break off the marriage; that afterwards he had promiſed Maria to eſpouſe her publicly in the courſe of a week, and at the ſame time he had declared to her, his heart was no longer at his own diſpoſal; that Maria, all bathed in tears, made no reply; but, in a few days after, ſhe had eloped from the palace, leaving him a note which contained theſe

words: *Maria will not prove any obſtacle to the happineſs of Gerold; he ſhall never hear of her more: on leaving Gerold, ſhe conſecrates herſelf without a ſtruggle to that eternal oblivion, which is ſuitable to her condition.* Gerold finiſhed his letter, by declaring that he had made unavailing inquiry after Maria, and remained totally ignorant of what was become of her. Theſe dreadful particulars agonized my ſoul, and impreſſed it with the wildeſt tranſports of hatred and reſentment. Gerold, notwithſtanding all his remorſe, appeared to me as the moſt inhuman of mankind; his greateſt crime, in my eſtimation, was that of ſtill adoring Beatrice, after having ſeduced Maria: the thoughts of Maria wandering, and diſconſolate, inſpired ſuch deſire of vengeance, that I was eager to ſet off without delay, to find out Gerold, and ſtrike him to the heart.—But my wounds being ſcarcely healed, the violent agitation of my mind opened them afreſh; a burning fever confined me again to my bed, and the very paſſions which threw me into this relapſe, now led me to be ſolicitous to recover; I was anxious to preſerve my life to gratify my vengeance. A new event, however, changed my reſolutions, and effected what all the advice and exhortation of Oſwald were unable to perform.

"One day my ſquire entered my room, and informed me, that an unknown perſon on horſeback had met him in an avenue to the caſtle, and delivered a letter to him for me, and at the ſame inſtant rode precipitately away. I received the letter with emotion; but, great God! what did I feel, when I beheld the hand-writing of Maria!—I have preſerved this precious and affecting letter.—Here it is; peruſe it." On ſaying this, Meinrad

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preſented to the Daniſh knight that letter which had ſo often been wet with his tears. Oger read what follows; "Can the guilty Maria venture to write to the virtuous Meinrad?—Yes, it is my duty to write. I know his heart; and while I inform him of my errours and my flight, I wiſh him to know, that I have found a ſecure and honourable aſylum. After two days and two nights painful journey, I was received under a reſpectable roof, where indulgent virtue gives admiſſion to the unfortunate, without inquiring whether their miſery be a trial from heaven, or the juſt chaſtiſment of their faults. After having by theſe particulars gratified your compaſſionate diſpoſition, it is my duty further to inform you, that I alone am guilty, that my own heart has undone me.—Friendſhip, together with the moſt tender gratitude, attached me to you, and for a long while I imagined thoſe ſentiments were what you called love. Alas! I only learnt to know in what manner you loved me, by having ſeen Gerold!—Every thing you ſuffered for me, I felt for him.—I was a thouſand times ready to tell you I adored him; but my aunt always prevented me, by declaring, that ſuch avowal would make you eternally wretched, and involve you in a quarrel with a friend whom you held ſo dear. I kept ſilence, but my ſorrow and my tears ſhould have undeceived you. Without knowing, alas! what I had to dread, I trembled when you determined I ſhould go alone with Gerold; and I oppoſed it in vain. During this fatal journey, I was unable to conceal the paſſion that governed me. Gerold long feigned not to underſtand me, and I found a thouſand ways to prove that I loved him. It was I who, at

length, seduced him.—The day after our arrival at his palace, he held this terrible discourse. *I owe you my hand; it shall be yours; in a week will I lead you to the altar. But do not flatter yourself, Maria, that the guilty Gerold can make you happy. Before he knew you, he adored the duchess of Cleves, and he will love her to his last gasp. I sacrifice my happiness, and consecrate my life to you; but do not ask me for love.* I replied with tears only, and in the dead of the night I eloped from the palace.—Heaven is just; for since I could not partake the tenderness of Meinrad, I ought to have found Gerold insensible!—I have lost my honour, my peace of mind, and your esteem; I love without hope, and I am only fifteen years old!—How long have I to suffer, if, indeed, I survive so much affliction!—O, do not aggravate the horrour of my destiny!—I have lost all claims upon you; I know it.—Yet, generous Meinrad, I still venture to offer up to you a prayer.—Maria, who is dishonoured, who is unworthy of your friendship, but who is overwhelmed with misfortune, conjures you on her knees, to give up all desire of vengeance, all sense of resentment against Gerold. Consider that, in spite of my weakness and my errours, I am not ungrateful; the remembrance of your favours will be ever present to my mind, and your most determined contempt can never weaken that pure and vivid attachment with which you inspire me; the only virtue I have left!—O! Meinrad, why was I not born your sister!—I should then have had a friend, and might have poured out my sorrows into his bosom.—Ah, were you my brother, what tender friendship had united us together!—How satisfied would you have ever been with my heart!—

Yes,

Yes, one of my greateſt afflictions, is to know that you are wretched; is to be perſuaded, from my own feelings, that you will ever continue ſo; for there is no cure for love. Alas! of that I am but too certain!—Yet you have nothing to reproach yourſelf with; your conduct has always been as pure as your mind, and I bleſs heaven that you are leſs to be pitied than myſelf!—O, you, who ought to curſe the day in which you firſt took pity on my fate, farewel!—My generous protector, may my repentance and my misfortunes appeaſe your juſt indignation!—But whatever may be your ſentiments, deign to be perſuaded, that you will always remain the deareſt friend of the unhappy Maria."

"This letter," reſumed Meinrad, "which diſplayed the angelic ſoul of Maria, ſerved only to increaſe my regret, and inflame my reſentment againſt Gerold; but a prayer from Maria, was to me a moſt ſacred command.—Of all the pains that racked my heart, the moſt inſupportable aroſe from my ignorance of the place of Maria's retreat, and, of courſe, my utter inability to anſwer her letter; or, which would be more properly ſaid, to fly to her! O, how ſhould I have delighted to promiſe her to overcome, or at leaſt to ſilence for ever, an unhappy attachment! to adopt her for my ſiſter; to merit and obtain her confidence, to wipe away her tears, and to conſecrate my whole life to afford her conſolation!

"As ſhe had mentioned her place of retreat to be within three or four days journey from the reſidence of Gerold, I cauſed the moſt diligent inquiries to be made in the whole of the country around; but they were made in vain; I concluded ſhe was retired to a convent, and I am ſtill of that opinion; but probably a

change of name, and ſome other precautions, render the diſcovery of her aſylum impoſſible. My reſolution was ſupported as long as I flattered myſelf with the hope of finding Maria; but that hope being deſtroyed, I became totally diſheartened, and a prey to the deepeſt ſorrow. Entirely taken up with the thoughts of Maria, I perſuaded myſelf it was her intention to renounce the world, and conſecrate herſelf to God. I then formed the reſolution to embrace the ſame kind of life; this indeed, was no ſacrifice; for what had I to regret in all the univerſe, when Maria was loſt to me! 'At leaſt,' ſaid I, 'we ſhall be re-united in ſentiments, in occupations and duty; O, Maria! the auſtere penance, to which you condemn yourſelf, will I partake; each of us, pining under inſurmountable paſſion, will mourn in ſilence and obſcurity; each, at the foot of the altar, will invoke the Supreme Being; we will pray and weep together. Alas! you will think leſs on your unhappy friend than your barbarous ſeducer—and as for me, I ſhall think only of you!—But one day ſhall you know, that in loſing you, Meinrad has loſt every thing; you ſhall know, that he was attached but to you alone, and you will ſay, *he deſerved to be beloved!*'

"I communicated my intentions to Oſwald, who vainly endeavoured to diſſuade me from them. However, he obtained a promiſe from me, that before I ſhould ſhut myſelf up in a monaſtry, I would paſs a year in ſolitude. He added, that he would accompany me, and if, at the expiration of that time, I ſhould perſiſt in my reſolution, he would himſelf partake in my fate, and for ever fix himſelf in the convent I ſhould chooſe. I could not refuſe this delay, to a generous

and faithful friend, who thus aſſociated himſelf in my ſad lot. We ſet out together; this ſavage and retired ſpot pleaſed us; here I built the chapel and the hermitage, and here have we lived five months. Religion, and the converſe of the ſage Oſwald, have inſenſibly calmed the violence of the paſſion which conſumed me. Maria will be ever dear to me, but her intereſting image, which is always before my eyes, no longer fills my heart with agitation and deſpair, her remembrance ſoftens without diſturbing me.—In fine, each day confirms me in the reſolution of conſecrating myſelf entirely to God; love alone induced me to form it; but it is religion which confirms it, and which will enable me to attain its full accompliſhment."

CHAPTER V.

VICE HUMILIATED.

L'hipocrifie eft un hommage, que la vice rend à la vertu.
Maximes de la ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHILE Meinrad was relating his ftory, Armoflede, whofe eyes were fixed upon him, feemed to liften with fuch intereft and commiferation, that Meinrad's attention was fometimes drawn from his fubject, fo much was he affected by her fenfibility. When the company fat down to table, he placed by his fide the pretty page, who had fhown fuch goodnefs of heart, and fuch ingenuoufnefs of difpofition. Towards the middle of the repaft, Oger, who had already complained of a pain in his head, was feized with a violent fhivering; they felt his pulfe, and finding him feverifh, they led him to the little apartment that was allotted him. He was indifpofed to fuch a degree, that he begged to be left alone with Sylvan, and to go immediately to bed. Meinrad, taking hold of Armoflede, went out with her; Ofwald repaired to his cell, and Meinrad conducted Armoflede to his own chamber, informing her, that the fudden illnefs of Oger had deranged him a little; as it had been his intention to put him and his two pages in the bed he had prepared for him *. I have no other fpare

* It is well known, that in former times, and even as late as the laft century, it was the fafhion to have very large beds, and a common cuftom for two or three, and frequently four or five perfons to fleep together in the fame bed.

bed,

bed, continued Meinrad, but I will give you the half of mine, which is ſtill larger than that of Oſwald's. At this, Armoflede ſmiled, and refuſed the offer, aſſuring him ſhe could ſleep exceedingly well in a chair. "No, no," returned Meinrad, "I am abſolutely determined you ſhall ſleep with me; and I aſſure you, without a compliment, that I ſhall ſuffer no inconveniency from it." On ſaying this, Meinrad ſhut the door of his cell; he then began to undreſs himſelf, and he invited Armoflede to do the ſame. "Indeed, ſir," ſaid Armoflede, "I cannot think of undreſſing—and I aſſure you, that, if Oger had not been ill, I ſhould not have partaken his bed; I ſhould rather a thouſand times have paſſed the night on the floor."

Armoflede did not ſay this without deſign; for ſhe had already formed a plan of ſeduction. Meinrad was two and twenty; he was handſome, tender, and his unhappy paſſion and his piety rendered him, in her eſtimation, a conqueſt the more deſirable. She thought every thing was poſſible to be effected by her charms and artifices. Beſides, ſhe always yielded to the impreſſion of the moment, and in the courſe of one night to render ſo paſſionate a lover faithleſs, and pervert a ſaint, appeared to her a ſublime attempt, and the true maſter-piece of coquetry. In the mean while, Meinrad continued pulling off his clothes; and aſked the timid and reſpectful little page how old he was. Armoflede, who under her diſguiſe, could eaſily paſs for a few years younger than ſhe was, replied that ſhe was fifteen. "Alas!" added ſhe, "it was the age of the ungrateful Maria, when ſhe left you." "O, call her not ungrateful," replied Meinrad; "I was blinded by love, but ſhe

ſhe was ſincere and tender; and I have only to complain of myſelf!"—"Ah, ſir," ſaid Armoſlede, interrupting him, "I ſhall never conceive, that the object of your affections could abandon you for another; and for a vile betrayer! How was it poſſible, that ſhe had not learned of you to be in love with virtue?"—"Ah," cried Meinrad, "with a heart ſo tender, and with ſo much innocence, even virtue itſelf may go aſtray; of this was Maria an example. Believe me, Philenus, that a purer ſoul than Maria's does not exiſt upon earth."

On ſaying this, Meinrad went into bed, and calling to Armoſlede, "I poſitively inſit upon it;" ſaid he, "that you come to me. I will not allow you to paſs the night upon a chair. Come, come, give over theſe ceremonies, undreſs yourſelf and come to bed." Armoſlede ſtill made reſiſtance, and under apparent confuſion ſtammered out ſome words which Meinrad did not underſtand. Meinrad now loſing all patience, inſiſted, in a commanding tone; the hypocritical Armoſlede ſeemed to yield through fear and reſpect; ſhe fell upon her knees, and made a long and fervent prayer; ſhe then undreſſed with many ſighs, and at laſt lay down by the ſide of Meinrad, affecting to keep at as great diſtance as poſſible, lying even on the edge of the bed. Meinrad did not go to ſleep till very late; Armoſlede heard him ſoftly ſigh; but at length the peaceful repoſe of a pure conſcience ſuſpended all his pains. The image, however, of the unfortunate Maria, always preſent to his memory, purſued him even in his dreams. Twice he uttered in a plaintive voice her beloved name. Armoſlede ſmiled, on thinking that the pious

Meinrad

Meinrad was not ſo thoroughly cured of love, as he pretended to be.

At day break, Meinrad, feeling a weight upon his ſtomach, awoke; he diſcovered that the little page, whoſe reſpiration announced the ſoundeſt ſleep, had thrown his arm round his bedfellow's neck and repoſed his head upon his breaſt. Unwilling to diſturb the ſlumbers of the amiable child, Meinrad would not derange him, but endeavoured to fall again to ſleep in that poſition. Unable, however, to effect his purpoſe, he opened his eyes, and the firſt thing he ſaw was a pretty hand and arm, exactly like thoſe of Maria. Meinrad ſtarted as he examined Armoſlede; and let the reader judge of his ſurpriſe, when the opening of her ſhirt diſcovered to him the moſt beautiful boſom in the world!—Confuſed and troubled, his firſt aim perhaps was not to ruſh from the arms of Armoſlede; he lay motionleſs with aſtoniſhment; but at length the virtuous and penitent Meinrad contemplated, with attention, that bewitching object; in recollecting her unwillingneſs to come into bed, he likewiſe remembered her devotion, her artleſsneſs, her ſenſibility, and tender youth; the innocence, too, he aſcribed to her, for he imagined that Oger was unacquainted with her ſex, all diſpoſed his ſoul to give way to the moſt dangerous commiſeration. Piety is ſo confiding, and ſo credulous!—And how, too, could a ſaint venture to form a raſh judgment? Meinrad, therefore, was naturally induced to imagine this young beauty was as pure and artleſs as ſhe appeared charming.

In the midſt of theſe reflections, Meinrad perceived upon Armoſlede's boſom a ſlight golden chain, to

to which hung a ſmall medallion. He examined it with curioſity, and obſerved, that the medallion contained a lock of hair, and the following words wrought in letters of gold: *Love and pleaſure.*—Armoflede, though profoundly artful, was extremely giddy and frequently off her guard; a defect of no ſmall inconvenience to a perſon of her character; and in preparing the ſcene we have juſt been reading, together with a ſublime romance, which ſhe was to relate when ſhe awakened, ſhe had totally forgotten the medallion, the chain of which, indeed, was rivetted round her neck, and was never taken off; it may be however ſuppoſed, that ſhe would have broken the chain on going to bed, and removed this indiſcreet medallion; but the work was ſo fine and ſlight, that it was concealed in the folds of the ſhirt, and not at all perceived by her when ſhe laid her arm acroſs the boſom of Meinrad. Fortunately Meinrad diſcovered it. The two words he had read left no doubt in his mind reſpecting the character and conduct of the perſon who had choſen ſuch a device. Indignation, and the moſt deliberate contempt, reſtored him to himſelf again; he ruſhed from the arms of his bed-fellow, threw a cloke over his ſhoulders, and leaped out of bed. Armoflede, ignorant of the diſcovery of the medallion, appeared to be juſt awaking; and at once affected ſurpriſe, fear, and ſhame; ſhe wept, and fell at Meinrad's feet. She was going to exhibit her romance, but Meinrad repulſed her with diſdain. "Ceaſe," ſaid he, "to prolong an uſeleſs impoſture; I know you, and you have loſt every charm that could render you dangerous. If your heart be not irreparably corrupted, haſten and extricate yourſelf from the abject

abject condition into which vice has plunged you; the foolish pride, which leads you astray, ought to assist your endeavours: for your transient successes are but the work of lies and deceit. Consider, that you would be unable to seduce the man of the most depraved disposition, did he contemplate you without illusion, in your own shape; consider, too, that in persevering in this shameful state of depravity, after having been the opprobrium of your own sex, you will, in a few years, become the abomination and contempt of ours."

CHAPTER VI.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

J'ai tout fait, tout osé pour t'aimer pour te plaire,
J'ai trahi mon pays, et mon père, et mon roi,
Cependant, vois le prix, ingrat, que j'en reçoi !
Ariane de THOMAS CORNEILLE.

THE pious Meinrad did not convert Armoflede; but his difcourfe ferved to humiliate her to a degree which fhe had never before experienced; Meinrad's virtue gave a prophetic air to his words, which difturbed and intimidated the fhamelefs Armoflede; fhe loft, for a moment, all her effrontery, and for the firft time of her life, a fenfe of fhame compelled her to caft down her eyes, and brought a blufh on her cheek. She haftened to leave the chamber in which fevere truth had juft given her fo terrible a leffon; fhe found Oger awake and without his fever, and fhe preffed him to fet off immediately. They bade farewel to Meinrad, and departed. Let us leave them to purfue their journey, and return to the Knights of the Swan. Oliver, as we have already feen, was much out of humour on leaving Oger's cottage; but the gentlenefs and affectionate behaviour of Ifambard had at length difpelled the cloud which hung over his mind; and, obferving the extreme defire which his friend felt to hear the reft of his ftory, he thus refumed the continuation of it.

" Ifambard,

« Iſambard, O my brother!—What a proof of friendſhip am I this day going to give thee, in continuing this heart-rending relation.—I am now come to the fatal period, ſince which my life has been nothing more than a long and excruciating agony! Thou knoweſt my puniſhment, but thou wilt lament me ſtill more when thou knoweſt the crime which cauſes it.

« Thou haſt heard under what dreadful auſpices I received the hand of Celanira; alas! all the ſucceſſive events but too much accorded with thoſe ſiniſter preſages! That union, of which I had formed to myſelf ſo enchanting an idea, proved to me an inexhauſtible ſource of miſery. Celanira, though tender and affectionate, could not render me happy; I was above all things anxious for her felicity, and I always found her overwhelmed with remorſe, and unable to conceal her feelings from me. A ſingle careſs from her father was ſufficient to increaſe the bitterneſs of it to a degree that affected her reaſon. Naturally of a ſuperſtitious turn, every thing contributed to multiply her fears and terrours. Her extreme delicacy, and the diſordered ſtate of her imagination, exaggerated her fault and her weakneſs to ſuch a point, that ſhe conſidered herſelf the moſt guilty perſon in the univerſe; and when ever mention was made of virtue, filial piety, the love of our country, and the ſacredneſs of a vow, ſhe would bluſh, turn pale, and imagine ſhe was hearing her own condemnation. The eulogium of her character gave her ſtill greater pain. I recollect, that Angilbert had written ſome verſes upon Amalberga, in which, in praiſe of her conduct and virtue, he compared her to Celanira: the latter was unable to he arthem read without

out ſhedding tears. Never did I hear her utter a deliberate complaint, a circumſtance which ſerved to increaſe both our torments; confidence forſook our converſe; I concealed from her to what exceſs ſhe rendered me wretched; ſhe was anxious to hide her own ſuffering; but being incapable of feigning, ſhe betrayed herſelf by expreſſions which fell from her, in ſpite of all her care, and by her unſtudied replies which pierced me to the heart. Never did her unhappy huſband claſp her in his arms without finding her fearful and trembling; never did ſhe ſleep upon his boſom without being diſturbed by frightful dreams.—Often in the darkneſs of the night I have felt her tears moiſten my face.—I once ventured to cry out, 'O, if thou loveſt me, what haſt thou at this moment to lament?' 'To be no longer worthy of thee,' replied ſhe; and thus was it that love, far from alleviating her regret, ſerved only to embitter it. In the mean while no one had the leaſt ſuſpicion of our ſecret union; all the court thought me the huſband of Armoſlede, and the latter took care to confirm every one in their errour, by her converſation and deportment. To act a part which ſo highly gratified her vanity, was in no reſpect painful to her. To have it univerſally believed, that ſhe had been preferred to the princeſs Emma, whom ſhe hated, was, in her eſtimation, a triumph as ſoothing as it was flattering; to have prevailed over the daughter of Charlemagne, to have ſecured the heart of a man whom the emperour honoured with his particular favour, were in her eyes a title of glory preferable to all the felicity which love itſelf could beſtow. She attracted the public attention; the ſplendid ſacrifices, of which ſhe

was

was confidered the object, gave her great celebrity; and this was sufficient, if not to satisfy her insatiable pride, yet to console her at least for the real passion which she knew I entertained. Furthermoro, the sincere admiration, with which her false generosity inspired me, proved another source of enjoyment to her; in fine, knowing but the half of our secret, being acquainted with our love only, and totally ignorant of our union, she cherished great hopes of the future. In spite of her intelligence and her cunning, it was impossible she could discover the mystery we were solicitous to conceal from her. She perceived us both to be so cast down, and so wretched, that all her observations confirmed her in the persuasion, that we had ourselves given up all hope.

"In this manner passed several months, when Witikind informed his daughter, that Albion, languishing under his wounds, was coming into France for medical assistance; Witikind added, that Albion had no hopes of recovery, and that he came principally to die near his friend. In a few days after, Albion actually arrived; the physicians, who were consulted, judged his case to be mortal, and beyond the power of art. The day after this opinion was given, I saw Witikind, and being alone with him, he spoke to me of the unfortunate Albion—'My dear Oliver,' added he, 'you alone could console me under such a loss; but if I may believe public report, it is no longer in your power to restore a son to Witikind.' These words he pronounced with an air of doubtfulness, and in a tone of interrogation which demanded a reply; but the confused mixture of a thousand contrary sensations, perturbation,

turbation, gratitude, diſmay, and remorſe, entirely deprived me of the power of anſwering him. My eyes were full of tears, and I ſtammered out a few broken expreſſions. Witikind took my diſtreſs for an avowal of my ſecret marriage with Armoſlede;—'I underſtand you,' ſaid he, 'my misfortune is complete!' On uttering theſe words, he looked up to heaven, with a ſigh, and left me. Thy generous heart, my dear Iſambard, may conceive what this tender friendſhip of Witikind muſt have made the ſeducer of Celanira feel! How baſe did I appear in my own eyes during this converſation, which nevertheleſs inſured me the happineſs of my life! But how can we taſte of happineſs when we loſe our own eſteem? How enjoy the greateſt benefits when we are conſcious of not deſerving them? The unfortunate Celanira was but too deeply impreſſed with theſe diſtreſſing reflections; 'Alas!' cried ſhe, in the bitterneſs of her regret, 'providence and parental tenderneſs reſerve me a felicity, which ought to have been the reward of virtue!—What ſhall I feel, when the beſt of fathers, in preſenting me the lover for whom I have betrayed him, ſhall ſay, 'in recompenſe of thy filial piety, I give thee Oliver for a huſband!'—Such language tortured my heart; in vain I repeated to Celanira that I alone was guilty: 'Ah!' replied ſhe, 'could I even give way to ſuch an illuſion, ſhould I be the leſs to be lamented?'

"Armoſlede, in the mean while, with great uneaſineſs, ſaw Albion on the verge of the grave, being conſcious, that after his death I ſhould marry Celanira by the conſent of her father and the emperor. She anticipated, with much indignation, the triumph of

Emma

Emma on the diſcovery that her enemy had never been her rival; Armoflede could not reconcile herſelf to the loſs of her celebrity and the fruit of her artifices; the death of Albion not only would remove an errour which flattered her vanity, but at the ſame time overturned all her projects of ambition. Beſides, being perſuaded (notwithſtanding the irregularity of her life) that ſhe was very much in love with me, ſhe conſidered every thing was allowable to ſuch united motives, and prepared herſelf to dare every thing, and run every riſk, for the intereſt of her reputation, her fortune, and her love. A fatal incident but too well ſeconded her ſiniſter plots! One day, when Celanira, ſetting off for her villa, had objected to my paſſing the night there, though her father was to be abſent, Armoflede requeſted a private interview; and I went to her apartments. There, after a long preamble, ſhe held this dreadful diſcourſe: 'Celanira,' ſaid ſhe, 'deceives you; ſhe is faithleſs, and betrays you for the ſake of a new lover. I have incontrovertible proof of her perfidy. This very night ſhe has made an aſſignation with the man ſhe prefers to you. I am ready to accompany you this evening to her houſe. I have the key of the garden; I will introduce you, and with your own eyes will you ſee the truth of the incredible fact which my friendſhip for you diſcloſes; but I require, upon your word of honour, that whatever you may diſcover, you will make no diſturbance; contempt ought to preſerve you from anger; you muſt, therefore, give me your oath that you will quietly retire with me as ſoon as you have proof of Celanira's falſeneſs.'

" The

" The execrable Armoflede might have ftill continued to fpeak without any interruption. Penetrated as I was with the moft violent indignation againft her, and petrified with aftonifhment, I wanted terms to exprefs the horrour with which fhe infpired me; her difcourfe had not created the flighteft fufpicion againft the angelic creature, whom fhe dared to defame with fo much audacity; my firft idea was to reply that her atrocious calumny made fo little impreffion upon me, that I fhould be fatisfied with informing Celanira of it by a note, and not go to her myfelf.—O, why did I not follow this firft movement of my foul!—But driven on by the furies, and dragged along by my fatal deftiny, I rejected the defign; I would not allow the perfidious Armoflede an occafion of maintaining, hereafter, her horrid calumny; I was determined to confound her; and I confented to be conducted by her to the manfion; for as I could not acknowledge that I had myfelf a key of Witikind's garden, it was neceffary I fhould fubmit to go there with her. I did not conceal from her the thorough contempt with which her infamous declarations had impreffed me: fhe feemed but little furprifed, and replied, that fhe expected to find all the incredulity which I manifefted; 'my love for you,' added fhe, 'has led me to brave even your injuftice; but I muft again repeat, that I do not confent to introduce you to-night into Celanira's houfe, but upon exprefs condition, that the moment you make difcovery of her conduct, you withdraw, without feeking to take vengeance, without attacking your rival, or committing any kind of violence; and for this purpofe I muft again require your word.

word of honour.' 'I give it you,' returned I, 'and I promiſe you beſide, that hereafter you ſhall be the ſole object, not of my anger, for you are not even worthy to excite it, but of the moſt thorough and rooted contempt.'

"In this manner we parted, and three hours afterward, when night came on, we ſet off together.—During this fatal journey, I did not utter a ſingle word; ſhe frequently endeavoured to ſpeak to me, but I did not condeſcend to make any reply. I continued the whole way in the ſame diſpoſition of mind, and under the ſame perſuaſion of the perfect innocence of Celanira. I was only endeavouring to divine by what ſpecies of impoſture Armoſlede intended to deceive me. I thought of ſeveral, and among others, that ſhe would ſhow me a woman in the diſguiſe of a man; or, perhaps, I ſhould really ſee a man, who, having been ſecretly introduced by her, ſhould go out of Celanira's pavillion in my preſence. By theſe reflections I endeavoured to prepare myſelf beforehand for the ſteps I ought to take, in order to unmaſk the perfidy of Armoſlede, without exciting any dangerous clamour. When we drew near to the houſe, I was ſuddenly ſeized with undeſcribable terrour; I was alarmed, I ſhuddered, and I recollected with great oppreſſion of heart, that Celanira had made an objection to receive me this very night!—In the mean while, after having proceeded along the garden wall, Armoſlede ſtopped at the fatal gate, and turning towards me—'At length,' ſaid ſhe, 'you are going to ſee whether I be the perſon who deceives you; in a few minutes I ſhall be but too well revenged for your cruel diſdain; but

then

then I ſhall have to lament you, and you will do juſtice to Armoſlede's heart.'

"The confident tone in which ſhe uttered theſe words, chilled my ſoul; the cold contempt which, till this moment, I had felt for her, changed ſuddenly into fury.—Armoſlede became now a thouſand times more odious in my ſight, than when I had obſerved nothing farther in her diſcourſe than her abſurd calumnies.—'O, moſt preſumptuous of all creatures,' cried I, 'do you think, that, if Celanira were guilty, you can conſole me! No, do not give yourſelf up to that dream of ſenſeleſs pride, you would then prove but the object of my horrour; henceforward you can inſpire me with contempt or hatred only.' She made no reply, but haſtily opened the gate; the noiſe made me ſtart. —Before I entered, I recollected myſelf a moment, I endeavoured to recal my wandering reaſon; vain efforts!—Already had hell entered into my heart! Armoſlede went forward; I followed her!——The night—that terrible night! was ſerene.—I paſſed behind a ſeat ſurrounded by flowers, upon which I had ſo often repoſed with Celanira, and at this ſame hour! The odour of the jeſſamine and the roſe recalled to my remembrance thoſe dear interviews, and the preſence of Celanira; I pictured her celeſtial form to my mind in ſo perfect a manner, that for a moment I felt my fatal apprehenſions give way, and my gloomy preſentiments ſubſide; I was enchanted with the ſweet perfume of the flowers, I thought I was inhaling the fragrant breath of Celanira!—Alas! this was the laſt pleaſing ſenſation that I have experienced!—Led by the deteſtable Armoſlede, I drew near to the pavillion, I ſhuddered

I ſhuddered on diſcovering that the lower apartment was lighted up; it was midnight!—I advanced—I concealed myſelf behind the ſhrubs at forty paces from the room, the two glazed doors of which were wide open.—'Now,' ſaid Armoſlede, 'remember your promiſes and look there.' At theſe words, I puſhed aſide, with trembling hands, the branches which hid the pavillion from my ſight.—O, my friend, conceive, if it be poſſible, the deſpair with which I was ſeized, upon ſeeing, diſtinctly, a young man of tall ſtature ſitting by the ſide of Celanira, who was weeping, and holding both his hands in her's!—'O, perfidious creature,' cried I—On ſaying this, I endeavoured to ruſh towards the pavillion; Armoſlede held me.—The terrified Celanira, who had recogniſed my voice, let out the young man through an adjacent cloſet—and ſhe, inſtead of making her eſcape, came into the garden. In the mean while I broke looſe from Armoſlede; I had graſped my ſword in my hand; impelled by fury, I could neither ſee nor hear, a frightful cloud covered my eyes; I ran to the pavillion.—— Celanira came to meet me; I ruſhed towards her—and this ruffian arm plunged the ſword in her boſom. —She gave a lamentable ſhriek!—I ſaw her extended at my feet.—I placed the weapon, ſtained with her blood, againſt the ground; I imagined I had laid the point of it to my heart, and, intending to give myſelf a mortal ſtab, I fell down ſenſeleſs by the ſide of the unhappy victim of my fury."

On finiſhing theſe words, the wretched Oliver, all pale and trembling, his eyes fixed, and his brow covered with a cold-ſweat, hid his face on the boſom of

of his friend.—Isambard pressed him in his arms, and melted into tears.—Oliver was incapable of continuing the tragical narrative; but he resumed it the next day, as will appear in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OFFERINGS.

O vous, à ma douleur objet terrible et tendre!
Mort de Pompée DE PIERRE CORNEILLE.

O memory! thou ſoul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our paſſions o'er again!
Why doſt thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous ſmart to ev'ry blow?
SAVAGE.

" I WAS carried, as you know, to my own apartments, and on the third day, I recovered my ſenſes. I then tore off the bandage from the wound, but perceiving that violent meaſures were going to be taken in order to prevent me from deſtroying my life, and that my hands were to be tied, I feigned calmneſs; I attributed my fury to the delirium the fever had cauſed; and thus removed the apprehenſions of my attendants, reſolving, nevertheleſs, to avail myſelf of the firſt opportunity to put an end to a hated exiſtence, ſtained with the moſt horrid of crimes. I did not, however, know the full extent of my guilt, I ſtill thought Celanira faithleſs. On the evening of this ſame day, an unknown perſon requeſted to ſpeak to me privately, obſerving that he had ſomething of importance to deliver into my hands. Zemni, who had ſitten up three ſucceſſive nights, had juſt retired to reſt; my ſervants refuſed to admit the ſtranger into my cham-

ber; he inſiſted in ſo preſſing a manner, that they came to conſult me upon his errand. At that moment I was ſtruck with an idea, that this perſon might be ſent with ſome meſſage from the unhappy Celanira, for I had been told ſhe was ſtill alive.—I gave order for the ſtranger to be introduced, and that we ſhould be left alone together. They obeyed, he came in. He was in deep mourning, and held in his hand a caſket and a letter. He advanced ſlowly, and ſtopped at the foot of my bed. Caſting my eyes upon him, a confuſed idea enabled me to recollect his perſon; and ſuddenly recogniſing him, 'Infamous ſeducer,' cried I;—and endeavoured to fall upon him; but from exceſs of weakneſs I ſunk down again upon the bed. He had hitherto kept ſilence, ſurveying me with gloomy and forbidding looks; he then anſwered me in Saxon; 'Barbarian, I am revenged as well as ſhe; for in this letter, which I bring you, ſhe commands you to live!—Now, know the whole extent of your crime; I am her brother; and ſhe has juſt expired!'—At theſe terrible words, I felt my blood freeze in my veins.—My eyes were clouded with a dark veil, I thought myſelf environed with the ſhades of death; and to this hope I entirely gave myſelf up. Having no longer the power of ſpeech, I enjoyed my fainting condition, and hailed the approach of the total ceſſation of my faculties. Occupied by the conſoling idea that I was going to be delivered from an abhorred exiſtence, I welcomed the idea of death; and at the inſtant which preceded that, in which I wholly loſt all ſenſation, this torn heart ſtill felt a palpitation of joy; I conceived myſelf at my laſt gaſp!—In this manner

was

was it that I fell into a deep lethargy, which lasted many days. The inhuman care of my attendants, restored me to life. Zemni had been ignorant of my marriage, and could not have known my crime; but he was well acquainted with my sentiments. Having found upon my bed a letter from the most virtuous and unfortunate of women, he had recollected the hand-writing. On recovering my senses, I found myself alone with him; he was kneeling at my bed side, his cheeks were deluged in tears, and he was holding the letter in his hand. ‘You cannot,’ said he, ‘give up all thoughts of life before you have heard her last desire; you have not yet opened this letter, you ought to read it.’ On saying this, he gave me the letter. From the moment I perused it, I have ever carried it near my heart; for you alone could I remove it for an instant only; here it is.” Upon this Oliver drew from his bosom the letter of the dying Celanira; Isambard read it, and wet it with his tears; it was expressed in the following terms:

CELANIRA'S LAST LETTER.

‘I lived only for you, and to you will I consecrate my last moments!—Alas!—Could I have foreseen that, on the verge of the grave, I should be under the necessity of justifying myself in your eyes!—That it should be necessary to prove to you that Celanira never loved any but yourself!—O, how has my weakness been punished!—Oliver has been induced to think me vile, perjured, and faithless!—He had seen me sacrifice my duty and my virtue to love, and he has believed, that the guilty daughter of Witikind could prove a guilty wife!—How much, alas! does that painful thought

aggravate the bitterneſs of my repentance!—But it is juſt that love, the ſource of my failings, ſhould at length prove that of my remorſe.—No, cruel man, I have not given thee the horrid privilege of deſpiſing me. Haſt thou then forgotten, that, even in thy arms, I regretted my virtue? I regretted it, and I conſidered that I had preſerved thy eſteem! Haſt thou then forgotten that inconceivable affection, which attached me to thee? Is there a name in the whole compaſs of language, which can duly expreſs it? The moſt paſſionate love formed but a portion of it; undefinable ſympathy, admiration carried to enthuſiaſm; ſuch were the bands that captivated me! And, in order that I ſhould think only of thee, ſhould ſee only thee in the whole univerſe; what farther was neceſſary, than that my love ſhould be conſecrated by a ſolemn oath?—I loved thee as life is loved, it was in me a ſentiment ſo natural and ſo rooted, that nothing could remove it from my heart; that it muſt ſurvive all others, and predominate even in the arms of death!—Have not we often thought, that, had heaven allotted us the ſame ſex, the ardent friendſhip which would have cemented us would have ſkreened us from the dominion of any other ſtrong paſſion.—I was forced to love thee, and to love nothing paſſionately but thee!—And yet, thou haſt believed, thou haſt ſaid to thyſelf: *Celanira betrays me!* —Wilt thou reply, that appearances have been ſufficient to miſlead thee?——How!—Thou haſt judged thy friend, thy miſtreſs, thy wife, by appearances!—O, ſhouldſt thou not have conſidered them deceitful, ſince they degraded me? Was it then more difficult to examine into, or gueſs at truth, than to believe me to be a monſter? If reaſon abandoned thee in that dreadful

 moment,

moment, was not love alone ſufficient to enlighten thee?—Thou knoweſt, that in thy opinion ſolely I placed all my pride and all my glory.—And if in that delirium of blind fury the one or the other of us had inſtantly periſhed by the murderous blade!—Terrible thought, a thouſand times more cruel than death!—O, crime of love, then truly irreparable!—Thou hadſt died deſpiſing me, or I ſhould have carried my juſtification with me into the grave! But the moments are too dear to me to waſte in ſuperfluous lamentation!—That unknown perſon, that unhappy object of a fatal miſtake is Diaulas (9), is my brother! You know that Witikind had a ſon, of whom he was extremely fond, and whom he thought he had loſt in one of the laſt battles with the French.—My brother, indeed, lay wounded on the field of battle, and was afterwards deſpoiled and left for dead. A French knight, the generous Angilbert, diſcovering ſigns of life in him, had him taken care of, and my brother recovered; but he concealed his birth and his name from his deliverer. Having obtained his freedom, he repaired into Saxony; before he arrived at his paternal abode, he learnt we were deploring his death, and that Witikind was in treaty with Charlemagne. My brother was an enthuſiaſtic lover of liberty, averſe to bend to the emperor's yoke, and determined to join the malecontents; the unfortunate youth took the reſolution of renouncing his family, and of ſuffering my father to remain in his errour, in order to avoid paternal malediction, which is held ſo formidable and terrible among us.—I was the ſole confidant of this fatal intention, which I oppoſed in vain. I engaged myſelf under the moſt

 holy

holy vows faithfully to keep his ſecret; and you know I kept that promiſe.—My brother changed his name, and took every neceſſary precaution that my father ſhould never hear him ſpoken of. Since I left Saxony, I remained ignorant of his ſituation.—One evening an unknown Saxon aſked to ſpeak with me, and delivered me a note in the hand-writing of my brother; the note contained theſe words: *I have ſome important things to ſay to you, if you will give me an opportunity of ſeeing you, ſubmit yourſelf to the guidance of the perſon who brings you this.*—I went out at the very inſtant.—I was conducted a little way out of the town, to a houſe belonging to Angilbert, who had lent it to my brother, whom he ſtill knew only under his borrowed name. I was introduced into a cloſet, where I found my brother; as ſoon as we were alone, I threw myſelf into his arms. At this moment I heard a great noiſe, and found, that the ſervants would not allow a woman to enter the room we were in. On a ſudden the door flew open, and I ſaw Armoflede enter.—She was as much ſurpriſed as myſelf, chance only had brought her there, or rather her uneaſineſs reſpecting the conduct of Angilbert; for this incident made me acquainted with their mutual paſſion.—Sanctified, without doubt, by a ſecret union—while motionleſs with aſtoniſhment ſhe kept looking at me in ſilence. I ſpoke Saxon with my brother (to which language ſhe was a ſtranger). I told him the lady was my moſt particular friend, that I could anſwer for her diſcretion, and that it was impoſſible to conceal the truth from her, without diſhonouring me in her eſtimation.—My brother made ſtrong objections to this diſcloſure; I inſiſted

poſitively;

positively; he yielded, but upon expreſs condition, that I gave him my moſt ſacred promiſe not to reveal the ſecret to any other perſon whatever in the world. —I gave my promiſe. I then informed Armoſlede of every thing.

'After theſe explanations it was neceſſary to part, the lateneſs of the hour compelled us.—My brother requeſted a laſt interview; and he was to depart the day after the morrow. Armoſlede adviſed me to receive him in the night time at my own houſe; I conſented to it.—In that fatal interview he informed me, that being returned to the ſpot where we were both born, he found the virtuous Topal at the point of death.—This reſpectable old man had delivered a ſealed caſket into his care, which he ſaid contained ſomething very precious to me, and made him promiſe to convey it himſelf into my hands; for my brother had not concealed from him his intention of ſeeing me once more, and conſulting me upon his ſituation.—This caſket contained the golden chain, and the lock of hair with which I had decorated the tree conſecrated *to the deliverer of my father!*—To him I loved before I had even heard his name uttered.—— Receive theſe offerings of gratitude and love; they belong to thee. I know thy phyſicians pronounce thee out of danger—but I am acquainted with thy heart! I know but too well that henceforward life will be an inſupportable burden to thee—and yet I conjure thee, I command thee to live. If I had not embraced with ſincerity the religion of thy country, if I did not believe in the God of Oliver, I ſhould ſay to thee, *haſte thee to follow me.* But can I brave the

the dread of an unhappy eternity, when I consider it with regard to thee? Thou hast a friend left, thou wilt not be alone in the universe.—I have provided for every thing! To this I join a faithful copy of the public declaration I made on recovering the use of my senses. I thought I had but a few moments to live.—I had been carried into the house; I dictated it in the presence of all my servants assembled together; it was written when my father arrived.—It is thy sacred duty never to contradict it, thou canst not, without my consent, dispose of my secret. I permit thee to entrust it to friendship; but I would have it for ever unknown to my father and the public. I feel myself grow weaker.—O, how do I thank heaven for having allowed me to finish this letter, begun three days ago, and so frequently interrupted.—Adieu, my Oliver—In a few instants every thing will be over for me!—I deplore thy existence, and lament my death, which will cost thee so many tears!—Adieu, dear husband!—Live for the sake of virtue, and to expiate our faults: that will be still living for me.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHASTISEMENT.

——— Thy wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations !
King Richard III. SHAKESPEARE.

Oui malgré le forfait qu'avec toi je déplore,
Je dois me haïr moins, quand tu m'aimes encore,
Quand tu daignes mêler avec tant de pitié,
Aux larmes du remords, les pleurs de l'amitié.
Barnevelt de Mr. DE LA HARPE.

AFTER the peruſal of this letter, the two friends were unable, for more than an hour, to expreſs, but by their tears, what each of them felt; but at length Oliver breaking ſilence, " canſt thou conceive," ſaid he, " that I could read this letter and yet live?—Heaven thought fit to prolong my days, in order to diſplay in my fate, the terrible example of the moſt deplorable of deſtinies.—During the courſe of that horrible day, frequent faintings often gave me hopes of a ſpeedy termination of my agonies; death, that I invoked, ever deluding my expectation, only appeared to approach, in order to render me the more alive to the horrours of exiſtence!—Upon the recovery of my ſenſes, when I beheld the light again, I experienced a movement of deſpair and madneſs, which terrified all who ſurrounded me. Yet reſpecting the ſacred order

I had received, I had not, even for a moment, any intention of delivering myſelf from life.—I conſidered the approach of night with a terrour I could not account for; at the ſame time I felt the want and the inclination of being abſolutely alone; I was deſirous of lamenting without conſtraint, and giving myſelf up without interruption to the agony of deſpair. I conſented to ſwallow an elixir, which relieved and revived me in a miraculous manner; I then declared my intention of paſſing the whole night alone; Zemni, alarmed at my reſolution, abſolutely refuſed to obey; but I removed his apprehenſions by making all the vows he required; and, above all, by telling him of the laſt deſire of the unfortunate Celanira.

"I ſhall not enter into the detail of what I felt on finding myſelf entirely alone; it is poſſible to give ſome account of the impreſſions of an ordinary ſorrow; but the moſt dreadful delirium leaves nothing but vague and confuſed recollections behind it: yet, can you believe it? this horrible night was not that in which I underwent the moſt exquiſite of my ſufferings. I lay dangerouſly ill, it ſeemed abſolutely impoſſible to bear ſuch a load of evils; and the idea, that death would ſhortly come to my relief, conſiderably alleviated their preſſure.—The weakneſs of my head, beſides, did not allow me to give myſelf up without intermiſſion to my deſpair; I frequently fell into a kind of inſenſibility, which, without ſuſpending my grief, at leaſt deprived me of the power of dwelling upon it, and deſtroyed all reflection. In one of theſe moments of ſtupor, I heard the door open.—The curtains of my bed were drawn.——A ſingle lamp, juſt upon the point

point of extinguiſhing, ſpread over the room a wavering and doubtful light.—In the mean time I heard the noiſe of footſteps.—Something moved ſlowly towards me—ſtopped at the foot of the bed—and ſuddenly a voice, which I could not poſſibly miſtake, diſtinctly pronounced my name—O let me reſt on the terrible, the exquiſite impreſſion!—On this inſtant of grief and extaſy, in which my ear was ſmitten with that enchanting ſound, which could be no longer heard without a miracle!—At that moment I experienced all the paſſionate, heart-rending, delicious movements, and all the ſublime ideas, which the human mind is able to feel or conceive!—That loved voice inſpired all, unveiled all.—It held out eternity to my view.—It redoubled the horrour of my remorſe.—Interpreter of the Supreme will, it kindled in my ſoul the moſt exalted ſentiments of religion; it impreſſed it with fear, with joy, with hope; and blended the adoration due to heaven, with waſting regret and the tranſports of love.—I was eager to proſtrate myſelf, but an invincible and ſupernatural force fixed me in my place, and deprived me of all power of motion.—At this moment a dear and dreadful voice uttered theſe terrible words: '*I am doomed by eternal juſtice, to follow and beſet thee wherever thou goeſt.—Henceforward thy ſubmiſſion and thy virtue can alone abridge thy puniſhment and mine.—Adore, and be reſigned.*' At theſe words the curtains opened, and I beheld, through a luminous bluiſh cloud, a frightful and bleeding ſpectre, which, ruſhing violently upon the bed, lay down by my ſide.—I had neither the idea nor the deſire of fleeing, being wholly engroſſed by the conſideration of myſelf being the cauſe of her ſufferings. That was my real puniſhment; the horrour of the viſion could

add nothing to its poignancy; and though it has ever ſince tormented me, and armed itſelf every night with new terrours, I ſolemnly declare, that were it poſſible, I would not rid myſelf of a puniſhment which ſhe partakes.—If I flee from thoſe places, which revive afflicting recollections, if I ſeek to diſſipate my ſorrow, it is with no other view than to preſerve my reaſon, which I have frequently felt on the verge of diſtraction; for were I to loſe the ſenſation of my miſery, ſhe alone would ſuffer! ſhe would ſuffer, and I ſhould live without remorſe!—I cannot ſupport that idea; no, I ought, and I am determined, to be wretched to the laſt moment of my exiſtence.—Alas, regret and ſorrow are the ſole ties which now unite us.

"You imagine, perhaps, that I have finiſhed the ſtory of my ſufferings; a cruel ſcene yet remains to be told, and its remembrance will never be effaced from my mind.—In the courſe of a month my wound cloſed, and the fever left me.—Having propoſed to undertake a journey, I was preparing to ſet off as ſoon as I was able to quit my bed.—On the morning of my departure, ere I had ſcarcely put on my clothes, I ſaw Witikind ſuddenly enter my chamber!—I uttered a piercing cry, and, covering my face with my hands, fell into a chair; he ruſhed towards me, and preſſing me in his arms; 'O my ſon,' ſaid he, 'Albion is juſt expired; I was prepared for his loſs; for I knew his wounds were mortal; but I have no more children.—I am told thou art determined to travel; what, is the generous defender of my unfortunate daughter reſolved to leave us?'—At theſe words I ſhuddered; I aroſe with an air of wildneſs.—I was ſeized with horrour on finding

myſelf

myſelf in his embrace. Repreſent to thyſelf this unhappy father preſſing to his heart the murderer of his daughter, and laviſhing upon him the acknowledgments of the tendereſt gratitude; and judge what muſt then paſs in my heart.—But the reflections I fell into after this interview filled up the meaſure of my ſufferings.—Albion was no more!—And I knew that, from the moment in which his life was deſpaired of, Witikind had deſtined Celanira for me!—Thus, had I liſtened to reaſon, I ſhould not have given way to a blameable paſſion; if, after having ſeen Celanira, I had inſtantly quitted the ſpot ſhe inhabited, ſhe would have loved me, but without violating her duty.—The death of Albion would have diſengaged her; her father would have recalled me; and I ſhould have returned, worthy of her, and of the happineſs that was reſerved for me! Ah, what would my preſent felicity be, had I known how to have governed myſelf!—Alas! 'tis only in the dreadful condition into which my paſſions have plunged me, that I have at laſt learned to know that virtue, not leſs uſeful than lovely, is our beſt guide; that the ſacrifices ſhe requires are as neceſſary to our repoſe as ſubſervient to our glory; that without her, there is no happineſs; and that with her, there can be no reverſe of fortune, that is wholly deprived of hope and conſolation."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IX.

THE VEIL.

Il s'en préſentera, gardez-vous d'en douter.

Tancrède de VOLTAIRE.

THE tragical ſtory of the unhappy Oliver being ended, the two friends haſtily purſued their journey; within two days ride of the duchy of Cleves, they arrived at the eſtate of a knight, named Rotbold (10), where they were aſtoniſhed to find every preparation for a tournament. They perceived a great multitude aſſembled upon a ſpacious lawn; in the crowd they diſtinguiſhed many knights of their acquaintance, and Iſambard uttered a ſudden exclamation of joy on recognizing Giaffar, the knight whoſe life they had ſaved, by plunging into the lake to his ſuccour. Giaffar ran up to the knights, and after having embraced them; 'You arrive,' ſaid he, 'in good time to be witneſs to a very intereſting ſpectacle; Rotbolt, the lord of this place, is going to celebrate his nuptials; he marries a ſtranger, who is ſaid to be exquiſitely beautiful, and many extraordinary circumſtances attend this feſtival; it is reported the fair ſtranger conſented to give her hand to Rotbold, on condition of his inviting all the neighbouring nobility to a tournament, that the wedding might be celebrated with equal ſplendour and publicity; and this has given riſe to many obſer-

obſervations and reflections.—But,' continued Giaffar, 'I hear the cymbals and trumpets; and the ſignal announces that Rotbold and his miſtreſs are leaving the caſtle; they are to paſs over this lawn in their way to the pariſh church; we will follow their train and endeavour to get into the church, which is very large, and there we ſhall ſee the bride, who, agreeably to the cuſtom of the country, is covered with a veil, which is not taken off before ſhe appears at the altar.'

While Giaffar was yet ſpeaking, the lord of the caſtle made his appearance, attended with a numerous retinue. The knights advanced in order to be near him as he paſſed by; Rotbold was magnificently dreſſed, and led by the hand his intended bride, whoſe features were not to be diſtinguiſhed; for ſhe was covered with a large white veil, ornamented with golden fringe; but every one admired the gracefulneſs of her ſhape and gait. Four women, following behind, carried elegant baſkets, containing the rich preſents which were deſigned for the bride, and which, according to the cuſtom of the times, were to receive a bleſſing in the church; next came the ſquires and pages of Rotbold, and the proceſſion was cloſed by the ſervants, and a band of muſic. Oliver, who was little curious, had no deſire to join the pageant; but he was prevailed on to enter the church, and was ſeated near the altar, where the ceremony was to be performed. Oliver, in order to give his friend the better place, retired behind a pillar, which hid the bride and bridegroom from his ſight, and falling into deep meditation, he was incapable of paying any attention to what paſſed. In the mean while, all the

the knights, who were bidden to the feſtival, thronged the church; and every eye was fixed upon the fair ſtranger, whom Rotbold led to the altar; there he invited her to take off her veil; ſhe then turned to the ſpectators, and unlooſing the veil, they beheld a young lady of dazzling beauty. A murmur of admiration was heard throughout the church, and, at the ſame inſtant, the fair ſtranger advancing forward a few ſteps——"Knights," ſaid ſhe, "I have been only anxious to aſſemble you together, in order to find a defender among you."——At theſe words, Rotbold, in great fury, endeavoured to ruſh towards the lady, but Iſambard and Giaffar threw themſelves upon him, and held him; and all the ſpectators cried out, that the unknown fair one ſhould go on with her explanation. "Well," reſumed ſhe, "know then, that the barbarian who has brought me here, is appriſed that I am already married, and has confined my unhappy huſband in a dungeon."

At theſe words all the knights ſurrounded the lady, and vowed to deliver and avenge her. The clamour had arouſed Oliver from his reverie; he advanced with the others towards the fair ſtranger; but no ſooner had he caſt his eyes upon her face, than he exclaimed—"Great God! what do I behold? Ordalia!"—It was indeed ſhe, and ſhe expreſſed the greateſt joy on recollecting the generous Oliver.——"The glory of defending you," ſaid he, "belongs to me, and I may venture to claim it!" "Yes, ſir," replied Ordalia, "I accept you for my knight; and theſe

these brave warriors will approve my choice, when I inform them, that, upon another occasion, you have already saved my honour and my life." "I enter the lists," interrupted Oliver, "Rotbold, I accuse and challenge you; follow me." On saying this, Oliver threw his gauntlet at Rotbold's feet, and immediately went out of the church. Rotbold, whom rage and astonishment had struck dumb, took up the gauntlet in a violent passion, and hastened after his adversary. Every one followed him to the lists. According to custom Oliver received, previous to the combat, from the hands of the lady he was going to defend, his helmet, his sword, and his lance. The beauteous Ordalia, tearing her veil, decked the coat of arms of her knight with the golden fringe; and she gave him the following for the word of battle: VIRTUE AND VENGEANCE (11). "Go, sir," said she, "avenge oppressed innocence; such is the noblest employment of force and valour; you will easily triumph over an enemy so little worthy of you, and who will now, for the second time, be vanquished by you; for you must know, that Rotbold is the person you put to flight when you came to the succour of Albion, as he was attacked by three men."——"Is it possible," exclaimed Oliver, "that Rotbold, whom I have seen combating with valour on the field of glory, under the command of Charlemagne, should have been capable of such baseness?——"Come," cried Rotbold, "and thou shalt see that this arm, which proved so fatal to the Saxons, shall not prove less formidable to thee." Oliver made no reply, but rushed upon the area, and the combat began.

It

It was long and terrible; Iſambard, more than once, trembled for his friend; and all the ſpectators partook in the concern he ſhowed for his brother in arms. Oliver, weakened by the languor of habitual grief, had neither the ſtrength nor the vigour of Rotbold; but he preſerved ſuch preſence of mind, and diſplayed ſo much ſkill and addreſs, that he was continually able to evade his adverſary's blows; for more than an hour he ſtood merely upon his defence, leaving his enemy to waſte his ſtrength in fruitleſs attacks, which were the more fatiguing, as they were made with all the impetuoſity of anger and fury; at laſt, when he perceived Rotbold to be worn out with labour, and obliged to ſlacken his blows, he, in his turn, began to aſſail with a vigour which quickly decided the victory. Rotbold, all breathleſs and diſmayed, ſtaggered, and gave way; Oliver ruſhed upon him, and, in the ſame inſtant, wounded him, threw him on the ground, and took his ſword from him. A general cry of joy, and the univerſal applauſe of the ſpectators immediately proclaimed the triumph of Oliver. The latter keeping his enemy ſtill extended in the duſt: "Unworthy knight," ſaid he, "thou who diſhonoureſt valour, becauſe thou proveſt that it can be allied with baſeneſs and cruelty, I condemn thee never to bear arms any more: I farther require, that thou conſenteſt to make me abſolute maſter of thy caſtle during two whole days; on ſuch conditions, I grant thee thy life." At theſe words, Rotbold, confounded and trembling with rage, made the vows which his conqueror required at his hands: Oliver then left him upon the field of battle. Iſambard, Giaffar, and the other

other knights, furrounded and congratulated the conqueror, and carried him in triumph to the tent, to which the fair Ordalia had retired during the combat.

Ordalia, at firft, could only exprefs her joy and gratitude by her tears; then affectionately preffing the hands of Oliver in her own—"Ah, fir," faid fhe, "thofe victorious hands, which have juft delivered me from an odious perfecutor, muft reftore me a beloved hufband; being mafter of Rotbold's caftle, you can lay open its dungeons; I know that which fhuts up my hufband; deign to follow me: can I better reward your courtefy than by affording you the means of again performing a virtuous action?" It may eafily be fuppofed, that Oliver had fecured the keys of the caftle of Rotbold, in order to deliver the victims of that tyrant. Accompanied by Ifambard and Giaffar, he immediately conducted Ordalia to the caftle. After having paffed through a long fuite of apartments, Ordalia caufed an iron-door to be opened, which difcovered an arched veftibule, at the extremity of which was found a ftair-cafe; there, although it was ftill daylight, they provided themfelves with torches; and, after having gone down more than two hundred fteps, they came to a fpacious vault. Ordalia, with a key in her hand, ran towards an iron grate, opened it, and rufhed into a dungeon; the three knights followed her; and, in a moment, perceived her in the arms of a captive loaded with irons—"O, my generous deliverer," cried Ordalia, "it is you who muft break thefe chains!"—Oliver, holding a torch, approached the captive—He looked at him, and trembled.—A terrible

rible and indelible remembrance, in an inſtant, recalled his features. Iſambard ſaw his friend grow pale; he advanced towards him, and the wretched Oliver fainted in his arms. This accident was attributed to the fatigue of the combat, and the want of air; Oliver was carried out; but Iſambard, who had a glimpſe of the truth, remained a moment for the ſake of fuller information; and he ſoon learned, that the huſband of Ordalia was Diaulas, the ſon of Witikind, and brother to the unfortunate Celanira. Diaulas, having only ſeen Oliver in his bed, and in a dying condition, had not been able to recollect him. Ordalia, who had known Oliver in Saxony, under a borrowed name only, had not yet had time to learn his real name, for ſhe had not aſked it, believing that ſhe already knew it; ſo that both herſelf and huſband were totally ignorant, that Oliver was their deliverer. Iſambard, who, in the firſt moments of confuſion, had ſeen only Diaulas, remarked with ſurpriſe, a child of nine or ten years old, of a charming countenance, who partook in his captivity, but who was not fettered; he appeared tranſported with delight at the happineſs of Diaulas and Ordalia, and weeping, laviſhed on them the moſt tender careſſes. The age of the young couple would not allow the child to be taken for their ſon; Iſambard hazarded a queſtion on that head: "Sir," replied Ordalia, "this amiable and intereſting creature is our adopted child, and when you are acquainted with my hiſtory, you will learn how much we ought to cheriſh him."

Iſambard, after this explanation, conducted Diaulas,

las, Ordalia, and the boy, into an apartment of the caſtle, promiſing them, on the next day, they ſhould ſee the brave and generous knight who had reſtored them to liberty and happineſs. Giaffar ſpent the whole evening in the hall, where a magnificent repaſt had been prepared for all the knights, and Iſambard retired to his unhappy friend. The ſight of Diaulas had revived in the mind of that wretched man all the horrours of the early period of his misfortune and his crime. Iſambard was ſtartled at the wildneſs of his diſcourſe, and the violence of his deſpair; but when the firſt tranſports began to ſubſide, Iſambard made it appear to his friend, that the events of that day ought to diminiſh the burdenſome preſſure of his remorſe; and that he could not be inſenſible to the happineſs of having reſtored a ſon to Witikind, and rendered back a wife to Diaulas. "Ah," replied Oliver, "nothing can aſſuage the remorſe of Celanira's aſſaſſin; nothing can expiate ſuch a crime!—Yet allowing that Witikind has never ceaſed to regret the loſs of his ſon, that if he recovered him, he could ſtill be happy; it might indeed alleviate my ſorrow to reſtore him back, but would Diaulas conſent to what I aſk in that reſpect?" "Ordalia," replied Iſambard, has promiſed me to relate her ſtory to-morrow; I will hear it, and repeat it to you; that recital will inform us of the true ſentiments of Diaulas, and I flatter myſelf they will prove agreeable to my hopes." The next morning Iſambard repaired to the apartment of the young couple, and informed them, that his friend, being ſtill indiſpoſed, could not leave his

his bed before evening ; in the mean time Iſambard intreated them to relate the events which had put them in the power of the ferocious Rotbold: the youthful pair, after having expreſſed the keeneſt regret, that their benefactor was not himſelf able to hear the narration, conſented to gratify Iſambard's curioſity; and the beautiful Ordalia, breaking ſilence, related the ſtory, which will be found in the following chapter.———

CHAPTER X.

THE STORY OF ORDALIA.

L'hiſtoire d'une femme eſt toujours un roman.

LA CHAUSSÉE.

——— World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee——
King Lear. SHAKESPEARE.

"THE days of my infancy, and thoſe of my earlieſt youth, were the happieſt of my whole life. My family, which was cloſely united with that of Witikind, deſtined Diaulas for my huſband; and our relations entered into a ſolemn engagement, which accorded with the deareſt wiſhes of our hearts. Diaulas, an ardent defender of his country and of freedom, followed his father to the war, and aſſociated himſelf in all his dangers and his glory. In the laſt battle which Witikind fought with the French, Diaulas, being dangerouſly wounded, was left on the field; he was thought to be dead, and my ſorrow brought me to the verge of the grave. In the mean while Witikind, ſeduced by Charlemagne, liſtened to his propoſals, and ſoon treated publicly with him; this treaty, indeed, was ratified by the major part of the nation; but Iliſka, my father, refuſed to ſubſcribe to it: he made his eſcape, went ſecretly over Saxony, rouſed every where an abhorrence to ſlavery, and made himſelf a party, which at firſt was not numerous, but which, in a ſhort time,

time, became formidable. While my father was thus aſſembling together the friends of liberty, I remained in a languiſhing condition in the place where he had left me, and where Diaulas ſoon after came to reſtore me to life. Determined henceforward to live for his country only and for me, he ſuffered Witikind to remain in ignorance that he was ſtill alive; and, under a borrowed name, he joined the party of my father. Our marriage was long deferred by the war, which raged with more violence than ever, and by the internal diſturbances which took place in the country." Here Diaulas interrupted Ordalia:—"Allow me," ſaid he, "to deſcribe in a few words the ſituation which I was in; the whole truth muſt be related to the friend, the brother in arms of our deliverer; and notwithſtanding the reſpect which you cheriſh for the memory of your unhappy father, I cannot diſſemble that he it was who ruined us all. It was not without great concern," continued Diaulas, "that I determined to renounce a family which was ſo dear to me; but Ordalia, and the intereſt of my country, extorted from me this painful ſacrifice. I had, beſides, the moſt exalted idea of the patriotiſm and principles of Iliſka; he was, indeed, diſtinguiſhed neither by military talents nor eloquence; and he owed the aſcendancy he had acquired over the minds of the people, ſolely to the reputation of his integrity and virtue (12). But when he found his popularity well eſtabliſhed, he gave himſelf up without conſtraint to all the violence of his diſpoſition. He perſecuted with great animoſity all the partizans of my father, and all his own perſonal

ſonal enemies. In vain I endeavoured to check theſe exceſſes; nothing could arreſt their courſe; nor could any one avoid deſtruction, but in the participation of his opinions and his violences; it was neceſſary to become either his accomplice or his victim. I came to the determination of withdrawing, and of concealing myſelf for a ſecond time; I wandered over Saxony under a new borrowed name; and I ſaw the agents of Iliſka conduct themſelves in every place with like cruelty. Theſe reſentful and ſanguinary chiefs, while they oppreſſed the people, laviſhed upon them the baſeſt adulation, and affected popular manners to the moſt ridiculous degree; they acted as tyrants; and, while they exalted the charms of freedom in their diſcourſes, they were committing the vileſt acts of deſpotiſm (13). Then was it that I began to deſpair of the ſalvation of the country. An internal revolution could alone preſerve it from deſtruction. It was neceſſary that ſome happy ſyſtem of juſtice, humanity, and clemency ſhould inſtantly take place in reparation of ſo many horrours; but there was no authority which counterpoiſed that of Iliſka: Saxony had entirely ſubmitted to the yoke of Charlemagne; and thus was the moſt noble and the moſt juſt of cauſes diſhonoured and undone.

"In the mean while the troops of Charlemagne having made a new invaſion of Saxony, I entered into our army as a volunteer. I was under no apprehenſion of meeting my father in battle; I knew he had refuſed the command of the French army; and, had I been ignorant of that circumſtance, I was ſufficiently acquainted with the great ſoul of Witikind, to be cer-

tain that nothing could have determined him to take up arms againſt his country. I was engaged in the memorable battle of the Brook, which decided the fate of Saxony (14). Obliged to flee with the wretched remains of our vanquiſhed army, I quickly learned, that another body of french troops had penetrated into the canton which was in the hands of Iliſka; that the latter, fearful of being delivered up to the french generals, had retired, together with his daughter, to the fortreſs of Ereſbourg. I forgot all the crimes of Iliſka in the concern I felt at the danger of Ordalia; and, determined to defend her, or periſh with her, I immediately took the route to Ereſbourg. I found the place environed by French troops, under the command of Rotbold; however, with ſome difficulty, I entered it.

"Iliſka, full of diſtruſt and ſuſpicion, the invariable torment of tyrants, had but little dependance on the garriſon of Ereſbourg, and foreſaw the fatal deſtiny which was in reſerve for him. He received me with embarraſſment: however, my love for his daughter being in his eſtimation reſponſible for my fidelity, he divided with me the command of the fortreſs: our troops ſuſtained ſeveral attacks with great reſolution; but danger and misfortune were unable to ſoften the vindictive temper of Iliſka, he ſtill committed new violences, which at length excited a dreadful ſedition. Iliſka, being attacked in his own houſe by an enraged multitude, made his eſcape with Ordalia, and took refuge in the temple of Irminſul. Seconded with thirty ſoldiers only, I favoured the flight of Iliſka, and combated the inſurgents; but ſoon, overwhelmed by numbers,

numbers, I ſaw almoſt all my unfortunate companions fall by my ſide, and, being myſelf wounded, I was on the point of ſinking, when ſuddenly a confuſed and terrible clamour, mingled with the cries of victory, informed us, that the triumphant enemy had entered the place. Fear quickly diſperſed the troop which was overpowering me; and I then dragged myſelf along towards the temple of Irminſul, wiſhing, at leaſt, to die near Ordalia: I found the temple ſhut; but, notwithſtanding the weakneſs ariſing from my wound, and the loſs of blood, I at length made myſelf heard, and the gates were opened to me. After going through a ſpacious veſtibule, I entered the temple, and ſhrunk with horrour at the ſight of a frightful ſpectacle which appeared before me.——The day was juſt cloſed, the curtains of the temple were drawn, and all the lamps lighted. Ordalia, covered with a veil, was pouring forth her plaints at the foot of the ſtatue of Irminſul, whilſt Iliſka, as ſovereign pontiff, and the reſt of the prieſts, ſurrounded an altar, upon which was bound a child of nine or ten years old, that was going to be ſacrificed *.

"I had always deteſted theſe abominable ſacrifices; and heaven, which doubtleſs inſpired me at this moment, reſtoring me all my force—'Stop, inhuman wretches,' cried I, 'do you imagine, by this impious ſacrifice, to diſarm divine anger? No, your fatal hour is arrived; the enemy triumphs, and is within our walls; we ſhall all periſh; but at leaſt this inno-

* We have already ſeen, that theſe horrible ſacrifices were, in fact, preſcribed by the religion of theſe barbarous people.

 cent

cent child ſhall not be immolated.' On ſaying this, I ruſhed towards the altar; I drove off the prieſts with my ſword, and unbound the child, who proſtrated himſelf at my feet. It is the ſame child you ſaw with me in priſon. The ſurpriſe and terrour, which the news I had brought imparted, rendered Iliſka and the other pontiffs motionleſs. Ordalia, lifting up her veil, ran and threw herſelf into my arms; but ſhe gave a mournful cry on ſeeing me covered with blood, and tore her veil to apply it to my wound; I turned towards her father—'Iliſka,' ſaid I, 'thou haſt long promiſed me the hand of thy daughter; thy gloomy ſuſpicions have always retarded the performance of that ſolemn engagement; but her faith is mine, and I claim it; a barbarous conqueror, the ferocious Rotbold, whoſe hands are ſtained with ſo much blood, is going to maſſacre us all; I would fain die the huſband of Ordalia: conſider, Iliſka, it is thou who haſt ruined us; and, as a reward for all I have done for thee, give me thy daughter; and let a moment of glory and happineſs ſtill precede our laſt gaſp.' 'I conſent,' cried Iliſka, 'in hopes of leaving an avenger behind me, ſhouldſt thou ſurvive me.' On uttering theſe words, he took my hand, all reeking with blood, and joined it to that of his daughter; and he received the ſacred vow which united us for ever together.

"I proſtrated myſelf before the altar, and lifting up my eyes to heaven—'Creator of the univerſe, in this temple, ſo often prophaned by cruel ſuperſtition, receive,' cried I, 'the homage of a pure heart.—Surely may I expect felicity, in an union formed before this

this altar, upon which I have juſt reſcued devoted innocence from death? The ſword of deſtruction is ſuſpended over my head, but thou art able to remove it; if it be thy pleaſure that I ſhould live for Ordalia, I ſwear to adopt this child, and to conſecrate my future life to virtue as well as to love.' As I was thus ſpeaking, I had placed the child upon the altar, and kept preſſing him to my heart; he trembled on finding himſelf again upon the place where he had juſt been lying as a victim. He clung faſt round my neck; Ordalia then took him to her arms, and repeated the oath I had ſworn. At this moment the noiſe of arms, of drums, and trumpets, announced the approach of our enemies, who, having ſearched in vain for Ilifka in the citadel, came at laſt to the temple in queſt of him: the iron gates of that edifice were cloſed; they were proof to the fury of the aſſailants, and we determined not to open them. We heard great noiſe and agitation without; but no meaſure appeared to be taken to force the place; we were ignorant of the enemy's intention; and paſſed more than two hours in this ſtate of ſuſpenſe, when, all on a ſudden, we ſaw the flames catch the wood-work which ſurrounded the great altar of Irminſul; at the ſame inſtant, the fire ſpreading with great rapidity, a wall fell in, and made a conſiderable breach; and immediately the temple was thronged with troops. At the ſight of this, Ilifka, giving up all hopes, drew a dagger, which he always wore in his belt, and gave himſelf a mortal wound: I graſped my ſword, and, with all the intrepidity which love and deſpair could inſpire, ruſhed towards the ſoldiers, who were endeavouring to carry off

off Ordalia. The desire of falling gloriously in her presence, raising me above myself, I sustained to advantage, although wounded and unsupported, a combat of several minutes against more than thirty men. But Ordalia, all dismayed, and the child, whose life I had saved, seeing me on the point of yielding to numbers, came and threw themselves in the midst of the soldiers: at the sight of this, all my strength failed me, and I fell down, without sensation, at the feet of Ordalia. It must now be your task, my dear Ordalia," continued Diaulas, " to go on with the story; for you alone have been witness to the greater part of the events, which followed those I have been relating."—At these words, Ordalia, wiping away the tear, which the remembrance of her father brought in her eye, resumed the narrative, as will be seen in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF ORDALIA.

> Je ne vois que des tours que la cendre à couvertes,
> Un fleuve teint de ſang, des campagnes déſertes!
>
> *Andromaque de* RACINE.
>
> Non, je ne ſerai point complice de ſes crimes;
> Qu'il nous prenne, s'il veut, pour dernières victimes.
>
> *The Same.*

"FIGURE to yourſelf, ſir," ſaid Ordalia, "the horrours of my ſituation!—My wretched father, ſtabbed by his own hand, in my arms;—my garments ſtained with his blood; my huſband expiring at the foot of the altar, before which I had juſt received his plighted faith; the child we had adopted was extended on his body, and made the vaults of the temple reſound with lamentable cries; myſelf ſurrounded by ſavage troops, unable either to afford Diaulas ſuccour, or to put an end to my own exiſtence; our worſhip deſtroyed, the profanation of the temple, its conflagration, the ſtatues of our gods overturned and broken to pieces, the frightful clamour of the triumphant deſtroyers of my country, the dreadful light that the devouring flames which ſurrounded us ſpread on every ſide; all concurred to fill my ſoul with terrour, diſmay, and deſpair. The conquerors had thrown open the temple gates, and I reſiſted the attempts of the ſoldiers who endeavoured to drag me to the ſide which had not yet taken fire, when Rotbold entered the edifice, and haſtily

haſtily approached me: but with what horrour was I ſeized, when, in this general of the french troops, I recogniſed the baſe and cruel knight who had carried me off a few months before, and whom your generous companion in arms put to flight. The audacious Rotbold accoſting me—'Come, madam,' ſaid he, 'deign to follow me, and calm your fears,' On ſaying this, he preſumed to lay hold of me with his impious hands; I drew back with terrour: but ſuſtained, inſpired by love, I was able to conceal at the bottom of my heart my reſentment and my hatred.—'Sir,' replied I, look at theſe objects which ſurround me:—there is my father, he breathes no more; that young man who has fainted away, and that child, are my brothers; if you wiſh me to live, take care of their lives, and do not ſeparate us.' 'Your requeſt ſhall be granted,' returned Rotbold; 'be under no uneaſineſs on their account: my love to you ought to aſſure you of my generoſity towards them.' Upon this he gave orders that they ſhould be conveyed to his camp; and offering me his ſupport, I was forced to lean upon that cruel arm which had juſt conſummated the deſtruction of my religion, my family, and my country.

"The day had not yet appeared; but when we were gone out of Ereſbourg, the horrid conflagration of the temple, and ſoon after that of the whole fortreſs, ſufficed to light us on our way, and to illuminate the deſert fields through which we paſſed. On arriving at the camp, Rotbold prevented my deſires, by informing me, that I might go to the tent whither my two brothers had a eady been conducted: Diaulas had recovered his ſenſes, and I had time to inform him of

my

my artifice; he objected to give in to it; but at length he consented with extreme repugnancy. Rotbold, who flattered himself he should at length seduce me, treated me with every appearance of extreme generosity. He ordered the greatest care to be taken of Diaulas; nor did he quit the camp till he was in condition to be removed without danger: we then all departed. Rotbold carried away no other captives than Diaulas, our adopted child, and myself; all the chiefs of our party having either fallen in combat, or been massacred after the victory. Taking with him the treasures of my unfortunate countrymen, and dragging us in his train, he made us traverse a considerable part of our unhappy country in our way to this place. I passed by the loved spot where I first saw the light; there had I been born amidst a free and flourishing people; and I could now perceive no vestige of habitations remaining—the houses, the men, the trees, had all disappeared. I perceived nothing but deserts, and here and there a fugitive or a slave; and myself I found a captive, and under the yoke of a hated conqueror. The murderous sithe of despotism, more active and more terrible in its ravages than that of time itself, had mowed down and destroyed every thing in the short space of a few months. ——At length we arrived at this castle; and, in a few days, Rotbold talked to me, without constraint, of his odious passion. From the first interview, I answered him in such a manner as destroyed all his hopes; and he at last had recourse to Diaulas, in order to engage him to plead in his behalf. But when the tyrant announced his design upon me, it was no longer possible for Diaulas

Diaulas to degrade himſelf by acting a falſe part, and he immediately declared to Rotbold the whole truth. The anger of Rotbold was extreme, and his menaces terrible. He came in queſt of me: ‘ You have deceived me,’ ſaid he; ‘ nor do I yet know whether the avowal of this marriage be not a new impoſture; but were you the ſpouſe of Valamir (ſuch was the name Diaulas had taken), yet ſhould not I acknowledge the legality of a marriage ſolemniſed upon the altars of errour, which I have irretrievably overturned: your vows were addreſſed to falſe deities, and are null and void.—You are in my power; I adore you: I offer you a rank and fortune, which are worthy of you; and can you heſitate between the conqueror of Ereſbourg and his ſlave? Conſider of this, madam; if you conſent to receive my hand, I ſhall treat Valamir as the brother of my wife, and ſhall give him all your father's treaſure; but if you perſiſt in your refuſal, I ſhall conſider him no longer but as a hated rival, and you will then ſee that I know how to avenge myſelf.’

“ At this horrid language, all my prudence forſook me, and I gave myſelf up, without reſtraint, to my indignation; I ſtirred up the fury of Rotbold to its higheſt pitch: he vowed to deprive my huſband of liberty; and, in effect, he was thrown into a dungeon on the ſame day. Mirva, our child by adoption, whom we had always declared to be our brother, that he might not be ſeparated from us, was removed to my apartment. This amiable child united with extreme tenderneſs of diſpoſition a courage and underſtanding far beyond his years; his attachment and unbounded gratitude to Diaulas were ſufficient to render

him

him dear to me; he intreated me to obtain permiſſion for him to partake the captivity of my huſband. Rotbold, who imagined he was charged with ſome meſſage from me, refuſed my requeſt: but Mirva was not diſcouraged; he ſpoke himſelf to Rotbold, fell at his feet, and conjured him in ſo preſſing a manner to grant him his petition, that Rotbold, probably out of fear of ſhowing too much barbarity of diſpoſition before me, conſented to what he ardently deſired, and at the ſame moment Mirva flew to the dungeon of his benefactor. From that day, perſecuted without intermiſſion, I was expoſed to every kind of torment and apprehenſion: my cruel oppreſſor continually threatened to ſacrifice Diaulas to his reſentment, yet, being perſuaded that in ſuch caſe I ſhould not fail to lay violent hands upon myſelf, he did not venture to take away his life; but, deſirous to have recourſe to every extremity which he imagined would tire out my conſtancy, he removed me from the ſumptuous apartment which had been alloted me, and I was conducted into one of the priſons of the caſtle, a part of the ſubterraneous vaults where my unhappy huſband languiſhed I did not reflect without emotion, that the ſame building confined us both, and that his dungeon was perhaps contiguous to mine; this idea induced me to examine the inſide of my priſon with anxious attention. The cell was ſpacious, and I remarked at one end of it that the wall was full of crevices; I applied my ear to theſe openings, and at firſt heard nothing; but in the courſe of a few days, I could diſtinguiſh ſome noiſe: I then knocked againſt the wall, and received the like ſignal in reply. Hope and love inſpiring ingenuity,

genuity, I formed a project which ſeemed impracticable, and which nevertheleſs I had the good fortune to execute: a large iron nail having fallen from the door, I picked it up, and concealed it. My treatment being ſomewhat leſs rigourous than that of the other victims of Rotbold, I was indulged with a large bed with curtains, and allowed a lamp during the night. On a pretext which I had invented, I prevailed on my keeper to place my bed againſt the decayed wall, of which I have been ſpeaking; and as ſoon as night ſet in I began my taſk, by endeavouring to enlarge one of the crevices. The curtains of the bed hid the progreſs of my work, and having taken ſome other neceſſary precautions, my gaoler never entertained the leaſt ſuſpicion of my enterpriſe; for my own part, having no other occupation, I proceeded in my work in a ſurpriſing manner: on the eighth day, I perceived that I was ſeconded on the other ſide the wall, and that a ſimilar proceeding took place there. I then had no doubt but that the dungeon, from which this wall only ſeparated me, was actually that of my huſband; my reſolution aſſumed new vigour; and, at the end of three weeks, the crevice became large enough to allow me to thruſt in my arm; this experiment I tried, calling upon Diaulas; I could ſee nothing through the aperture, becauſe there was no light allowed in that dungeon except at the time in which the meals were brought; but I diſcovered that ſome one was approaching the wall, and quickly I diſtinguiſhed the motion of an arm that was ſeeking mine: at laſt I felt a hand, I ſeized it with tranſport, and finding it extremely ſmall, I ſighed, and conceived

it

it could be only that of Mirva: I then imagined that Diaulas, who did not approach the wall, was doubtlefsly chained, and perhaps in a dying condition, and I fhed a flood of tears. In the mean while, the hand ftill kept hold of mine, and fqueezed it in a very expreffive manner; I inquired after Diaulas—I conjured him to make anfwer; but no one fpoke a word. I could hear nothing but interrupted moans; and at laft the hand quitted mine. I funk into the deepeft defpair; I imagined that Diaulas was no more: nothing can exprefs what I felt, on confidering that he had expired at that very inftant, and fo near me, without my having had the fad confolation of receiving his farewel, and catching his laft breath. Not being, however, certain of my misfortune, I continued my labour; and it was completed much fooner than I had calculated, for towards the middle of the following night, while I was bufy at work, fome large pieces of mortar and huge maffes of ftone giving way with violence, left a confiderable aperture in the wall, through which it was eafy to pafs (15). At firft I did not venture into the dungeon; reftrained by dread, I continued motionlefs and chilled with terrour at the breach, and hardly had I the courage to liften.——I heard fighing, and ftifled groans:—then I roufed myfelf; and taking a lamp, I entered the breach: I advanced with dread. After proceeding a few fteps, I ftarted at the found of an unknown voice, which uttered thefe words: 'Come, thou angel of confolation!'——I approached —and I beheld, extended upon a bed of ftraw, a young perfon, who appeared to be dying; fhe held out her arms to me, I rufhed to her embrace, and we mingled

mingled our tears together. Sacred and moving ties of misfortune!—this unknown perſon, whom I preſſed to my boſom, had already acquired all the claims of tender friendſhip upon my heart; her groans pierced me to the ſoul; deprived myſelf ſo long of all comfort, the hopes of conſoling her afforded me a conſolation which for a while ſuſpended the ſenſe of my own diſtreſs. 'Dear companion in misfortune,' cried I, 'take courage, heaven grows propitious to us, ſince it is pleaſed to unite our deſtiny.' 'Alas!' replied ſhe, 'it is too late; I feel my own at its termination; and when you know the horrours of it, you will not lament my death.——The time is precious to me,' continued ſhe, 'I will avail myſelf of the little ſtrength which is left me to pour forth my laſt ſorrows into your boſom, that you one day may do juſtice to my memory.' At theſe words, ſhe wiped away her tears; and, after a few moments ſilence, thus went on:—'My name is Azoline,' ſaid ſhe, 'my birth is obſcure, and my father poſſeſſed but a moderate fortune.——Before ignominy and deſpair had withered my bloom, I was conſidered handſome; and my father, who was naturally ambitious, forming the higheſt expectations from that frail endowment, educated me with the greateſt care. I was of a tender diſpoſition: I loved, and was loved again!—A young french knight, whoſe name is Roger, was the object of this unhappy paſſion; he aſked my hand, but he was without fortune; my father diſcouraged his hopes, he left the country, and I have not ſeen him ſince. My ill fate brought the ferocious Rotbold into our province; he ſaw me, and appeared to be enamoured with me.—

He

He wrote to me at firſt in ſecret, and had recourſe to all the arts of ſeduction; I treated him with contempt: he then aſked me in marriage; and my father, in ſpite of my tears and my reſiſtance, promiſed him my hand. Rotbold, however, informed my father, that important family conſiderations obliged him to conceal his marriage for a while; and it was agreed between them, that I ſhould be brought to the caſtle, and be there married in ſecret; and that, until the declaration of my nuptials ſhould take place, I ſhould reſide with him under the name of his ward. Hither was I dragged: Rotbold deſired, that the ceremony ſhould be performed within the caſtle-walls, without the privity even of his houſehold; and that the prieſt ſhould be his own domeſtic chaplain. In this manner was every thing managed. My father, who had accompanied me to the caſtle, departed the next day.——As for me, the wretched victim of his ambition, I had not even the conſolation of innocence to flee to; for my antipathy to Rotbold overwhelmed me with remorſe. I aſked for the prieſt who had joined us together, to communicate to him my ſcruples and my diſtreſs: I ſaw him ſeveral times, and I ſtill repeated that I felt an unconquerable averſion to Rotbold, and that I could not tear from my heart the criminal paſſion I cheriſhed there for another. For three weeks I remained the moſt wretched of women; when Rotbold, returning from the chaſe, entered my chamber, attended by a ſquire whom I had never obſerved in his ſuite; ſtruck, however, at the appearance of the man, and looking at him with attention, what was my aſtoniſhment to recogniſe the very prieſt who had married

married me, and had daily heard my confeſſions !—— He was, in fact, an impoſtor—the ſquire of Rotbold, and the accomplice in his crimes. The latter having learned, through this wretch, to what a degree I deteſted him, far from bluſhing at his crime, gloried in it, as likewiſe did Tryphon, for ſo was this unworthy ſquire named, who was the baſeſt and moſt wicked of men. Rotbold informed me, he ſhould at laſt have married me in reality, had I loved him; but being acquainted with my ſentiments, he was now determined to ſee me no more; however, he would give me a conſiderable dowery if I would marry Tryphon, and remove with him to a diſtant province. I replied with all the ſeverity that hatred and juſt indignation could inſpire. Rotbold then declared, that if I perſiſted in refuſing his offers, he would throw me into a dungeon for the reſt of my life; and would ſpread a report that I had gone off with one of his pages.—'And what is honour now to me,' cried I; 'did I not loſe it when my dark deſtiny conducted me to this impious abode?—I am diſhonoured, but I yet am innocent!— Tyrant, thou mayeſt diſpoſe of my reputation and my life: my virtue ſtill remains; and that it is not in thy power to ſnatch from me.—Thy execrable impoſition, it is true, covers me with ſhame; but henceforwards I may, at leaſt, hate thee without remorſe!' The monſter made no reply; but, aided by Tryphon, he dragged me to this dungeon, which is now going to prove my grave!' Here the unhappy Azoline ſtopped: her tears choaked her utterance, and her ſtrength failed her, in a manner, that convinced me her laſt hour was at hand. I was kneeling cloſe by her

her ſide; ſhe gently preſſed my hands between her own, and letting her head fall upon my boſom—' If the cruel Rotbold,' ſaid ſhe, ' ſhould, agreeably to his menaces, have ſpread reports injurious to my reputation, deign to bear witneſs to the truth which I have depoſited in your boſom.—Above all, may Roger one day be convinced of my innocence.'——' Yes,' cried I, ' and I invoke Irminſul and all our gods to atteſt, that, if I ever reviſit the light of day, Azoline ſhall be juſtified; and if we be both doomed to periſh in this horrible dungeon, let us then conſider, that after death, at leaſt, when tranſlated to the ſhining abodes of felicity, we ſhall there enjoy immortal vengeance.' —' What ſayeſt thou,' reſumed Azoline; ' muſt I yet have to deplore thy errours?—Thy religion promiſes eternal vengeance:—thus, then, does it condemn oppreſſed innocence to the torment of hating for ever! ——No, no; when the juſt are delivered from the bonds of life, celeſtial goodneſs will ever baniſh hatred and reſentment from their minds; and their hearts then, adapted to the enjoyment of ſupreme felicity, can only taſte the delicious tranſports of gratitude, admiration, and love. O God!' continued ſhe, joining her hands together, ' this unfortunate ſtranger loſes the ſenſe of her own fate in her concern for mine; ſhe ſoftens the horrour of my laſt moments; deign to recompenſe her compaſſionate attention—deign to enlighten her mind, and lead her to happineſs.' On finiſhing theſe words, Azoline again ſunk into my arms; her eyes cloſed, but ſhe ſtill breathed. In her behalf I invoked Vanadis, the powerful and conſoling goddeſs of love and hope (16), but, alas! it was in

vain.

vain.—She gently ſqueezed my hand, opened her eyes once more, fixed them upon me, and ſoon ſhut them again for ever. I bathed her cold cheek with my tears; I then covered her face with my veil, and, overwhelmed with commiſeration and terrour, I returned to my dungeon. Reflecting, however, upon this melancholy adventure, I conceived the idea of converting it to the purpoſe of my own liberation. In the deſign I had formed, it was neceſſary to ſtoop to act a feigned part; but I thought the horrours of my ſituation juſtified the artifice. I demanded to ſee Rotbold; he inſtantly came to me: I had previouſly laid open the curtains of my bed, and placed the lamp upon the breach of the wall. At this unexpected ſight, Rotbold, all audacious and ferocious as he was, drew back and quaked. I told him of all I had done; and did not conceal from him that the unhappy Azoline, before ſhe expired, had related her whole ſtory. Rotbold, who had liſtened without interrupting me, replied when I had left off ſpeaking, and endeavoured to juſtify himſelf, by calumniating the unfortunate victim of his wickedneſs. I entered into no refutation of his falſehoods; and after a moment's ſilence—'I am the more inclined to believe you,' ſaid I, 'as before that fatal adventure I had almoſt reſolved to give you my hand.' At theſe words, Rotbold threw himſelf at my feet.—'Hear me, ſir,' ſaid I, 'my heart is more ambitious than tender; I can no longer bear captivity; I make ſacrifice of my duty and love, but I am determined to be your wife; I will reign where I have lain in bondage: the example of Azoline inſpires me with juſt ſuſpicion, and you ſhall not obtain my

my hand but by celebrating our nuptials with a ſplendour and notoriety which can free me from all kind of fears and diſtruſt.' I then gave him to underſtand, that I required him to proclaim a tournament, and that thus all the neighbouring nobility ſhould be witneſs to the marriage ceremony: he conſented to every thing I aſked. I furthermore declared, that I acquieſced in his former offers reſpecting Diaulas, but that I would not inform him of his fate until I had been ſolemnly betrothed, and had returned from the temple; till which time, I wiſhed him to remain entirely ignorant of my reſolution. Rotbold ſubſcribed to all my deſires: he inſtantly took me from my priſon, which I could not leave without ſhedding another tear over the misfortunes of the unhappy Azoline; but I cheriſhed, at leaſt, the hope, that ere long we ſhould be both avenged. Rotbold immediately proclaimed the tournament; and I, at length, beheld the happy day of my deliverance, and the juſt chaſtiſement of a monſter."

CHAPTER XII.

A FIRST CONSOLATION.

Qu'un ami véritable eſt une douce choſe !

LA FONTAINE.

AS ſoon as the fair Ordalia had made an end of her ſtory, Iſambard obſerved to Diaulas, that he had a ſecret to impart, and he led him into an adjacent cloſet. After having ſhut the door, "you are ignorant," ſaid he, "of the real name of your deliverer; I am going to inform you of it;—it is one of the Knights of the Swan; it is Oliver."—Diaulas, at theſe words, ſtarted with ſurpriſe and horrour.—"Yes," reſumed Iſambard, it is the murderer of your ſiſter, but at the ſame time the generous knight who formerly ſaved your father's life; and it is he who ſnatched the dying Ordalia from the hands of her raviſher; ſhe owed him then her life and her honour: it is he who, furthermore, on this day, reſtores you a wife and liberty.—Do you imagine that a crime committed in the firſt emotions of blind fury, a crime founded upon errour, of which you yourſelf were the fatal cauſe; a crime, in fine, which has been expiated by the moſt excruciating remorſe, can diſpenſe you from the gratitude due to ſo many important ſervices?"—"No, truly," returned Diaulas, "but what can I be able to do?"—"Every thing," replied Iſambard; "it is, indeed, impoſſible to conſole him, and dry up the ſource of his tears;

tears; but you alone can mitigate the horrour of his ſituation."—"Speak," interrupted Diaulas, "my life is at his ſervice, let him diſpoſe of it."—"Well, generous Diaulas," returned Iſambard, "reſtore then a ſon to Witikind. I have obſerved, by your own narrative, that, at the bottom of your ſoul, you deſpiſe a worſhip ſtained with the moſt abominable ſuperſtitions; renounce it, and get yourſelf inſtructed in the principles of our faith."—"I know them already," replied Diaulas, taking a book out of his boſom; "the dying Celanira put this into my hands; it contains them all; this book, by you held ſo ſacred, and become ſo precious in my eſtimation, I have peruſed, in compliance with the orders of my unfortunate ſiſter, and with ſo much the more advantage, as it is written in my own language*. The ſublimity of its moral doctrines has reached my heart, and convinced my reaſon: in the bottom of my dungeon I have meditated upon it; and there it was that I reſolved to embrace a religion which could impart every virtue, and afford every conſolation."—"Well," reſumed Iſambard, "you ought to fly then to the arms of an unhappy father, who has already regreted you! who would pardon and receive you with tranſport!"—"But, returned Diaulas, "to live under the laws of Charlemgne!"——"I would not recommend it," ſaid Iſambard, "did there ſtill exiſt in Saxony a party in favour of liberty, however weak it may be; but you have no longer any country; all is overcome, all has ſubmitted, and you muſt be under the neceſſity of ſeeking an aſy-

* Charlemagne ordered the New Teſtament to be tranſlated into Saxon.

lum

lum in a foreign land; make choice therefore of this, where you will find the wiſeſt laws, and be able to afford conſolation to your unfortunate father. Such is the moſt anxious wiſh of the wretched Oliver; ſuch, Diaulas, is the only proof of gratitude you can give him." "Haſte, Sir," replied Diaulas, "haſte and inform him, that in one hour I will ſet off for the court of Charlemagne." Upon this, Iſambard embraced Diaulas with equal tenderneſs and delight: they ſtill prolonged the converſation to a conſiderable length. Diaulas informed Iſambard, that the unhappy Celanira having intreated him never to diſcloſe the fatal ſecret which ſhe had carried with her to the grave, he had not even communicated it to Ordalia; they agreed that he ſhould not ſee Oliver again, the interview being equally diſtreſſing to both; and after making ſome other arrangements, Iſambard ſought his friend with all the eagerneſs, which the certitude of being the bearer of a firſt conſolation could excite. And when he had given an account of his interview with Diaulas, he had the inexpreſſible pleaſure to perceive a beam of hope kindle in the eyes of his friend. While the latter was expreſſing his warmeſt gratitude to Iſambard, they were interrupted by the appearance of Mirva, who was ſent by Diaulas to wait for a letter which Oliver was to write to Witikind. Mirva knowing that Oliver was the deliverer of his adopted father, threw himſelf into his arms, and wept, and kiſſed the generous hands which had diſarmed Rotbold, and broken the fetters of Diaulas. Oliver received with great tenderneſs the careſſes of this amiable child; for while he was holding him in his

arms, Isambard related his story. After having heard the affecting narrative, Oliver wrote to Witikind, and gave his letter to Mirva, who immediately carried it to Diaulas. Pretexts were invented to hinder Ordalia and Diaulas from taking leave of Oliver; the travellers were accommodated with horses, and every thing that was necessary for their journey; and they sat off on that very day, taking with them their adopted child, and some other captives of their own country, who had been found in the prisons, of the castle. Isambard made inquiry after Tryphon, the vile squire of Rotbold, and the accomplice in his crimes, as has been already related in the story of the unhappy Azoline; but the wretch, together with his master, had made his escape. Nothing entertaining the two friends any longer on this spot, they determined to continue their route. Giaffar, who was likewise going into the duchy of Cleves, was desirous of accompanying them the rest of the journey; and though he was engaged in the opposite party, they nevertheless consented to take him; for, in those days, difference of opinion produced neither animosity nor hatred; they fought with intrepid valour; but, out of the field of battle, enemies were considered as men, as fellow creatures; and it was accounted glorious to treat them with generosity (17.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TABLETS.

O, touchante ſimplicité,
Conſole ici mes yeux et reçois mon hommage ;
De l'aimable hoſpitalité,
J'y retrouve l'antique uſage.
Dans les diſcours, la vérité,
Les graces ſans frivolité,
Le ſentiment ſans étalage.

THOMAS.

GIAFFAR, and the Knights of the Swan, after ſix days journey, entered a foreſt, in which they loſt their way ; they were now in the duchy of Cleves, and not far from the palace of the princeſs ; but having gone out of their road, they were unable to recover the path ; tired with their fruitleſs reſearch, they determined to ſtop where they were, and ſend their ſquires in queſt of the road. The ſquires, dividing themſelves, proceeded over the foreſt ; and the three knights, alighting from their horſes, retired under an oak tree. Oliver and Giaffar remained upon their legs, leaning againſt the trunk of an oak ; and Iſambard ſeated himſelf upon a heap of dried leaves ; for it was now the decline of autumn, and the trees had already ſhed all their verdure. The converſation ran upon Beatrice and Gerold, and Giaffar expreſſed extreme uneaſineſs at being engaged on the ſide of the latter. " How pleaſing would it be to me," added he, " if, inſtead of fighting in an unjuſt cauſe, I were accompanying two ſuch

ſuch valued friends in the defence of ſo intereſting a perſon." "And the more ſo," ſaid Iſambard, "as Beatrice is reported to be the moſt beautiful princeſs in the univerſe." "The moſt beautiful!" retorted Giaffar, "I cannot believe it, if"—he ſtopped ſhort, heaved a deep ſigh, and his eyes filled with tears! Iſambard did not venture to aſk him any queſtions, and Giaffar changed the converſation. While Giaffar was ſpeaking, Iſambard thought he felt a ſtone beneath him, among the leaves upon which he ſat; and being deſirous to remove it, he was much ſurpriſed, on obſerving what he took up in his hand to be, inſtead of a ſtone, a ſet of beautiful golden tablets. They were open; and the knights looking with great curioſity on what they contained, perceived that ſome detached thoughts had been written in the firſt leaves; they there read what follows:

"If princes be in general ungrateful, and incapable of friendſhip, it is becauſe that, little as they have read, or obſerved what paſſes around them, they have neverthleſs acquired the idea, that they are not beloved for themſelves alone; hence they are ſolicitous only of forming agreeable connexions, utterly deſpairing ever to find friends.

"Great fortune and elevated rank often deprive their poſſeſſors of the gratification of being beloved; people are attached to them by intereſt; and the attention being engroſſed by ſuch views, it is taken off from the contemplation of worth. As the ſole object is to miſlead and manage them, more application is made to the diſcovery of their follies, than their good qualities; men are little anxious to find them amiable;

and this alone often hinders them from receiving the juſtice due to their merit. The prince, who has never had a friend, would have found many, and ſincere ones too, had he not been a prince.

"Bad examples, afforded by princes and the great, corrupt public morals; but it is the ſtupidity of the people which creates the vices and crimes of thoſe who govern them. When the multitude ſhall feel its own ſtrength, and be ſenſible of all its rights, the tales of the fairies will appear more rational than hiſtory; and conquerors and deſpots will be conſidered as beings of a more monſtrous and fabulous nature than magicians, ogres, or giants.

"What would be thought of a father who ſhould thus ſay to his children: 'I am deſirous of having the half of the field belonging to one of my neighbours; I wiſh to humble another; to take vengeance on a third: go then, and ravage their country, and furniſh me beſides with the money neceſſary for ſuch enterpriſe; for there is nothing more heroic and juſt than to ſacrifice fortune, expoſe life, and cut the throats of your fellow creatures, for the indulgence of my paſſions and caprice.' All ſovereigns repeat, that they are the fathers of their people; but what do they require at their children's hands?"

"The writer of theſe obſervations," ſaid Giaffar, "expreſſes them with a frankneſs which pleaſes me." "Yes," returned Iſambard, "I am ſure this author loves truth only, and never flattered any body: I ſhould be glad to know whether this be the production of a man or a woman.—But here are ſome verſes which, perhaps,

perhaps, will ſatisfy my curioſity. At theſe words, Iſambard read aloud the following lines:

Dull languor, ſad and irkſome care,
The frequent ſigh, the falling tear,
Intruſive gueſts, my hours employ,
And rob them of their wonted joy.
Youth's giddy paſtime now is o'er,
Its pleaſing follies charm no more;
Forlorn, my loſt delights I mourn,
And ſigh for joys that ne'er return.
When paſſions ceaſe the breaſt to warm,
The voice of wiſdom well may charm;
But while they rule with potent ſway,
And while the willing crowds obey,
How ſad to prove unwelcome truth,
And age's leſſon learn in youth,
That life's gay proſpects all are vain,
Its gilded pleaſures end in pain.
Hence, then, the ſource of all my care;
For reaſon prompts the ſtarting tear.
My prying ſearch has torn the veil
That guiſes fiction's pleaſing tale.
All kind deluſions loſe their pow'r,
Nor more can cheat the vacant hour.
Away the fairy viſions flee,
And yield to ſad reality.

"Ah! 'tis a woman," cried Iſambard; "I am delighted at that."—"'Tis certainly," ſaid Giaffar, "one of the ladies of the ducheſs's court."—"Or, perhaps, Beatrice herſelf," replied Iſambard, briſkly: "would it were ſhe! With what pleaſure ſhould I combat for one who thinks and expreſſes herſelf in this manner!"—— "It is not at all likely," ſaid Oliver, "that a princeſs

ſhould have written what we have been reading."—— "What!" replied Iſambard, "is it impoſſible, then, that a princeſs ſhould be reaſonable? Beſides, fame ſpeaks ſo highly of Beatrice, of her knowledge, her taſte for ſcience and the fine arts!—Obſerve, that the verſes beſpeak a woman who has applied to ſerious ſtudies from her youth, and who never was in love. All this agrees with the account we hear of the ducheſs of Cleves."—"My dear Iſambard," ſaid Giaffar, "I foreſee you will fall deſperately in love with Beatrice: I have frequently remarked you never ſpeak of her with unconcern."—"I believe I may venture to aſſure you,' replied Iſambard, 'that friendſhip will ever be my ruling paſſion; beſides, can you ſuppoſe me ſo mad as to form an attachment for a perſon of her rank, who has diſdained the homage of Gerold, and ſo many other princes? Yet, if theſe tablets belong to her, I muſt allow it is very poſſible to love her, in ſpite of hope." As Iſambard finiſhed theſe words, he ſaw Zemni approach, who informed the knights, that, on getting out of the foreſt, he had ſeen a large manſion upon the ſlope of a hill; and, having gone to it, to make inquiry after the different roads which led to the ducheſs's caſtle, and to the camp of the confederated princes, the maſter of the houſe, who was a venerable old man, invited the knights under his roof, promiſing to furniſh them with guides, and every information of which they ſtood in need.——The knights accepted the invitation; and, being conducted by Zemni, they immediately repaired to the old man's habitation. They diſtinguiſhed it at a diſtance, by the ſignals

ſignals of hoſpitality with which it was decorated (18). Theſe were, according to the uſages of the time, helmets upon the points of lances, placed on the houſe-top, in order to give notice to the traveller who had loſt his way, that the abode belonged to a knight, who offered him reception *. The knights arrived at a ſpacious, but ſimple manſion, ſurrounded with fine gardens, and moſt agreeably ſituate. Theobald, for ſuch was the owner's name, came to bid them welcome. This venerable old man, accompanied by Sylvia, his only daughter, conducted the gueſts into a grand gallery.—The amiable Sylvia diſarmed the knights, and afterwards went to prepare them refreſhments, which ſhe brought, and preſented herſelf †. The knights having informed the old man of the object of their journey; "Sir," ſaid Theobald, addreſſing himſelf to the two friends, "I learn, with joy, that the illuſtrious Knights of the Swan are going to combat in behalf of the moſt virtuous and moſt charming princeſs in the univerſe—I am her ſubject; I have had the honour to be her preceptor; and you may conceive to what degree I am affected at the perſecution ſhe is ſuffering! Long retired from the court, I have fixed myſelf in this agreeable retreat, in the vicinity of the caſtle of the

* I hope, that, ere long, in France, the three-coloured ſtandard, placed in like manner through the whole country, will indicate the ſame thing.

† All theſe particulars are taken from the manners of the ages of chivalry.——See the work of Mr. de Ste. Palaye.

princeſs, who, before the arrival of the troops, frequently viſited my ſolitude. I am now ſeparated from her by the camp of the confederate princes. Theſe princes, however, have had the generoſity to declare, that my houſe ſhall remain unmoleſted, even during the war, ſhould war take place; and that the knights, who come under my roof, ſhall find an aſylum there, as heretofore; even they who come with the intention of combating in the cauſe of the ducheſs. Gerold, and the other chiefs, have forbidden their ſoldiers, under ſevere penalties, to approach my habitation; and I live in as much tranquillity as, at the preſent moment, can be enjoyed. I am even frequently honoured with the viſits of the confederate princes; the knights of their party are almoſt always meeting other knights, who are the champions of Beatrice; and theſe interviews are conducted with equal politeneſs on both ſides.—At this very inſtant," continued the old man, "ſeveral knights, of either party, are walking in my gardens; and you ſee, upon this cieling, their armour ſuſpended by the ſide of your own."—"Yes," ſaid Giaffar, "I recogniſe the armour and green plume of Gerold."—Upon this, Iſambard, being curious to know the device of that prince, aroſe; and, examining the buckler, ſaw a horſe repreſented upon it, in the act of leaping over a high gate; and theſe words were written around the ſhield: *Obſtacles and danger inflame my ardour.*—"That white and fire-coloured armour," ſaid the old man, "belongs to the duke of Spoletto, the friend of Gerold, and, like him, full of ſpirit and courage, as the device manifeſts, which repreſents

a lofty

a lofty cascade falling down a rugged rock, with these words: *Splendour, elevation, activity.*—This prince, the mortal enemy of Charlemagne and the French nation, enjoys at this moment the double satisfaction of not seeing a single knight of that country on the side of the princes, and of knowing that there are many in the adverse party!"—"And that gray armour, so plain and modest," said Isambard, "to whom does that belong?"—"To Roger, a young French knight," replied Theobald."—On hearing this name, Isambard recollected, that the lover of the unfortunate Azoline was so called; he looked at the device, which represented a reed, under which were read the following words: *Ever agitated, never broken down.* After this examination, Isambard anxiously desiring to obtain information respecting a more interesting matter, but embarrassed without knowing the reason, and dreading being undeceived, he approached the old man, and, with some confusion, related the adventure of the tablets, which he showed him. Theobald immediately cried, that he knew them, and that they belonged to the duchess. At these words, a violent throbbing at the heart warned Isambard, that the prediction of Giaffar might really be accomplished—"I confess," said Isambard, "I have had the indiscretion to read these tablets; but, Sir, look at the writing; tell me, is it truly the hand of the princess?"—"Yes," replied Theobald; "and, doubtlessly, she must have written the verses in the forest, where she frequently walked alone, on leaving this mansion; but, Sir, you will deliver the tablets to her yourself; and she will be happy at the chance which

threw them into the hands of one of her defenders."—"May I venture," ſaid Iſambard, "to aſk you another queſtion? You have juſt been ſpeaking of the war as an uncertain event; is it ſuppoſed, then, that the duchefs will at length chooſe a huſband among the princes who are aſſembled to oppoſe her?"—"Sir," replied Theobald, "Beatrice has conducted herſelf, in this reſpect, with ſo much diſcretion, that even the knights who are met to defend her, and have been with her court for ſome months paſt, are yet ignorant whether all theſe preparations will terminate in war, or in a tournament and wedding. The truce expires in eight days; the ducheſs will then be ſummoned by the princes to declare her intentions; until then, they will remain an impenetrable ſecret." Iſambard was going to continue his queſtions, when the doors of the gallery opened, and the count of Bavaria, and duke of Spoletto, made their appearance. The former uttered an exclamation of joy on perceiving Giaffar; he flew to him, and embraced him with the demonſtrations of tender friendſhip. Giaffar preſented the Knights of the Swan to him, informing him, he owed his life to them. Gerold, although appriſed of the motive of their journey, treated them with equal grace and politeneſs; even Iſambard, although exceſſively prejudiced againſt him, could not refrain from admiring the nobleneſs of his countenance, and the gracefulneſs of his whole deportment. This prince wiſhed to take Giaffar with him to his camp; but the knight declared that, his two friends having promiſed Theobald to remain a few days at his houſe, he was deſirous to paſs that

that time in their company. When the princes were gone, Theobald and the knights ſat down to table.— Immediately after ſupper, the old man, withdrew. As it was no later than eight o'clock, the knights met in Giaffar's apartment, in order to prolong their converſation till ten.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ORGAN.

The impriſon'd winds, releas'd, with joyful ſound,
Proclaim their liberty around.

ANON.

Il n'eſt âme ſi revêche qui ne ſe ſente touchée de quelque révérence, à conſidérer cette vaſtité ſombre de nos égliſes et ouir le ſon dévotieux de nos orgues.

MONTAGNE.

OLIVER, who had been leſs abſorbed in grief ſince the adventure of Ordalia, took a more active part than uſual in the converſation; the intereſting appearance of Giaffar, and his deep melancholy, had diſpoſed his heart in his favour, ever ſince their firſt meeting; and the ſingularity of his device * excited his curioſity. He ſpoke to him of the vow he had made, to be always travelling (19), and he expreſſed a deſire to know the motive of it. Giaffar replied, that he could refuſe nothing to friends who were ſo dear to him; that, as a ſacred duty obliged him to conceal his misfortunes, he requeſted their promiſe never to reveal the ſecrets he was going to depoſit in their breaſts.— The two friends made the vow he required; and Giaffar began his aſtoniſhing hiſtory in this manner:

* A foreign plant upon the ſummit of a mountain; and theſe words, *To find her, or die*, as has been already mentioned.

"I am

"I am thirty-six years old, and my career is already finished! I have run it with eclat, perhaps with glory. Fortune and love strewed my path with flowers, until I arrived at the very verge of the gulph which was to swallow me up.—I have lost every thing, even my very name; the East still blesses it; the love of a grateful people cherishes its memory; and yet I cannot own it! Condemned to obscurity, my fame is become a stranger to me; I cannot enjoy it; and, being dead to the universe, I receive, as it were in the silence of the grave, the approbation and eulogium of my contemporaries! In a word, you see an unfortunate victim of despotism, and a melancholy example of the vicissitudes of human life—I am Barmecide (20)." At this name, a name so great and renowned, the Knights of the Swan arose from their seats.—A deep sentiment of admiration and respect rendered them motionless for some minutes. In generous minds, proscription and misfortune increase the interest which talents and virtue create! The two friends looked at Barmecide with eager curiosity, as if it were the first time they had seen him. The emotion and surprise they experienced were expressed on their countenances in so moving a manner, that Barmecide was greatly affected at it:—"O! my friends," cried he, "you restore me to existence again!"—On saying this, he rushed into their arms; and, after having received their tender embrace, he thus resumed his narrative:

"My father, who was born in the dominions of Gerold, had a strong passion for travelling. He communicated this turn to my mother, who was always his inseparable companion. I was born in Persia; my

 father

father was my ſole preceptor, and inſtructed me from facts and obſervations founded upon experience, and not by taking his leſſons from books; he made me ſtudy nature in the countries and deſerts through which we were inceſſantly paſſing; and he taught me to know mankind, by judging of them in a maſs, from their laws and ſocial inſtitutions. As ſoon as we arrived in a new region, my father informed himſelf, with care, of the nature of the government, and its general and particular laws: this knowledge being once acquired, he had an exact inſight into the morals, the virtues and vices of the nation; he imparted to me his conjectures; and the examination we made afterwards, as we ſtudied the inhabitants, always confirmed his firſt judgment. I had the misfortune to loſe this excellent father at the age of twenty; my mother had long been dead; I had three brothers; we had always lived together in the greateſt harmony, we were averſe to ſeparate, and it was determined among us, that we ſhould continue our travels for two years longer, and then return to our father's country. We had frequently heard of the magnificence of Aaron Raſchid's court; and curioſity led us to Bagdat. Being arrived in that ſuperb city, we made acquaintance with ſome Europeans of our own age; and we all lived together in the ſame houſe. My brothers poſſeſſed many agreeable talents, and played upon ſeveral inſtruments; ſome of our companions had the ſame taſte; and, as we could not enjoy at Bagdat the free exerciſe of our religion, we agreed to meet together in a room upon every feſtival, to chant divine ſervice. Some chanted the pſalms, others played on various inſtruments, and the whole formed a very

loud

loud concert. The room lay towards the ſtreet, the people ſtopped as they went by to hear us; the tendency of theſe proceedings was quickly diſcovered; Mahometan intolerance took the alarm; and an edict was obtained from the caliph, which was publiſhed throughout the city, and which forbad all Chriſtians, under pain of death, to aſſemble for the purpoſe of chanting their prayers; leaving, however, to every one the liberty of reciting them in muſic, if the chant made part of their religious rites; but allowing ſuch permiſſion individually only, proſcribing, without exception, every meeting, were it compoſed of but two or three perſons. This prohibition diſguſted me to ſuch a degree, that my whole thoughts were employed upon the means of eluding it. I had a ſtrong mechanical turn; and, after ſome reflection, I conceived the idea of contriving an inſtrument, which would imitate thoſe already known, and even the human voice. At the ſame time, I wanted it to produce a ſound that reſembled a concert of various tones. I applied myſelf night and day, and, in leſs than ſix months, formed an inſtrument of enormous bulk, which I named an organ, and which perfectly anſwered my intention. I then placed it near my window, and regularly played upon it, morning and evening, while I chanted the pſalms for the day. The caliph was ſoon informed, that, notwithſtanding the rigour of his prohibition, the Chriſtians again performed their religious concerts, and with more clamour than ever. The caliph iſſued orders in conſequence; and one morning, as I was playing on my organ at my uſual hour, a loud knocking was heard at the door. I ſhut the organ, and aroſe and opened the

the door; a band of armed men, ſent by the caliph, entered my chamber, and teſtified the greateſt marks of aſtoniſhment at finding me alone. The chief of the band aſked me, what was become of my accomplices. I replied, I had none. He paid no regard to this reply, and made unavailing ſearch after the other muſicians, in every room in the houſe; he paſſed by the organ many times, without having the ſmalleſt idea that it was an inſtrument of muſic; for I had conſtructed it in the form of a bureau. At laſt, not being able to comprehend how my companions could have made their eſcape, he ordered me to accompany him; I aſked to be brought into the preſence of the caliph; he replied, he would conduct me thither. The prince was deſirous to examine me himſelf. He received me with a ſevere and gloomy air, and ſurveyed me for ſome time in ſilence; and, being ſtruck with the ſerenity of my countenance, 'Young madman,' ſaid he, 'what could have inſpired you with ſuch boldneſs and ſuch contempt of life?'—'Seignior,' replied I, 'nothing encourages innocence ſo much as the aſpect of an equitable judge.'—'But,' returned he, 'thou canſt not deny thy diſobedience; I myſelf have been under thy window; I myſelf heard the noiſe of inſtruments and voices; and yet thou wert found alone in thy chamber. What became of thy companions?'—'I had none.'—'Hear me: thy appearance pleaſes and intereſts me, and thy youth excites my compaſſion. I can pardon thee; but I inſiſt upon a frank confeſſion.'—'No, Seignior, you would ſurely not pardon one who could be baſe enough to inform againſt his friends.'—'Well,' cried the caliph with anger, 'every

Chriſtian

Christian in Bagdat ſhall this day be thrown into priſon.'—' They will remain there at moſt but a few hours,' replied I, with the utmoſt tranquillity.—' And who will deliver them ?'—' Myſelf, Seignior.'—At this reply the caliph was mute with aſtoniſhment, not knowing whether he ſhould pronounce ſentence againſt me, or diſmiſs me as a man out of his ſenſes. I reſumed, however, my diſcourſe : ' Seignior,' ſaid I, ' I can venture to proteſt to you, that I have not diſobeyed your orders; that I was alone; and this I can eaſily demonſtrate, if you will deign to ſend for the bureau which is in my chamber. Before you, will I open this myſterious piece of furniture; and you will find therein poſitive proof of my innocence. The caliph, whoſe ſurpriſe was ſtill more increaſed, immediately commanded what I had ſolicited, to be done ; and my organ was brought into his apartment. While I was putting it in order, the caliph, who waited with equal curioſity and impatience the *denouement* of this ſingular ſcene, repaired to the princeſs Abaſſa, his ſiſter ; he gave her an account of our interview, and returned with her in his hand. This princeſs, wearing a long veil, which concealed both her face and ſhape, ſat down upon the floor, beſide her brother, not far from the organ, and directly oppoſite to it. I then aſked the caliph's permiſſion to ſit before my inſtrument; and at the ſame moment I began to ſing and play. As ſoon as the caliph heard the powerful and harmonious tones, which imitated in ſuch perfection the ſound of flutes, horns, hautbois, and the human voice, he aroſe with tranſport ; ' Is it poſſible,' cried he, ' that this piece of furniture can be a muſical inſtrument !'—

' Yes,'

'Yes,' Seignior,' replied I, 'and I invented it to miti-gate the ſeverity of your prohibition.'—' In pro-ſcribing the meetings,' ſaid the caliph, 'my only aim was to repreſs the ſplendour and ſolemnity which your ceremonies received from the union of various voices, and different inſtruments of muſic. I had not foreſeen this marvellous expedient for annulling my edict; but it is juſt,' added he, 'that ſuch as are forced to obey, ſhould have more ingenuity than thoſe who command.' On ſaying this, he turned towards Abaſſa, to aſk her what ſhe thought of this adventure.—I then heard the moſt charming and gentle voice which had ever ſtruck my ear, requeſt him, in terms which were highly flattering to me, to reward the inventor of ſo extraordinary a diſcovery. The caliph drew near me: 'Young man,' ſaid he, 'I admire talents, I am fond of the arts, and thy perſon pleaſes me; I am deſirous of having an ex-planation of the mechaniſm of this wonderful machine; and I will take care to make your fortune: thus,' con-tinued he, in addreſſing himſelf to his ſiſter, 'will you be ſatisfied, Abaſſa; for I retain both the inſtrument and the inventor?'—On that very day was I inſtalled in the palace; a ſplendid ſuite of apartments was al-lotted me; I had many ſlaves to attend me, and re-ceived magnificent preſents. I had no fortune, and was delighted to have made one in ſo rapid and ſin-gular a manner; but I was not leſs ſtruck with the deſpotiſm which the prince blended even with the moſt diſtinguiſhed of his favours; for he had diſpoſed of me as a ſlave, without conſulting me, and without conde-ſcending to inquire whether any particular engagement formed any obſtacle to his deſire of attaching me to him,

him. I made many reflections upon this ſubject, which impreſſed me with melancholy ſenſations; but I was young, without experience, and was dazzled at the great qualities of the prince, who indeed poſſeſſes many in a very eminent degree (21). I ſhook off all thoughts of the terrible conſequences of his deſpotiſm, and entirely gave myſelf up to the hopes which ambition and fortune created. On the next day, the caliph ſent for me to explain the mechaniſm of the organ. In this demonſtration, I perceived, in the courſe of a few minutes, that he was deficient in the knowledge which was neceſſary to give him an inſight into the nature of complicated mechaniſm; and, at the ſame time, that his ſelf-love induced him to endeavour to conceal his ignorance. As he had much ſenſe and intelligence, I ſhould have been able, on giving him ſome idea of firſt principles, to have demonſtrated what he was ſolicitous to know: but he would have a learned explication; he feigned to underſtand, what was impoſſible for him to comprehend; and my demonſtration was abſolutely uſeleſs to him: all he derived from it was, the ſecret perſuaſion that he had given me a high idea of his knowledge; and I was mortified at obſerving how far the puerility and pride of the moſt enlightened man may be carried, when he has been corrupted by cuſtom and the uſe of unbounded power. He diſpoſed, however, of my organ in a manner which highly gratified me. The ambaſſadors of Charlemagne were then at his court; and the caliph included the inſtrument in the number of the preſents with which he charged them for their maſter

maſter (22)." At this part of Barmecide's narrative, Iſambard obſerved it was paſt ten o'clock; they agreed to meet again the next day, at the ſame hour, and to dedicate the whole evening to the reſt of a ſtory, which the friendſhip and celebrity of Barmecide rendered ſo intereſting.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF A DESPOT.

Toujours ſon amitié traîne un long eſclavage.
RACINE.

ON the following evening Theobald retired at ſeven o'clock. The three knights repaired to Barmecide's chamber, who thus went on with his ſtory: "My favour with the caliph increaſed every hour; that prince was extremely fond of reading; one day when he wiſhed to read with me an excellent moral work upon the duties of man, he aroſe from his ſeat in order to ſhut himſelf up in his cabinet, 'What are you about,' Seignior! ſaid I, 'Ah! rather open all the doors, an uſeful lecture is a benefit which a prince ought not to withhold from his ſubjects' (23). 'Barmecide,' replied he, 'it is dangerous to teach the multitude to reaſon, it will leſſen their obedience.' 'Your friend, ſeignior,' returned I' 'your hero, Charlemagne, does not think in that manner. You know with what zeal he endeavours to propagate knowledge.' 'His magnanimity leads him aſtray,' ſaid Aaron, interrupting him. 'Hear me,' continued he, 'doſt thou imagine it is to be wiſhed that animals, which bend patiently to our yoke, ſhould be endowed with underſtanding and intelligence? Thinkeſt thou it would be advan-

advantageous to mankind that camels and elephants, whoſe prodigious ſtrength is ſo ſubſervient to our wants and pleaſures, ſhould be able to reflect and reaſon?'— The dark depth of this diſcourſe, which contained all the policy of deſpotiſm, chilled me with dread; I at length learned to know in what eſtimation a ſovereign deſpot holds the people he governs. This barbarous egotiſm excited my horrour, and I ſecretly determined to abandon the court of a prince I could no longer eſteem, as ſoon as I found an occaſion to eſcape without danger, for I had no hopes of obtaining permiſſion to retire. Flight could alone rid me of the ſlavery of his favour, or the danger of his diſpleaſure. Would to heaven I had perſevered in my deſign! But an attraction more powerful than ambition, ſoon fixed my eſtabliſhment at this tempeſtuous court. The caliph was paſſionately fond of the princeſs his ſiſter; it had been his cuſtom to paſs all his time which he could ſpare from public affairs, in her company; but ſince I had been received into ſuch favour, his viſits became leſs frequent, our particular interviews having engroſſed the greater part of his leiſure; the ſevere manners of the eaſt did not allow my admittance as a third perſon to their converſations. The caliph himſelf had been guilty of great irregularity, in having brought her into the apartment in which I was, on the day I exhibited my organ; he imagined he could, without any ſerious conſequence, infringe upon this ſacred cuſtom for once only, in conſideration of ſo extraordinary a circumſtance; but nothing could have engaged him to repeat it. He complained of this to me

frequently;

frequently; he lamented that he could not bring two people together whose society was so agreeable to him. This prince had too much understanding and knowledge, not to feel the absurdity of this custom; but, like all other tyrants, he was solicitous not to make innovations, unless his passions or his interest prevailed over all political motives. He despised prejudices, yet believing them useful to his authority, he affected to respect them, and neglected nothing that tended to render them venerable in the eyes of the multitude. He was continually speaking to me of his sister; he praised her beauty, her understanding, and her sensibility of disposition. These conversations did not fail to interest me, and gratitude soon increased both the gratification and the danger of them. One day he sent for me much earlier than usual, 'Barmecide,' said he, 'the vizier died suddenly last night, I have consulted Abassa this morning upon the choice of a successour, and at the same time named such as might have pretensions to the office; she excluded them all, and told me that the friend of Aaron appeared to her the only person who ought to be nominated; thus Barmecide, it is you she has named.' 'I, seignior!' cried I.—'Yes, yourself,' replied the caliph, 'and I adopt her recommendation. I am aware, that your youth will make my choice appear extraordinary, but it will give the greater splendour to it; on perceiving what I have done for you, every one will give you credit for the qualifications which could justify such favour.'—'I am not worthy of it,' returned I, 'no seignior, I have neither the requisite talents nor experience.' 'Barmecide,' interrupted the caliph in a com-

commanding tone, 'when I judge you capable, ſuch diffidence is not allowable.'—' But, ſeignior, my religion!'—' I do not require you to abjure it; all public worſhip is prohibited you, and that is all I preſcribe; beſides, being henceforward confined to the inſide of this palace, you will be leſs than ever expoſed to the inſpection of the people; all they will know of you, will be your labours, and they will not concern themſelves about your belief. In a word, I repeat to you, that my choice and inclination will juſtify every thing in the eyes of the public.'

" After a converſation of this kind, it was neceſſary to conſent to the will of a prince whoſe favours were as difficult to be refuſed, as was his vengeance to be avoided; and thus was it, that at the age of twenty-two, I found myſelf prime miniſter of a vaſt empire. The caliph, who had already extended his goodneſs to my brothers, now loaded them with favours. He did not confer any public office upon them, but he was deſirous that the brothers of the vizier ſhould live in great opulence. They made a worthy uſe of their fortune, all their economy was confined to perſonal expenſes; their magnificence appeared only in their gifts, and their alms. I thought as they did, the treaſures I poſſeſſed from the liberality of the caliph I diſtributed among men of letters, artiſts, and the unfortunate; and, in a ſhort time, the Barmecides became celebrated, and dear to the nation. I was ſoon ſenſible of all the weight of the burden I had taken upon me. The caliph, as is generally the caſe with abſolute ſovereigns, was neither fond of labour, nor public affairs; he did not extend his views beyond the limits of

of his own reign, and ever certain of obtaining by an edict whatever money he wished for, he cared but little for the state of his finances; I found them in wretched decay, and my principal care was to retrieve them, to ease the burden of the people, and to maintain strict justice in all the tribunals. The most happy success, and the approbation of the public, rewarded my toils. The people alone are the real dispensers of glory; the enthusiasm of their gratitude imparts a charm which captivates and transports a generous mind. To them I affectionately attached myself, and this attachment proved the inexhaustible source of pain and unavailing regret. I could not enjoy the felicity I rendered the nation, when I considered that no inviolable law, no stable form of government, secured the solidity of it; when, in fine, I considered, that either the death of Aaron, or my own, would in a moment destroy all my work. I sometimes endeavoured, but in vain, to inspire the caliph with a solicitude which appeared to me so natural; his heart, corrupted by pride, could neither participate, nor even conceive it. One day as he appeared affected at the homage the people had paid him; ‘ tender-hearted people,’ cried I, ‘ what would become of you if Aaron no longer existed!’—— At these words I saw joy sparkle in the caliph's eye. ‘ Yes, yes,’ said he, ‘ then would they feel the proper value of all I am doing for them.’—‘ But, seignior,’ returned I, ‘ if your successour should abuse the absolute power, which in your hands is so worthily employed!—if these people, whom you love, should groan under oppression?’—‘ They will regret me the more

more keenly,' replied the caliph. This horrid expreſſion ſtopped my mouth, it deſtroyed the feeble hopes I had encouraged, and I murmured at fate, which chained ~~me in~~ the court of this inflexible deſpot, inſtead of having placed me under ſuch a prince as Charlemagne.

"Two years, however, elapſed, ſince the period in which I was inveſted with the office of vizier; but unremitting toils of application, and a growing melancholy at length undermined my health, and endangered my life; the caliph manifeſted on this occaſion all the anxious diſquietude of friendſhip; this prince was fond of whatever was agreeable or neceſſary to him; to contribute to his amuſement, or be uſeful to him, were the ſole means of ſecuring his attachment; he would then be capable of the moſt amiable procedure and attentions. He placed ſo much value upon his affection, that he thought it could alone entitle the perſon who was the object of it to his familiarity, and at the ſame time, that it ought to inſpire unbounded devotedneſs in return; I was but too well aſſured, that pride and perſonal intereſt were the firſt ſprings, and the ſole baſis of his conduct and ſentiments; yet his kindneſs for me was ſo conſtant, that it was impoſſible not to be affected at it; I loved him, and not being able to deceive myſelf reſpecting what he was, I often delighted to conſider what he might have been with another education, and in a different condition of life; I then ſaw him the man, whom I ſhould have choſen for my moſt intimate friend; for nature had laviſhed upon him every thing that could intereſt

intereſt and perſuade; he had corrupted the gifts of nature to ſuch a degree, that with extenſive knowledge, a ſuperiour underſtanding, and gracefulneſs of addreſs, he was yet unamiable, even in the intercourſe of intimacy. He referred every thing to himſelf, ſpoke only of himſelf; his friend was condemned to act the eternal part of confidant and admirer; his private converſations had never any charm for me, except when he talked of the princeſs, his ſiſter, and of her he was continually ſpeaking. I liſtened, for a long while, with pleaſure, to the praiſes he gave her; afterwards this converſation impreſſed me with certain painful ſenſations, which I was unable to define, and which at the ſame time became ſtill more engaging; I always was ready to favour its introduction, or to prolong its duration. I had been much affected at the manner in which the princeſs had recommended me to the office of vizier; and I aſcribed to gratitude the extreme intereſt ſhe inſpired me with. Since that period, the caliph frequently mentioned that ſhe ſpoke of me; ſhe was proud, he ſaid, of my ſucceſſes and conduct. Theſe diſcourſes ſunk deep into my memory, they were inceſſantly renewed; I ſtill recollected the ſweet ſound of the voice I had heard the day I was in the ſame apartment with her; I conſidered, with pleaſure, that after the caliph, I was the only man in the world ſhe had ever beheld; I ventured to believe ſhe had preſerved the memory of that incident; the proofs of attention and eſteem, which ſhe had ſince given me, confirmed that idea; in fine, I repreſented her to my fancy in all the

charms with which the caliph had depicted her; and Abaſſa ſoon became the object of all my reveries. Whenever I was able to undeceive myſelf reſpecting the ſenſations I felt, I deplored, with bitterneſs, a folly of ſo ſtrange a nature; my melancholy increaſed by theſe reflections, and then it was that the decline of my health gave the caliph ſo much concern and pain. The phyſicians of the court were conſulted, and they declared their opinion that my caſe was mortal; however, I ſtill continued my labours, and attended as uſual, at the appointed hours, upon the caliph; for in the commerce of princes, the beſt loved courtier is the moſt enſlaved; methodical in friendſhip, becauſe they cannot feel that dear and eaſy independency which conſtitutes the charms of intimate connexion, they command their rendezvous, they have their hours of confidence and effuſion of heart, as invariably fixed as their hours of audience."

When Barmecide was at this part of his narrative, a knocking was heard at the chamber door. Iſambard aroſe, and opening it, readily pardoned the interruption, when he ſaw Lancelot enter, who informed them, that having been a month at the court of Beatrice, that princeſs had this day charged him with an important commiſſion for Theobald. Lancelot added, that he had arrived at the moment in which the old man was retiring to reſt, and that, after having delivered his commiſſion, knowing his friends were in the caſtle, he could not reſiſt the inclination he felt to embrace them before he went away. Iſambard aſked Lancelot many queſtions relative to the court of

of Beatrice. "You will find there," said Lancelot, "several French knights; Angilbert, young Roger, Archambald, and some others; you will likewise see Oger the Dane, who is but lately arrived." At these words, Isambard began to laugh, on recollecting the cottage of Oger, and his story. "We have still a warrior," resumed Lancelot, "who might be named in the number of the French, on account of his attachment to Charlemagne; it is Grimaldo, duke of Beneventum. Although the brother-in-law of Adalgise *, and a prince, yet he is grateful. Formerly a hostage at the court of France, and owing to the generosity of the emperor both his education and his dominions, he feels, as he ought, the value of such uncommon favours; and far from uniting with the enemies of Charlemagne, he has hitherto ever fought against them (24). You will find some other princes on our side, Theudon, king of Pannonia, and the four sons of duke Aimon" (25).

After these particulars respecting the warriors, they spoke of the duchess, and the ladies of the court. Lancelot launched out in the praise of Beatrice in such a manner, that the three knights judged he was in love with her. "I do not possess so much temerity," replied Lancelot: "the insensibility of which she had given so much proof, and which has assembled us all about her, is a preservative from the danger of her charms; among us, hitherto, the king of Pannonia

* As well as Tassillon, duke of Bavaria; he had married a daughter of Didier.

only has ventured to declare himſelf her lover, for kings have no doubt of any thing; I ſuſpect, beſides, that the laſt of the four ſons of Aimon, the youthful Guichard, loves her in ſecret; but he is ſo timid, that the war, whatever its duration may be, will certainly be over before he will venture to make known his love. For my own part, I have declared myſelf the knight of the young and charming Delia, the favourite of Beatrice; with a countenance expreſſive of the tendereſt ſenſibility, and enchanting ſweetneſs of manners, ſhe has a heart as inacceſſible to love as that of Beatrice; I have many rivals, and we are all treated with like indifference. The other young ladies, attached to the ducheſs, are all diſtinguiſhed by the gracefulneſs of their perſons, and the cultivation of their minds. But you will meet there a lady renowned for her beauty, her virtue, and the glory of having withſtood the paſſion of the greateſt prince upon earth."——"What!" cried Iſambard, "is Amalberga at the palace of Beatrice?" "She has taken the ſureſt meaſure," replied Lancelot, "that of fleeing from court; but if, as it is believed, ſhe ſecretly love the emperor, how will ſhe be able to forget him? the fame of that hero purſues her every where" (26). Oliver likewiſe aſked ſeveral queſtions relative to the confederate princes. "I have been twice in their camp," anſwered Lancelot, "they are much ſuperiour in numbers to us, and have many chiefs among them very formidable for their talents and valour. Among others, Gerold, and the duke of Spoletto, and two more princes, paſſionate admirers of

of Beatrice, Henry, duke of Friuli, and the ambitious Hartrad, count of Thuringia; they alſo expect Conſtantine, prince of Greece, and ſon of the famous Irene" (27). After all these explanations, Lancelot aſſured the two friends, that Beatrice, being informed of their arrival, expected them with impatience; they promiſed to join her ſtandard the day after the morrow, and Lancelot took his leave, and returned the ſame evening.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOLDEN HERB.

——— All bleſt ſecrets,
All you unpubliſhed virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant and remediate
In the good man's diſtreſs.

King Lear. SHAKSPEARE.

LANCELOT'S viſit having taken up the remaining part of the evening, Barmecide promiſed to finiſh his ſtory the next day, and he then reſumed it in the following terms.

"I was in the declining ſtate of health I have deſcribed, and, as I have already ſaid, ſtill attended upon Aaron at the accuſtomed hours. One day, after a long interview, at the moment I was going to take my leave of him, he detained me for a while. 'I had liked to forget,' ſaid he, 'a thing, which appears to me ſo chimerical, that it is hardly worth talking to you about; but it at leaſt will prove the intereſt my ſiſter takes in the pain your indiſpoſition occaſions me. You muſt know that Abaſſa, though born with a good underſtanding, poſſeſſes all the credulity, which perfect innocence, and the education of a ſeraglio, can create. She has been brought up by an old female ſlave named Nouraha, and in whom ſhe places all her confidence. Nouraha, knowing the condition you were in, has been conſulting, I know not what empiric, who, in her opinion, is a wonderful

ful perſonage. This man has told her, that there exiſts upon the ſummit of a high mountain, in the neighbourhood of Bagdat, a miraculous plant, very difficult to be diſcovered, which would infallibly cure you. It might indeed be poſſible, that a plant, the virtues of which are but little known, might contain ſome which would prove beneficial in your caſe; but what entirely deſtroys my hopes in that reſpect, is the extravagant deſcription which the empiric makes of this fabulous plant. My ſiſter has given me this deſcription, which I will ſpare you.'—Here I interrupted the caliph, in order to expreſs the curioſity I felt to hear it; 'Well,' ſaid he, 'ſince you are determined to amuſe yourſelf with that folly, I am going to read it to you; upon which he read as follows:

'By permiſſion of almighty God, and his divine prophet, there exiſts upon the top of a mountain eaſtward of Bagdat, a marvellous plant, named *The Golden Herb*; becauſe it has the power to change the moſt common metals into gold. It can likewiſe cure all the ills of man and child by a ſingle touch; but to man it is inviſible; a pure and chaſte woman has ſolely the right of breaking it from its ſtalk without danger; ſhe who has not preſerved her innocence will die on endeavouring to pluck it. *The Golden Herb* muſt be ſought for during the calm of the night only, it then ſhines like a lucid taper, it is only to be found in places planted with cedars (28).'

'You are aware,' ſaid Aaron, 'what credit is due to a phyſician who recommends ſuch a remedy; yet my ſiſter entertains no doubts of the efficacy of the recipe; in conſequence of which, ſhe is deſirous that

ſearch ſhould be made after this admirable plant, and ſhe has aſked my permiſſion to ſend old Nouraha this very night to the mountain, attended by Naſuf, the chief of her ſlaves. I have conſented for this night only, finding it impoſſible to remove her credulity.' After having expreſſed my gratitude at ſuch affectionate kindneſs, I quitted the caliph. My heart was ſo full, that the inſtant I found myſelf alone, I could not ſuppreſs my tears. A thouſand different ſenſations agitated me at the ſame moment; after much reflection, and impelled on by a deſire which I could not overcome, I ſent for Naſuf; I knew that ſlave; he owed his place to me, and he was intirely at my devotion. He immediately appeared; and after having informed him of what the caliph had told me, I inquired if Nouraha knew him? he replied, that, Nouraha having been always confined to the inmoſt part of the princeſs's palace, he had never ſeen her. I then declared, that I had an odd fancy to examine what ſteps this ſlave would take in order to diſcover the marvellous plant. Naſuf objected, that I could not ſee her, becauſe ſhe muſt quit me at the foot of the mountain, no man being allowed to be preſent at the ſearch after The Golden Herb. I pretended, that I would conceal myſelf to obſerve her, and in fine, I aſked him to ſubſtitute me in his ſtead; we promiſed each other inviolable ſecreſy, and he conſented to what I ſo ardently deſired, well perſuaded, that Nouraha would always imagine ſhe had been conducted by Naſuf. I waited for night with inexpreſſible impatience, and, at the appointed hour, being diſguiſed in the garments of Naſuf, I repaired to a little door of the palace which

which opens towards the country. I gave two raps: ſome minutes after the door half opened; a female, covered with a long veil, made her appearance; another female, who accompanied her, aſked me who I was. I anſwered in a low voice, *I am Naſuf*; at theſe words one of them went out, the door was ſhut to, and we began our walk. My companion trembled and tottered at every ſtep ſhe took; I was more confuſed than herſelf, but kept profound ſilence. We continued for a quarter of an hour to walk along the banks of the Tigris; we then traverſed a ſmall wood, at the end of which we diſcovered the foot of the mountain. My timid companion drew back her arm which ſhe had paſſed under mine, and made me a ſign with her hand to withdraw. I inſtantly obeyed. The night was clear and bright; I perceived an enormous rock at a ſmall diſtance from me; I drew that way, and concealed myſelf behind the rock among the ſhrubs; I placed myſelf in ſuch a manner as to be able to obſerve through the branches the perſon whoſe motions inſpired me with ſo much intereſt.—She ſtood for ſome time motionleſs; I then obſerved her prepare to lift up her veil. O preſentiment of love! the converſation with the caliph made me penetrate what pride and preſumption would never have ventured to imagine, but what love ſhould have divined! Yes; I expected to find Abaſſa ſubſtituted in the place of her ſlave, that Abaſſa, whoſe charming countenance I had never beheld;—and, in truth, it was ſhe herſelf! She lifted up her veil; the moon ſhed ſufficient light to enable me to diſtinguiſh her features; I ſaw her ſide-face only, but I was not leſs ſtruck with her tranſcendant

beauty. I expected indeed to ſee her, but ſo wide is the difference between the beſt founded hope and real certitude, that I felt almoſt as much ſurpriſe as delight on this occaſion. She ſtretched forth her arms towards heaven, and fell down upon her knees: 'Supreme being,' cried ſhe, 'O thou, the ſovereign arbiter of our deſtiny, deign to hear and conduct me! My hands are innocent, my heart is tender, thou knoweſt it.—If thou wilt have a victim, I devote myſelf without regret or ſtruggle; take my life, it is uſeleſs, but prolong the valuable exiſtence of the benefactor of this empire.'—Scarce had ſhe finiſhed uttering theſe words, when, impelled by a movement which was impoſſible to repreſs, I flew towards her, and threw myſelf at her feet: ſhe inſtantly knew me, and drawing back with terrour, 'O Barmecide,' cried ſhe, 'to what dreadful peril doſt thou venture to expoſe thyſelf * !' On ſaying this, ſhe haſtily let down her veil, and endeavoured to go away; I detained her, and ſaid all the paſſionate things that love and gratitude could inſpire: ſhe replied only with ſobs and tears. I held her robe faſt, and conjured her to liſten to me, but ſhe ſtill made vain efforts to eſcape. 'Ah, I too plainly ſee,' ſaid I, 'that compaſſion only led you here; well, Abaſſa, if I am not the moſt happy of men, puniſh me for having been one of the moſt daring. Yes, I can venture to adore you. I have ventured to believe that the ſame ſentiments which drew me here, had likewiſe been your guide. I am now

* It is well known, that any man, who ſaw one of the wives or relations of the caliph without a veil, incurred the penalty of death.

fatally undeceived, but having enjoyed but for a few moments only ſuch an errour, can I ſupport my exiſtence after it is removed? Forbear, forbear an unavailing ſearch, ſince I am not loved, for pity at leaſt let me die.' In ſpeaking thus I let go her robe; Abaſſa continued motionleſs, and heaving a deep ſigh, 'Ungrateful man!' exclaimed ſhe. At this word, ſo dear to my heart, I ſeized her trembling hand, and kiſſed it with rapture! 'O heavens,' ſaid Abaſſa, all diſmayed, 'can I be ſtill worthy to diſcover the plant which can ſave thy life?'—Love alone had the power of diſpelling the fears of the credulous and tender Abaſſa: ſhe ſuffered me to perſuade her, that The Golden Herb could not cure a melancholy of which ſhe herſelf was the real cauſe; and ſhe now indulged the happineſs of expreſſing, without conſtraint, the ſentiments which had been ſo long concealed in the inmoſt receſſes of her ſoul. But ſoon the dreadful idea of an eternal ſeparation aroſe to taint the delight of this tender converſe; the caliph had allowed, for one night only, the reſearch after The Golden Herb. Abaſſa, in a few minutes, was going to return to the ſeraglio, and there to ſhut up herſelf for ever. However, we were leſs unhappy than before this interview had taken place; we had no hopes, it is true, but were both certain of being beloved!—We contrived means of holding correſpondence together, not by letter, for that was impoſſible, but by agreeing to certain ſigns, which were expreſſive of aſſurance of fidelity, of love, and of the deſire to meet again; and the caliph himſelf, without being at all able to ſuſpect it, was to be every day the interpreter of our ſentiments.

We were forced to ſeparate two hours before daylight; our farewel was as afflicting as it was tender, and if you have ever loved, you ought to conceive what we felt, when ſtopping at the door of the ſeraglio, and obliged to give the ſignal of our arrival, I ſaw the fatal door open which was ſoon to ſhut upon Abaſſa, and ſeparate me from her for ever!

"From that moment love became the predominant ſentiment of my heart; the violent agitation it had produced, the endearing occupation it every inſtant afforded, ſoon relieved me from the languid condition into which I had been thrown by labour, diſquietude, and ſorrow. As ſoon as we are loved, we are never without hope; and however unfortunate it may prove, a mutual affection ſuffuſes an intereſt over our whole life, which fills up every vacuity, and for which nothing can compenſate. Frequently, on an evening, I viſited the foot of the mountain where I had ſeen Abaſſa, and there wrapped in delicious melancholy, I enjoyed my remembrances, and even my regret!—Every morning I paſſed under a window of the ſeraglio; I there contemplated with delight a ſuſpended veil, which, in ſpight of the prodigious height of the windows, I could diſtinguiſh through two iron bars; this was one of the myſterious ſignals of Abaſſa; I replied to it by throwing a ſtone againſt the wall; and I was certain the noiſe would expreſs the ſentiment I felt, and that love knew how to interpret it. On a certain day of every week, I went upon the Tigris with a numerous band of muſicians; I knew that Abaſſa, from one of the terraces of her palace, was lending an attentive ear to this concert, of which ſhe

herſelf

herſelf was the object. The muſicians filled a large bark, as for myſelf I was alone in a ſmall ſkiff, or rather, I was with Abaſſa; I fancied I heard and ſaw her, and ſurely I ſaw her; imagination imparted to me her ſentiments during this excurſion, which thus created a portion of the delight which a rendezvous affords to a happy lover. I repaired every day to the caliph at the appointed hour, and this viſit was now grown extremely intereſting to me; Aaron never received me but upon leaving his ſiſter, and I was certain that he would, without his having the leaſt ſuſpicion of it, bear me ſome dear token of the remembrance of the ingenuous and tender Abaſſa; at one time, while I was with him, a ſlave came to offer the caliph, on the part of the princeſs, a baſket filled with flowers; Aaron received the preſent, but I knew that myſelf was the ſole object of the meſſage. Love ſtill furniſhed me with purer and dearer gratifications; Abaſſa had honoured me with the glorious title of *benefactor of the empire.* It was incumbent on me to juſtify ſuch a title. What delight did this idea blend with my labours! Each beneficent edict was publiſhed in the ſtreets, and in the courts of the palace: I dared to indulge the idea, that on hearing theſe proclamations, Abaſſa ſecretly congratulated herſelf on the choice ſhe had made. She had founded ſeveral aſylums of hoſpitality *: I took delight in augmenting them, in adding to their endowments, and rendering them, by their magnificence and utility, worthy of the name of her who had founded them.

* We read in the hiſtory of the Arabs and Turks, that almoſt all the princeſſes and ſultanas employed a portion of their treaſures to form public eſtabliſhments of this nature.

"Four months had elapſed ſince the happy night in which I had ſeen Abaſſa. It was now the middle of autumn; one morning the caliph ſent for me, and when I entered the palace he came forth to meet me, and taking me by the arm, ſaid he wiſhed to take a little excurſion with me. When we were out of the palace, 'I am going to ſhow you,' ſaid he, laughing, 'ſomething very curious, and which has been kept a ſecret from me, for I only heard of it yeſterday evening.'—The manner in which the caliph ſpoke was ſufficient to baniſh all diſquietude; yet obſerving that he conducted me towards the mountain, I felt a violent emotion; I begged him to explain himſelf. 'No,' replied he, 'I am deſirous you ſhould have the pleaſure of being taken by ſurpriſe.' As he ſaid theſe words, I caſt my eyes towards the mountain, and perceived, with great aſtoniſhment, a magnificent obeliſk, conſtructed with white marble, erected on the very ſpot where I had thrown myſelf at Abaſſa's feet; on drawing nearer, I ſaw beſide the rock a large tent open on one ſide, in which was a ſingle ſeat. 'All this,' ſaid Aaron, 'is the work of my ſiſter; ſhe wiſhed to immortalize the nocturnal excurſion of her Nouraha, for ſhe does not conceive that ever woman could have undertaken a more hardy and perilous enterpriſe than to wander alone, and unveiled, over that rugged mountain. Abaſſa has cauſed this obeliſk to be framed, together with this hoſpitable tent for the weary traveller, or for ſuch as come in queſt of *The Golden Herb*; and a multitude of workmen, by her orders, have laſt night erected theſe glorious monuments of the courage of Nouraha.' After this explication, which

touched

touched me to the ſoul, I remarked a long inſcription upon the obeliſk; I was drawing nearer to it, but the caliph holding me; 'Before you read this inſcription,' ſaid he, 'I muſt communicate ſome trifling particulars, of which I did not inform you at the time, becauſe they could only intereſt Abaſſa from whom I received them. You muſt know then, that Nouraha, doubtleſsly to make a merit of it, gave her a pompous account of her wanderings over the mountain; Nouraha pretended, that ſhe ſaw The Golden Herb glitter, but at the moment ſhe endeavoured to pluck it, the wonderful plant ſuddenly diſappeared; in fine, Nouraha, after a moment of ſanguine delight, quitted the mountain in the deepeſt ſorrow; ſhe ſtopped near the rock, and there ſhe wept; the inſcription gives, in a figurative ſtyle, an account of theſe different occurrences; now you will be able to underſtand it; read, and remember that it is Nouraha who ſpeaks.'—At theſe words I drew near the obeliſk, and read ſome Arabic verſes, of which the following is a literal tranſlation.

'I came here the fifteenth of the moon of ſaphar, guided by the pureſt of all ſentiments. My happineſs at firſt ſurpaſſed my expectation; my eyes contemplated what I dared not hope to ſee! tranſported with delight, I then knew that the ſupreme good was no chimera! But this enchantment endured only an inſtant, it is paſſed away, and leaves me an eternal regret, an indelible remembrance! O thou, who art drawn here by a ſimilar ſentiment, repoſe in that aſylum, and in thy vows forget not her who has prepared it for thee.'

"I experienced ſuch emotion on peruſing this ingenuous

genuous and touching inſcription, that the exceſs of my confuſion might have betrayed me, had the caliph obſerved it; but ſo far was he from ſuſpecting the truth, that the condition I was in wholly eſcaped his notice. He remarked only that the name of Nouraha had been forgotten upon the obeliſk, and that but one ſeat was to be found in the tent, circumſtances which he imputed entirely to the negligence of the workmen.

"On that very evening, however, I told the caliph, that having reflected on the importance which the princeſs attached to the enterpriſe of Nouraha, and that act having been performed with a view of reſtoring me to health, I conſidered it was my own duty to celebrate it likewiſe; Aaron replied that it would prove a certain means of paying my court to his ſiſter. Thus authoriſed by the caliph, I ſent in queſt of artiſts who ſhould paſs the night in forming, under my own inſpection, the plan of a ſuperb temple, upon the front of which I wrote theſe words, *To Gratitude*. On the following day, attended by a numerous ſuite, I went to the foot of the mountain, and laid myſelf the firſt ſtone of the edifice. I then repaired to the caliph, I put the plan of this monument into his hands, entreating him to lay it before the princeſs. This anſwer was not ſo expreſſive as the letter ſhe had written me upon the obeliſk; I could impart a ſingle ſentiment only, and ſhe had been able to expreſs all ſhe felt; but at leaſt I endeavoured, that the temple I was conſecrating to her ſhould become one of the nobleſt monuments of the capital of that great empire. This temple was immenſely large; its inſide was covered with yellow-antique, and decorated with columns of

of amethyſt. On entering, the object that firſt ſtruck the ſight was a ſtatue of white marble, repreſenting a woman concealed under a veil, and placed upon a magnificent pedeſtal ornamented with gilt bronze: at the foot of the ſtatue ſtood an altar, upon which a perfume continually aſcended from an alabaſter vaſe, and formed an odorous and myſterious cloud, which reached to the height of the ſtatue; this was the ſacred fire, which I cauſed to be fed night and day with religious attention: between the columns were placed capacious vaſes of porphyry, filled with flowers. Availing myſelf of the ſtreams which iſſued from the rocky part of the mountain, I conſtructed various fountains within the temple. This edifice had ſix grand entrances, the folding doors of which were ſhut in the night only, and were concealed in the thickneſs of the walls, while the ſun illumined the horizon; but ſix light ſheets of limpid water, falling from the top of theſe entrances, formed, during the day, ſix tranſparent blinds, which, by touching a ſingle ſpring, were lowered or ſtopped at pleaſure. Theſe brilliant curtains preſerved a delicious coolneſs through the whole edifice; moreover, being perſuaded that all magnificence, whatever might be the motive, is only vain ornament, when it contributes not to public utility; and thinking beſides, that a beneficent inſtitution would prove a homage moſt worthy of Abaſſa, I placed in the periſtyle of the temple a kind of box, upon which was read an inſcription to the following purport:

'If any unfortunate and oppreſſed people be yet to be found, in the dominions of the moſt juſt and generous

generous of princes, let them here deposit their grievances. Their complaints shall be read every day, and their ills redressed. For Barmecide is desirous, that henceforward all they, who come to the foot of this mountain, shall be led thither by hope, and find happiness there.'

"The last lines of this inscription retraced my own adventure; I flattered myself that Abassa would comprehend my meaning; in fact, she did not misunderstand me, the caliph having observed, that she read the last sentence with tender approbation. In order to render this spot celebrated, I instituted a public festival for the people, on the anniversary *of the research of the golden herb*; it was celebrated each returning year, to the very period of my flight, in memory of the event it consecrated; it did not begin till night, and was not over till three hours before day break. The caliph was not at all astonished at what I had done in this respect; he knew that by choice I led a simple and even frugal life, but that I displayed the utmost magnificence in all works of beneficence and public utility. It appeared besides to him exceedingly natural, that knowing, as I did, better than any one, his extreme tenderness for Abassa, and the extraordinary ascendancy that young princess had over his mind, I should have availed myself with eagerness of this favourable occasion of rendering a splendid homage to the sister of my sovereign and benefactor. There is, indeed, no danger that princes should ever be surprised at what is done for them; the most passionate attachment, and the grossest flattery, cannot produce an cta of devotedness or magnificence sufficient to astonish them. Notwithstanding

ing the prodigious number of artifts and workmen which I employed in the conftruction of my temple, the work at the end of five months was not yet finifhed; at that period a war broke out; I had for two years paft exerted my anxious endeavours to prolong peace, which is fo neceffary to public welfare; but when I found that war was neceffary, I was defirous to declare it; I had a double motive for courting glory, fince it appeared to me that glory alone could reconcile me to the frightful diftance which would feparate me from Abaffa. A little while previous to my entering into the miniftry, I had made a fingle campaign in the late war under the eyes of the caliph; this prince, juftly renowned for his military talents, had judged of mine in fo favourable a way, that he would then have raifed me to the firft rank had not the enemy accepted a peace on the caliph's own conditions. Encouraged by this remembrance, and knowing that the caliph would not take the field during the firft campaign, I ventured to afk for the command of the army, and I obtained it. This campaign lafted three months, and was crowned with a continual fucceffion of victory and triumph, and what conftituted its greateft glory, it was followed by a peace. The caliph had himfelf been too much accuftomed to fucceffes of this nature, to be envious of them in another; he was on the contrary highly flattered, that a young man of twenty-five only, of whom he had made choice in preference to fo many veterans, fhould have achieved fo fplendid an expedition. My entry into Bagdat was triumphant. The people in crowds ran to meet me, and efcorted me to the gates of the palace; the fhouts of joy of that generous

generous people inebriated me with delight; a delight ſo much the more delicious to me, as it was impoſſible that Abaſſa did not hear their acclamations. O, how I loved that people who afforded me ſo ſweet a triumph, that people whoſe gratitude will for ever illuſtrate the name of Barmecide!—The praiſes of poets immortaliſe their own talents alone; the favours of ſovereigns beſtow only an artificial grandeur which vaniſhes away at their diſpleaſure, but the acclamation of the people conſtitutes real renown. As I was proceeding up the firſt flight of ſteps which led to the palace, I perceived the caliph on the top of them. He held a wreath of laurel in his hand, and came down to meet me. When I came near him, I ſtopped, and, agreeably to the oriental cuſtom, I bent one knee to the ground. 'That,' ſaid he, obſerving my attitude, 'is a homage rendered to birth, here is one to heroiſm;' on ſaying theſe words he placed upon my head the wreath of laurel. The people applauded this act with inexpreſſible tranſport, the caliph lifted me up, and taking me under the arm, led me into the palace. When we were together in his cabinet, 'Barmecide,' ſaid he, 'in you I have juſt been crowning valour and military talents; but innocence and ſenſibility will likewiſe preſent a well earned tribute to him whoſe exploits have given peace to the empire; receive this olive wreath, formed by the hands of Abaſſa; ſhe has charged me to preſent it to the *heroic pacificator*.' At theſe words I proſtrated myſelf, and ſeizing the caliph's hand, I watered it with tears!—He was himſelf much affected; we remained mute for a few moments, when the caliph reſuming his diſcourſe, 'Go,' ſaid he, 'and take

ſome

some repose, return here to-morrow at the same hour.—To-morrow!—Barmecide, you shall be sensible of all the esteem and friendship I have for you.' These last words he uttered with a tenderness which penetrated my very soul; not daring to ask him any questions, I withdrew, as he had ordered, but in a condition utterly impossible to describe. Intoxicated with glory and felicity, I passed the whole night in reflecting upon the last words of the caliph, upon his emotion, and on the invaluable wreath of olive conferred upon me.—He was to give me the greatest proof of *esteem and friendship!*—I was invested with the most eminent employment, I enjoyed an immense fortune from his bounty; what farther could he have to bestow?—My heart dared to anticipate it, and in vain my reason combated the idea: a thousand remembrances, a thousand circumstances I recollected, confirmed me in the dearest and most daring hope: at length, I had no doubt but that the caliph intended to give me the hand of Abassa. This idea inspired me with unbounded gratitude; I severely condemned myself for the opinion I had hitherto entertained of his disposition; I taxed myself with injustice and unthankfulness; I could no longer conceive how I could have thus judged of a prince, who appeared to me the most perfect model of a friend and sovereign. I framed excuses for every thing that had shocked me in his conduct; I was sensible only of his great qualities and the favours he had conferred. In a word, he became as dear to me as my love itself; O were princes but aware of all the advantage they might derive from those they govern; did they know to what pitch of enthusiasm and idolatry they might lead

lead them, they would perhaps ſet a higher value upon this kind of domination!

"You may eaſily imagine the ardent impatience with which I expected the hour of rendezvous which the caliph had appointed me. It was impoſſible not to be there before the time; he was not at all ſurpriſed at this, and making me ſit down by him, he held the following diſcourſe. 'You have rendered me eminent ſervices; your cares and your labours have relieved me from the weight of public affairs; your converſe has made me taſte the ſweets of ſocial intercourſe; diſguſted by repetition, fatigued by the diſſipation of noiſy and tumultuous amuſements, grown callous to pleaſure and even to glory, friendſhip is become neceſſary to my happineſs; I love but yourſelf and my ſiſter, and, as you are ſenſible, I have long lamented that I could not receive at the ſame time, two perſons I held ſo dear. Abaſſa can only appear before me or her huſband; I offer you her hand, Barmecide, but on a condition which doubtleſsly will ſeem ſevere to you.'—Here the caliph pauſed; I was ſo violently affected that I was fearful of betraying what I felt by my reply; I had taken a reſolution before hand to reſtrain my tranſports, and to expreſs only a reſpectful gratitude; I therefore bowed, and caſting down my eyes, kept ſilence. Aaron reſuming his diſcourſe; 'I am going to open my heart to you,' ſaid he, 'Abaſſa appears to me a perſon of ſuch high accompliſhments, that, were ſhe not my ſiſter, marriage would have united us together; but ſince the moſt amiable and moſt beautiful woman in the eaſt cannot become the wife of Aaron, no other has a right to poſſeſs her; beſides, I ought

ought not to ſuffer, that the blood of Ali ſhould be contaminated by a foreign alliance, and you muſt be aware that the nephews of your brothers cannot be mine * (29). Thus I give my friend the hand of my ſiſter, but I cannot allow him to aſſume the rights of a huſband; on the contrary, I require his moſt ſacred promiſe, that he will never be more to Abaſſa, than I myſelf am—a friend and a brother; and on this condition only, can I allow ſuch an union. Speak Barmecide, do you promiſe me this?"—To this queſtion it was neceſſary to make ſome reply; ſtruck with aſtoniſhment and ſtung with indignation, yet tranſported at the idea that I ſhould ſee Abaſſa every day, and that in ſpite of a tyrant's caprice ſhe would be mine; I experienced as much emotion as indignation and ſurpriſe; as much delight as anger, but I diſſembled all which paſſed within me. I promiſed every thing; the caliph exacted terrible oaths, and I made them: he then told me he had obtained the conſent of the princeſs, and that our nuptials ſhould be ſolemnized on the following day, in the moſt magnificent manner. He concluded by declaring, that Abaſſa entirely approved his pleaſure, but that, notwithſtanding his reliance on my word, I ſhould never ſee the princeſs but in his preſence, and that he ſhould watch me with equal ſeverity and vigilance. I replied very cooly, that being wholly addicted to public buſineſs, love never led my reaſon aſtray, that I conſidered that paſſion as weakneſs, and could ſcreen myſelf from it without difficulty. After

* All this diſcourſe of the caliph is taken from hiſtory. See note 29, at the end of the volume.

this

this proteſtation I retired in a ſtate of mind I will not attempt to deſcribe, but which you will eaſily conceive. —But influenced by one ſole idea, I ceaſed to hate the caliph's tyranny, on reflecting, that in a few hours Abaſſa would publicly pronounce the vow that would for ever unite us together. The temple I had erected was at length finiſhed; and the morrow, the day appointed for our nuptials, was likewiſe that of the feſtival of the temple. As ſoon as the dawn appeared, I put on the magnificent garments the caliph had given me, and I ſent the gifts to the ſeraglio, which cuſtom required me to preſent to the princeſs; at eight o'clock I received an order to repair to the moſque, and ſcarcely had I entered, when the princeſs arrived. She was veiled, conducted by the caliph, and ſurrounded by all her ſlaves; ſhe did not unveil herſelf, and after the ceremony was over, the caliph took her by the hand, and told me to follow him to the temple at the foot of the mountain, adding that, as the feſtival of the people did not begin till night, we ſhould paſs the day there. Being arrived at the temple, the ſlaves formed a circle around it, that no man might come near. The caliph, the princeſs, and myſelf, entered the temple; I was ſeized with a violent fluttering at the heart, and I equally deſired and dreaded the inſtant, in which Abaſſa would take off her veil, the inſtant in which I ſhould behold, in the face of day, that adored countenance. I judged of her diſtreſs by my own. I eaſily conceived what ſhe muſt have felt on finding herſelf at the foot of the mountain, and in the temple of which ſhe was the divinity, and I had no idea of being able to bear her firſt look, or that ſo much love

and ſo much confuſion would eſcape the piercing eyes of Aaron. At length being arrived at the extremity of the temple, the caliph ſaid, turning towards his ſiſter; 'Come, my dear Abaſſa, now lift up your veil.' At theſe words, the princeſs made no reply, and remained motionleſs; the caliph reſumed his diſcourſe: 'I conceive,' ſaid he, 'all your embarraſſment, and how ſtrange it muſt appear to you to ſhow yourſelf unveiled; but the more you heſitate the more will that timidity grow upon you; it muſt, however, be ſurmounted; Barmecide is your huſband, and remember, that he has only received your hand to procure me the happineſs of ſeeing both at the ſame time, and in order to rid you of that troubleſome veil.' On ſpeaking this, Aaron, obſerving that Abaſſa had not the reſolution to obey him, drew near her to lift up her veil; at this ſhe ſtarted, and ſtill made reſiſtance to the caliph's will: but the veil was at laſt removed, and Abaſſa decked in all the gifts of nature, and all the grace of youth and baſhfulneſs; appeared before me! The modeſt ſuffuſion of her countenance, her beautiful down-caſt eyes, her long eye-laſhes humid with tears, the ebon hue of which ſtill added new charms to the vivid carnation of her cheek; the ſweetneſs of her mien, her bloom, the majeſty of her ſtature; every thing, even the immobility of her look, diſplayed her whole perſon to ſuch advantage, that the caliph himſelf was too much ſtruck with it to have leiſure to obſerve the impreſſion it made upon me. But while we were gazing with much attention, we obſerved Abaſſa ſuddenly turn pale; her head hung down upon her boſom, ſhe gave her hand to her brother, and fell into his arms in a ſwoon. The

caliph

caliph commanded me to go out, and send the princess's slaves to him. I obeyed; and dismayed, beside myself, a prey to the most excruciating anxiety, I retired to the tent to await the caliph's call; I was terribly alarmed lest this fainting should have given the prince some suspicions; but after half an hour's suspense he came and removed all my apprehensions: 'This scene must have alarmed you,' said he, 'and, indeed, an European cannot but be surprised at it; as for myself, I expected something similar would happen; such is the force of custom, and you have seen what a struggle it costs the brightest beauty of the east to remove the veil which hid her charms from the gaze of mankind. Abassa, however, has recovered the use of her senses, she declares she can now get over her timidity, and consents to see you again. Come, let us join her; but do not look at her, or speak of what has passed.' On saying this, the caliph took me under the arm, and we returned to the temple. The princess, on perceiving us, sent away her slaves; Aaron made us sit down, and placed himself between us, so that I could hardly have a glimpse of Abassa, but I never caught her looks during the whole day, for her eyes were always cast on the ground. In other respects she took a part in the conversation, and on several occasions uttered the most affectionate things, which could only be understood by myself, and the true meaning of which it was impossible for the caliph to divine. We dined in the temple, and the caliph seated himself at table between the princess and me. After dinner, Aaron proposed a walk upon the mountain. Abassa resumed her veil; from that moment, she conversed with more ease and freedom,

she

ſhe often addreſſed her diſcourſe to me; at the decline of the day, we returned to the temple, and waited there till the hour in which the people were to repair thither to celebrate the feſtival; then the caliph took Abaſſa by the hand and went out; I had cauſed the mountain to be illuminated, and had placed a band of muſicians behind the rocks. The caliph and the princeſs ſtayed more than half an hour, to enjoy the ſpectacle and liſten to the muſic; they then quitted me to return to the palace. This, indeed, was a dreadful moment. Notwithſtanding the conſtraint which the moſt capricious tyranny had impoſed upon me, the day which had juſt paſſed away had been the brighteſt of my whole exiſtence; for how could I be otherwiſe than happy on ſeeing her I adored, and whoſe face and mien were attended with all the intereſt of novelty, as well as on conſidering that a ſacred tie united us, and that at leaſt I ſhould never have the affliction to ſee another make pretenſions to her hand? But on leaving me, ſhe carried with her all the ſweet enchantment which her preſence had created; I found myſelf all alone, felicity appeared nothing more than a vain illuſion, and the dear name of huſband a cruel impoſture, which far from ſatisfying my love, could only irritate and drive it to deſperation. Too much agitated to take repoſe, I paſſed almoſt the whole night in a retired part of the mountain; there ſorrowfully ſitting upon the crag of a rock, I indulged the moſt painful reflections; I heard from afar the cries of the people, whoſe unconſtrained and genuine joy is always obſtreperous. I experienced ſome conſolation on conſidering that this people in the midſt of their revels were bleſſing Barmecide; ſeveral

times I heard the echo of the mountain repeat my name; and I cried, 'O, grateful people, it is to you alone that talents ſhould be conſecrated; it is you alone that ſhould be ſerved, and not inſolent and barbarous deſpots, who make the moſt ſacred rights of love and nature the ſport of their caprice!'—Thus was it that I gave vent to my grief, the bitterneſs of which was increaſed by each ſucceſſive thought; this dark melancholy, however, was almoſt entirely diſpelled, at the appearance of the firſt rays of morning;—the day which I ſaw ariſe, with rapture, announced that in a few hours I ſhould again ſee Abaſſa; and I forgot my affliction, and gave myſelf up to all the charms of ſuch ſoothing hope. Fearful of betraying too much eagerneſs, I did not attend upon the caliph a moment before the accuſtomed hour; I found the princeſs there, ſhe bluſhed on ſeeing me, and kept ſilence for a while, but recovering herſelf by degrees, ſhe not only grew bold enough to addreſs her converſation to me, but even to meet my eyes. The firſt look, ſo full of ſentiment and confuſion, produced an inexpreſſible effect upon my heart.—Ah, what inconceivable charms does baſhfulneſs add to beauty! And what enjoyments, pure as itſelf, what new delights does it procure to love!—Baſhfulneſs can multiply favours, and give ineſtimable value both to what it refuſes and what it is fearful to grant!—That ſtolen and timid look rendered me ſatisfied and happy for the reſt of the day. On the morrow, I was paſſionately deſirous, that Abaſſa ſhould venture to look me in the face; I waited a long while for this favour, and never obtained it without obſerving her fine eyes fill with tears, and the deepeſt bluſh ſuffuſe

itself over her face. The caliph always seated himself between us, which gave us an opportunity of looking at each other, without his being able to perceive it. Aaron loved reading, and was fond of poetry, and he frequently recited verses of his own composition. One day as he was taken up with a long lecture, I passed one of my hands behind his chair, and by a supplicating gesture, I entreated the princess to give me hers; I shall never forget the expression of her countenance at this moment; love, desire, embarrassment, and dread were depicted there with such simplicity and energy, as gave me great alarm; and hastily desisting from my intention, I arose, and stood before the caliph during the rest of the lecture. The following day I easily observed, that Abassa remarked I looked sad and thoughtful, and I perceived she was forming a project of consoling me, and that she was inclined to grant of her own accord, what she had before denied me, but she hesitated a long time ere she could determine upon it. One evening, at length, she timidly held out her trembling hand, I seized it with transport!—It is the province of virtuous love only to appreciate such an act!—How many lovers are there, who are unable to conceive, that this moment formed an epocha in my life, and that no other moment of happiness has since been sufficient to impair the delight its recollection always affords. The caliph, who, in the early part of this intercourse, had always attentively observed my motions, did not entertain the slightest suspicion of our intelligence; attributed to modesty and confusion the frequent perturbation and blushes of Abassa; and I

had been able to persuade him, that being entirely under the dominion of ambition and the love of glory, my soul was inaccessible to all other passions. He believed it, and through refinement of pride and tyranny, he was in some measure displeased with me for not being more sensible to the charms of the most accomplished woman in the universe; he would have felt a kind of gratification to have seen me anxious without hope, and I was aware, that he considered the sacrifice of a violent passion not alone sufficient to acquit me, with regard to what I owed him.

" This situation continued for two months, when I at length ventured to write to the princess, and slip my note into her hand; she wrote me an answer, and I do not believe I ever suffered more than on the day I received this first reply; for an instant after the caliph began to read a subject which took up three tedious hours; being in possession of the first letter from Abassa, I would have given the half of my life for a few minutes liberty; but how was I compensated for this painful constraint, when I perused the tender and affectionate billet! My love and my imagination were inflamed to such a degree, that in my second note I ventured to demand a private interview; it was necessary to communicate this to Nouraha and Nasuf, but on the fidelity of those two slaves we had the greatest dependence: I laid down the whole plan of precautions which were to be observed in this dangerous undertaking. Abassa consented to all, and on the following night, at the foot of the mountain consecrated by our love, in the temple erected on the

same

ſame ſpot which was witneſs to our firſt vows, I receiv-ed into my arms my adorable bride. Abaſſa, believing there would be leſs danger in meeting in the ſeraglio itſelf, and having ſuggeſted all the means of effecting it, we agreed that henceforward I ſhould paſs the night there once or twice in a month. Nothing can equal the felicity I enjoyed, during the ſpace of ſix months; difficulty and myſtery gave a captivating charm to our union, which but rarely attends the moſt happy nuptials; as it was neceſſary to brave and riſk every thing to ſee each other in private; thus danger itſelf imparted to love the endearing ſentiment of paſ-ſionate gratitude. But I paid dearly for this ſupreme felicity! Abaſſa now bore about her the fatal pledge of our union! When it was no longer poſſible to doubt of this, conceive, if you be able, what was the exceſs of my embarraſſment, and dreadful anxiety! How was it poſſible to conceal a condition from the caliph, which we could not flatter ourſelves would eſcape the ſlighteſt notice? Occupied day and night with this ſole idea, I had not the leaſt glimpſe of an expedient to ſkreen us from the impending danger: I was too well acquainted with the inflexible pride of Aaron, and the ferocity of his firſt movements of paſ-ſion, not to be convinced, that on the diſcovery of our ſecret, he would exerciſe vengeance upon us with equal cruelty and madneſs. I ſhuddered on thinking, that I ſhould involve Abaſſa in my fall, I upbraided myſelf in deſperation, with the fatal paſſion which cauſed her ruin. O, how I then execrated the cruel tyrant, whoſe inhuman caprice, overturning the eternal

laws of reaſon and nature, robbed me of the happineſs attached to the ſacred names of huſband and father, and, in the ſanction of the moſt legal union, created me all the heart-rending remorſe of criminal ſeduction! At length an event as fortunate as it was unexpected took place to ſnatch us from the deſtruction which menaced us. One of the tributary princes of the caliph erected the ſtandard of rebellion. Aaron determined to go in perſon to ſubjugate and puniſh him. Judge of the joy this reſolution cauſed me, for I was ſenſible the expedition could not be quickly terminated. It was the caliph's pleaſure that I ſhould accompany him, and I was obliged to entruſt my deareſt intereſts to two ſlaves, to Naſuf and Nouraha; but thoſe ſlaves had feeling and grateful hearts. I left them the moſt ample inſtructions, and every thing was happily executed agreeably to what I had preſcribed. Whilſt, at the diſtance of three hundred leagues from Bagdat, we were laying ſiege to the rebel prince in his capital, Abaſſa became mother of a child, which Naſuf, according to my directions, ſent to Mecca; thoſe who carried it, and thoſe by whom it was received, had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of its birth (30). Uncertain when I ſhould ſee the child, and hoping to preſerve its exiſtence, I determined to enable myſelf one day to recogniſe it with certainty. I had learned a ſecret during my travels, which I communicated to Naſuf, and by the aid of which he marked, in an indelible manner, upon the right ſhoulder of the infant, a ſmall olive wreath, a miniature repreſentation of that which I had received from the hands of its mother.

ther. The child was not ſent to Mecca before this operation was attended with perfect ſucceſs*.

"I do not enter into the detail of the precautions I had taken to ſecure the ſecreſy of the princeſs's delivery, I will content myſelf by obſerving they were ſo well combined, that the myſtery remained undiſcovered. At the army I received the news of this happy event, and three months afterwards the caliph returned victorious to Bagdat. With what joy, and tender ſolicitude did I meet Abaſſa! But the dreadful danger ſhe had run, the anxious diſquietudes we had experienced, induced me to take the reſolution of renouncing in future the gratification of ſeeing her in private; love alone, which had rebelled againſt the prohibition of a tyrant, could thus make ſacrifice of itſelf; I would have braved every peril as far as it related to myſelf; but this painful duty the welfare of Abaſſa impoſed on me, as well as that of the two faithful ſlaves, whoſe lives each of our rendezvous expoſed to danger. Abaſſa, impreſſed with the ſame ſentiments, confirmed me in the reſolution I had taken; I made her but one more nocturnal viſit, and vowed, at her feet, never to ſee her again! With what rapidity did that night ſteal away! In what affliction did I taſte the felicity of it! Violent and capricious ſtate, in which love, at once both happy and miſerable, did not without murmurs yield itſelf up to the ſweeteſt tranſports, and found the cauſe of its torments, and the meaſure of its re-

* It is known, that the ſavages have ever poſſeſſed this ſecret, and paint in this manner their bodies with plants, flowers, ſerpents, &c.; this painting laſts the perſon's life, and nothing can efface the deſign or colours.

gret, in the very excefs of its happinefs! This interview was, indeed, the laft! Since that period, I have not in the courfe of feven years feen my wife, but in the prefence of the tyrant. We wrote to each other every day, and during the firft two years, the care of giving Abafia an account of her fon added a new intereft to our correfpondence. The child, who continued ftill at Mecca, was brought up in obfcurity under the care of a perfon who believed him to be the nephew of Nafuf. With Nafuf I not only appeared to have no intercourfe, but, by a refinement in precaution, we agreed, that he fhould appear to be much diffatisfied with me; he folicited a favour of me in public, I refufed him in the coldeft manner, and he made complaint to the caliph, adding that he was hated by me, and that I had even prejudiced the princefs againft him. The caliph, who efteemed him for his zeal and fidelity, fpoke to us concerning him, we made a flight reply, and the caliph, in order to put an end to the domeftic difcuffion, took Nafuf about his own perfon, and appointed another chief of the flaves for his fifter. Nafuf affected to triumph in an infolent manner, I treated him with much feeming difdain, while the caliph was fecretly gratified to fee his flave venture to brave his favourite.

" Princes have an infinity of fuch kind of gratifications, which cannot be divined but by living with them, and of which the vulgar can form no idea. Aaron was well perfuaded that Nafuf detefted me, and that I was really much piqued at his audacity; this delufion relieved me from all apprehenfions with regard to my fon, in cafe the caliph fhould happen to

difcover

discover that Nasuf brought up a child at Mecca; I was certain he would then believe, without examination, that this child was in reality the nephew of Nasuf, and that he would make no conclusions which might lead to farther discovery. In the mean while I felt the strongest inclination to see a child that was so dear to me. Nasuf obstinately opposed this inclination, but on the expiration of two years, I declared to him my determined intention to go to Mecca, in the course of four months. Nasuf assisted me in concerting the means of taking this journey, and seeing my son, without becoming liable to suspicion; but alas! at the end of two months, he came to announce to me that this child, the object of such dear hopes and tender affection, had been attacked by a contagious disorder and was no more! I was deeply afflicted at this loss which our situation rendered irreparable. Under the tormenting restraint I had imposed upon myself, I had had no consolation but that of reflecting there was still left me a pledge of our union. Nasuf advised me to conceal this misfortune from the princess; he represented to me that she would perhaps sink under it, and that, as she was never to see the child, it was easy to deceive her in that respect, and to leave her for ever in an errour which was so necessary to her repose. I yielded the more readily to his advice, as it seemed to me she might love me less on being informed, that the dear tie which united us was broken. Thus has she been ever kept ignorant of this fatal event. But how distressing her letters now became to me! She was continually making mention of

 her

her child, every instant seemed to increase her maternal affection; I was obliged to reply, and while I wept for the death of my son, I was under daily necessity of giving her ample particulars respecting his education, his improvement and health: thus time, which cures the wounds of the heart, by the oblivion which necessarily accompanies it, was unable to produce such effect upon me. The unabating tenderness of Abassa, however, diverted my attention and afforded me great consolation; the caliph, fully convinced that we entertained for each other nothing more than esteem and confidence, no longer watched us, and we were left much at liberty. I was allowed to seat myself by her side, to converse with her in a friendly style, without his taking umbrage. Frequently we all three walked out together. The princess would place herself between her brother and me, and lean on my arm; sometimes the caliph, having orders to give, would leave us alone together for several minutes; how precious were these moments! What enchantment they threw over the rest of the day! What delicious remembrances did they leave us! The duties of my station occupied all the time I was absent from Abassa; I was alive to the glory of rendering a whole people happy, of having revived their industry, secured the blessing of peace, and made arts and commerce flourish. Surrounded by artists and men of letters, living with my brothers in perfect harmony, I tasted every delight which friendship and society could afford. My brothers were all married; in the midst of a loved and numerous progeny, I could not consider myself in

exile;

exile; I watched the growth of the children, and their exiſtence in a great meaſure compenſated for the loſs of mine."

At this part of Barmecide's narrative, Iſambard obſerving it was paſt eleven, the company ſeparated, after having agreed to meet again the next morning, to hear the remaining part of Barmecide's ſtory.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RESENTMENT OF A DESPOT.

Sa haine va toujours plus loin que ſon amour.
Mithridate de RACINE.

Quelque fois à la cour
Le prix d'un long ſervice eſt perdu dans un jour;
C'eſt là que la faveur toujours trop recherchée
N'eſt qu'un piége funeſte où la mort eſt cachée.
Les Barmécides Tragédie de MR. DE LA HARPE.

THE knights being aſſembled at nine in the morning, in Barmecide's apartment, that illuſtrious fugitive thus reſumed his narration. "From the death of my child until the period of the dreaful cataſtrophe which terminates my ſtory, my life does not afford any ſtriking events; for five years it had been exactly what I have been deſcribing. At length fortune, which had done every thing for me, not only deſtroyed its work in a few inſtants, but was determined that the exceſs of my calamity ſhould be ſtill more aſtoniſhing, than the ſplendour of my proſperity had been. I was thirty-four years old; I had been near twelve years the prime miniſter to the moſt powerful prince in Aſia. I had always enjoyed his favour without interruption, and which no rival had even ever endeavoured to diminiſh; yet, for ſeveral years paſt, I had remarked, that the caliph no longer loved me; or in other words, that he no longer thought he did; the friendſhip of princes

princes lies in their head, it is of a more brittle nature than even love itſelf; to preſerve it requires all the attraction of novelty, or the pleaſure of conferring ſplendid rewards upon its object; they then enjoy his aſtoniſhment, and that of the public, and even the envy of his rivals. They have faith in the confidence of a man as long as they beſtow favours; but confide in him no more when they have nothing more to give. I was grand viſier, and brother-in-law to the caliph, he might have done every thing for my happineſs! but he could not add to my fortune; beſides, I may venture to ſay, that my elevation was not entirely his work; I owed my reputation, and the love of the public, ſolely to my labours and conduct.

"Aaron is not an envious man; pride as well as greatneſs of ſoul preſerves him from ſo mean a vice; but this ſame pride was mortified at the idea of my poſſeſſing ſome advantages independent of his favour. He was ſatisfied that others ſhould think ſo, for that was doing honour to his choice; but he would not allow me to entertain ſuch an opinion. The man, who formerly had laviſhed upon me the moſt flattering eulogiums, now had no other deſire than to humble my ſelf-love, to recal my remembrance to the point from which I had ſtarted, and to make me feel my dependency. I bore all theſe little vexations with an indifference, which tended to increaſe the ſecret malice of Aaron; he knew how to diſſemble it, but the coldneſs of his converſation, and above all, his embarraſſment when we were tête-à-tête, the moſt certain forerunner of diſgrace with princes, convinced me how greatly he was changed with regard to me.

"I had

"I had always been in the habit of writing daily to the princeſs; ſhe had promiſed me to burn all my letters, but not being able to make that ſacrifice, ſhe had entruſted them to Nouraha, who depoſited them in a place known only to herſelf and her miſtreſs. Every evening Abaſſa gave her the letter of the day, with orders to lock it up with the reſt before ſhe went to bed. Nouraha, who had been ill for ſome days paſt, finding herſelf, one evening, worſe than uſual, forgot to conceal the letter ſhe had received from her miſtreſs; ſhe left it in her pocket and retired to reſt. A young female ſlave ſlept in the ſame room, and was awaked in the night by the groans of Nouraha; the ſlave aroſe, and taking a light, went to her bed-ſide, and found, that, having been ſtruck with an apoplexy, ſhe had juſt breathed her laſt. Immediately the ſlave, with an intention of looking for the keys to plunder Nouraha, who had been enriched by the liberality of the princeſs, ſearched her pockets, and found a letter there, which had nothing in it that could expoſe Naſuf, but which contained proofs of our intelligence, and particulars relative to my ſon, as though he were ſtill in exiſtence. The baſe ſlave read this letter: ſhe knew, as every one did, that the caliph, in giving me Abaſſa for a wife, had meant nothing farther than conferring on me the honour of receiving her hand; ſhe conceived, that treachery would make her fortune, and full of this idea, left the ſeraglio at break of day, and without mentioning the death of Nouraha, carried my letter to the caliph. On leaving his apartment, ſhe met Naſuf, and believing him to be both mine and the princeſs's enemy, ſhe boaſted of what ſhe had

had been doing, and mentioned the contents of the letter; Nafuf, finding he was neither named nor indicated, inftantly formed the plan which he has executed with fo much courage. The caliph had ordered the flave to attend in the adjacent chamber, and Nafuf waited in great tremulation the refult of Aaron's reflections. He was certain, that this imperious defpot was meditating terrible vengeance; but could not forefee the atrocity of his cruelty. At length Nafuf, being called by the tyrant, entered his cabinet, and fhuddered on obferving his pale and ill-boding looks.— 'Nafuf,' faid he, 'I am betrayed!' 'Yes, feignior,' replied Nafuf, 'the faithful flave, who has informed againft the two guilty perfons, has juft been fpeaking to me of it; I have long entertained fome vague fufpicions in that refpect; the princefs and Barmecide dreaded my vigilance, and hence, feignior, is the true caufe of the hatred they bear me.' 'Nafuf,' returned Aaron, 'may I depend upon thy fidelity?'— 'Command me, feignior.' 'Well then, let the unworthy Abaffa be thrown into a dungeon for the reft of her life; let all who bear the odious name of Barmecide be extirpated from the face of the earth, and let them be all deftroyed within the fpace of an hour (31).' Nafuf, diffembling the horrour he felt, feemed to fhare the tyrant's fury; but he reprefented, that it appeared to him more adVifeable, to have all thefe executions take place at the fame moment, and he begged to be charged only with mine; and with conducting the princefs to prifon. To this Aaron confented. This virtuous flave then repaired to Abaffa, informed her of every thing, promifed to favour my

efcape,

escape, to liberate her in a short time, and to accompany her in her flight. He took possession of all my letters, burned them, and conducted the wretched Abassa to the dungeon the tyrant had allotted her. After having received a note from her for me, he came to my house; for during the heats of summer I did not live in the palace, but at a villa on the banks of the Tigris. I had passed that fatal night without retiring to rest; Aaron had charged me with so much business the preceding day, that I had not yet finished it. I was labouring for the barbarian, when Nasuf entered my chamber. 'Generous Barmecide,' said he, 'arm yourself with all your resolution, and read this billet.' I laid hold of the note he presented, and read these terrible words:

'O canst thou forgive thy unhappy wife? all is discovered! my fatal affection has undone thee! thy head is proscribed, thy brothers, with all their family, are suffering under the assassin's stroke, and it is from the bottom of a dungeon that I write this!—— Nasuf will save thee, and he promises to unite us.—Ah! take pity upon Abassa, and if thou be not as inflexible as the author of our misery, flee, my dear husband, and follow the guidance of Nasuf.'

'O! my dear brothers!' cried I, 'what, at this instant they are falling by the hands of ruffians!'—'Time is precious,' interrupted Nasuf, 'follow me, seignior.' 'What! shall I flee like a vile criminal, while my brothers are murdered! ah! I can see their blood stream, I can hear their lamentable cries, and the cries of their children and their wives.—No, I will avenge them, or perish!'—On saying this, I snatched my sword, and rushed

rushed towards the door. Nasuf, laying hold of me, cried; 'whither would you run?—your brothers are no more, 'tis now too late, but Abassa yet lives, and you are going to cause her death.'—'I will stab the tyrant to the heart; I must avenge my brothers.'—'Ungrateful man,' cried Nasuf, 'do you owe nothing to the unhappy princess you seduced, do you owe nothing to me, who, for your sake, am exposing myself to destruction?' These words made me start, I remained motionless, and Nasuf, taking me by the arm, dragged me along.——I suffered myself to be led on.—Nasuf, being perfectly acquainted with my house, conducted me through a back door which opened into a court, at the end of which was a vault. He had the keys of the door, and of the vault; for it was through that door, which lay towards the fields, that he was used to see me secretly in the night time, whenever he had any thing particular to communicate to me; and in order not to be overheard, we were accustomed to pass this private court, and to hold converse together in the vault. He opened the door, and leading me into it, 'promise me,' said he, in the name of honour and gratitude, to have a regard for your life, and to wait here till I come to fetch you away; and I, in return, promise you to save Abassa, to take her out of prison, and conduct her into Europe.' At these words, I made the extorted vow, which I accompanied with a groan; he then departed, shut the door upon me, leaving me alone in the midst of the vault, in all the horrours of darkness. I was now, for the first time in my life, seized with terrour! my imagination, struck with the massacre of my brothers, represented

the

the horrid picture in ſuch vivid colours, that the reality would ſcarce have agonized me more! I beheld them deprived of life, pierced with wounds, extended on the ground, with their wives and children murdered in their arms! I ſaw their disfigured countenances in death, ſtill expreſſive of terrour and deſpair!'—It ſeemed as if I were ſurrounded with theſe lamentable objects, a cold ſweat bedewed my whole frame; and not being able to remain in one place, I wandered, notwithſtanding the thick darkneſs which environed me, about the ſpacious vault, in ſo wild a manner, that when I met with any obſtacles in my way, or walked over any unevenneſs of the ground, I drew back with horrour, my hair ſtood an end, as if I had trampled upon the bleeding bodies of my unhappy brothers. All theſe firſt moments of deſpair were devoted to the feelings of nature. Being at eaſe reſpecting the life of Abaſſa, love, which was concentrated in my heart, ſeemed to be effaced thence; the dreadful image of my whole family pitileſsly murdered, annihilated every other idea; moreover, my paſſion, which had proved the cauſe of this horrid diſaſter, I now conſidered as a crime, and had it at this moment ſtood forwards, I ſhould have repulſed it as a remorſeful intruder. In fine, I could only contemplate my murdered brothers, and even the deſire of vengeance was leſs powerful than my grief. At the end of four or five hours, however, not finding Naſuf return, a frightful miſtruſt diſtracted my mind with other thoughts, and new ſenſations; I began to fancy, that Naſuf had betrayed me, and that, being an accomplice of the tyrant, he had inveigled me into the

the vault to bury me there. I had not the key about me; I recollected, that Nasuf had taken away my sword, and reflecting on certain other circumstances, I no longer doubted of his perfidy. Twelve years discretion and devotedness should have skreened Nasuf from this horrid suspicion, but fear and danger always produce mistrust, the just punishment of tyrants, and the greatest torment of the unfortunate. I forgot then all the services of Nasuf, being wholly taken up by reflection upon my own situation; it appeared to me out of all probability, that Nasuf should be able to return to my house to liberate me, and afterwards to persuade the caliph he had put me to death, whilst, on the contrary, every thing seemed to prove, that he was acting in concert with my implacable oppressor. The hatred and cruelty of Aaron would, I thought, have naturally induced him to order this kind of death, which would give him the assurance of a tedious agony, and the baseness of an assassin must have preferred treachery to any other expedient. Struck with these reflections, I considered my death as inevitable, and in the manner it seemed to approach, I contemplated it with horrour. Then did my feelings on my own account call back my attention to the object of the dearest sentiments of my heart; then I fancied Abassa could not survive me; I represented her to my imagination all bathed in tears, and languishing in a dungeon, and I fell into a lethargic oppression of mind. From this state I was quickly roused by violent fits of rage and fury, and I experienced all the torments arising from unavailing hatred and unbounded desire of vengeance. O, how dearly did the distress of this

single

ſingle day pay for thirteen years of glory and felicity! I ſhould have ſunk under its preſſure, had not hope, which in any ſituation never entirely abandons us, ſuddenly revived my courage. Endeavouring to figure to myſelf the effect which the news of my death would have on the minds of the people, I imagined ſuch an event was likely to create a rebellion; the more I reflected, the more was I perſuaded of this; and I ſoon became fully convinced of it; I ſaw the tyrant hurled from his throne, I ſaw Abaſſa's deliverance from priſon, and I cheriſhed the wild idea, that the people would haſten to effect my own. At length, towards the evening, I heard the approach of footſteps, the door of the vault opened, and I ſaw Naſuf enter; his aſpect alarmed me, a deadly paleneſs disfigured his features, his clothes were torn and ſtained with blood; in one hand he held a torch, and in the other, a drawn ſword.—His looks, his gait, however, and the expreſſion of his countenance, diſpelled, in ſpite of me, all the dark ſuſpicions I had been entertaining. I waited in ſilence, he came up to me, and returning my ſword: 'Come,' ſaid he, 'every thing is ready for your eſcape, and I ſhall accompany you till day-break.' At theſe words, I was ſtruck with remorſe for my unjuſt ſuſpicions, and I ruſhed to the arms of this generous ſlave, the ſole friend, the only defender that fortune had left me!—'Let us loſe no time,' ſaid he, 'let us haſte to quit this dangerous abode.' On ſaying this, he threw a large cloke over my ſhoulders, and taking me by the hand, we went out together; we found two horſes at the back door, we mounted, and Naſuf, advancing before me, bade

me

me follow him, and recommended me to keep profound silence 'till we should get into the open country. The sky was overcast, yet the moon, from time to time darting its beams through the clouds, afforded, at intervals, sufficient light to enable us to distinguish the surrounding objects. At first we proceeded along the walls of Bagdat; I shuddered on beholding the towers of the tyrant's palace, and turning my eyes around, I perceived the mosque in which I had received the hand of Abassa; at this spectacle I wept!—A moment afterwards we passed before the gate through which I had entered eight years before in triumph, and I felt my heart ready to burst!—Every step I took reminded me of my past glory, and revived the idea of my felicity, which was never more to return! and yet when I was out of sight of these tormenting objects, and considered I should not see them again, I fell into a kind of annihilation still more painful than all the regret I had just felt. I sorrowfully accompanied Nasuf along the banks of the Tigris, when of a sudden a confused noise struck my ear, and I distinguished plaintive cries and deep groans at a distance.—Moved at what I heard, I lifted up my eyes, and on the opposite side of the river, just facing us, I perceived the mountain I held so sacred, and the summit of the temple.—I observed, with surprise, that the edifice was illuminated, and innumerable multitudes covered over the mountain.—'Let us stop a moment here,' said Nasuf, 'and in spite of tyranny and proscription, receive a last homage, and more affecting than any that have been paid you during your prosperity.— 'Know,' continued he, 'that ever since morning, from

from the instant the report of your death was ſpread abroad, all your true admirers, all your real friends, have ſucceſſively repaired to the mountain. There, on the temple you raiſed, where the indigent and oppreſſed depoſited their complaints, which you never rejected, have they deplored your loſs. The great, O Barmecide, who gave you magnificent entertainments, the men on whom you conferred conſiderable offices, and whoſe fortunes are derived from your bounty, are not in the number of theſe votaries. The moſt faithful even of ſuch deſcription conceal themſelves, and are ſilent, the reſt already are ſoliciting your ſpoils; but the lamentations you hear appealing to the throne of heaven iſſue from the heart, they come from the orphan who found you a father, from the oppreſſed widow you ſuccoured, from the aged you comforted, from the work-man and artiſan whoſe induſtry you encouraged, from the artiſt and man of letters, who are indebted to you for the diſplay of their talents, and their glory.—In a word, in that temple of which, ſince your fall, and in the face of the tyrant, public gratitude has made you the divinity, eloquence and poetry are celebrating your virtues, and the people are deploring you.' (32) 'O Naſuf,' cried I, 'if this grateful people ſhould again ſee Barmecide, if they ſhould hear him implore their vengeance?'—'Vain hope,' interrupted Naſuf, 'the caliph indeed has not dared to forbid this public mourning, but he has ſtationed troops over the whole mountain, under pretext of maintaining order. And ſhall an unarmed multitude oppoſe them, a multitude which conſiſts, for the moſt part, of old men and women,

and

and children!' At this I heaved a deep ſigh, and turning towards the mountain, I contemplated in ſilence the ſpectacle it afforded; I enjoyed, with tranſport, the felicity of creating ſuch regret; but the more I was affected at this, the keener I felt the ſad reverſe of fortune, which tore me from this beloved nation. 'Unfortunate people,' cried I, 'you whom I carry in my heart, you are weeping at my death, and it is no illuſion which afflicts you.' 'Yes, Barmecide has truly ceaſed to exiſt!—he can henceforward no longer contribute to your welfare!—Barmecide is no more!' I could not go on, my ſobs choaked my utterance, and I followed Naſuf, who was proceeding on his way; I turned my head towards the eaſt, in order to keep the mountain as long as poſſible in ſight; and when I ſaw it began to diſappear, and for ever, my heart ſunk within me, I lifted up my hands towards the place, and groaned in all the bitterneſs of deſpair. It ſeemed as if I had been bidding an eternal adieu to felicity and glory!

"We travelled the whole night, and during that time Naſuf related all the particulars I have mentioned, and he afterwards informed me in what manner he had continued to deceive the tyrant. When he came to me the firſt time, he had, in concert with the caliph, concealed round my houſe a party of armed men, who were to appear at an appointed ſignal. Naſuf had perſuaded the caliph it was of the utmoſt importance, that the people ſhould not be informed of this event till they had heard of my death. Aaron was ſenſible they would ſhow more energy in defending, than avenging me, and he approved of the meaſure. Naſuf,

having

having locked me in the vault, returned to my apartment, and there this intrepid man, this heroic friend, drew his poinard, and made a large wound in his left arm, then he ſprinkled the room, my bed, my clothes, and his own, with the generous ſtream that iſſued from it, and threw a large cloke thus ſtained with blood into the Tigris, which ran under my window; he then gave the expected ſignal, the troop of aſſaſſins ruſhed into the houſe, and all my domeſtics were taken into cuſtody. Naſuf called the ſoldiers into my chamber; he told them he had found me in bed; that after having given me ſeveral wounds, I had ſprung upon the floor, and wrapped myſelf up in my cloke, that having ſnatched the dagger from him, I had given him a wound; that at laſt he had overpowered and killed me near the window, and then thrown my body into the Tigris, in order that the people ſhould not pay me funeral honours; and he pointed to my cloke, which was yet floating upon the water. Naſuf ordered the troops to ſee all my domeſtics out of the houſe; he then took the keys, and repaired to the palace; his extreme paleneſs and bloody garments ſerved the more to corroborate his tale, and at the end of it, he dexterouſly took off the handkerchief that bound his arm without being obſerved by Aaron, and his wound opened afreſh, and the caliph ſaw the blood guſh out; he then no longer could doubt of the efforts I had made in my defence, or of my death. The better to ſecure the obedience of Naſuf, he had given him my houſe, and all it contained. Naſuf took occaſion to obſerve to him, that he wiſhed to return there to make ſure of the gold, and other valuable

things,

things, which the manſion muſt contain, and to find ſome papers which the caliph wiſhed to ſecure; but added, that fearing the fury of the people, who in a few moments were going to hear he had immolated their idol, he would not only avoid entering the houſe in the day-time, but would afterwards conceal himſelf, and even withdraw from the court for a while. This precaution ſeemed extremely natural to the caliph; he reflected a moment, and then told him that having learned from the letter which had undone me, that I had a ſon, he wiſhed to have him included in the proſcription of my family, and deſired Naſuf to ſet off ſecretly in the night to Mecca, and to take upon himſelf the diſcovery of the child. Naſuf joyfully embraced this propoſal; he returned in the evening to my houſe, and entered with a ſingle ſlave belonging to the caliph, to whom he gave my papers, and as ſoon as the ſlave went out, he came to liberate me. He aſſured me the caliph had not yet taken any violent meaſures againſt Abaſſa, 'make yourſelf eaſy,' added he, 'on her account; I have inſtructed her in what ſhe muſt ſay, ſhould ſhe be interrogated; I ſhall return to the tyrant after my journey to Mecca, he places great confidence in me, and I ſhall ſoon find means of delivering the princeſs, and taking our flight together, and, believe me, the happieſt moment of my life will be that in which I ſhall reſtore her to your arms.'——Conceive, if it be poſſible, the emotions and the deep ſenſe of gratitude which ſuch a relation, and ſuch promiſes, muſt have inſpired in my breaſt.

"A little before day-light, Naſuf put a writing into my hands which contained the itinerary of the route

I had to follow. We agreed I ſhould proceed in the night only, as long as I ſhould continue in the tyrant's dominions, and that when come into Europe, I ſhould take up my reſidence in the country of Bavaria; that I ſhould aſſume the name of Giaffar, ſhould wait the arrival of Abaſſa and himſelf, and he promiſed to join me in the courſe of ſeven or eight months. Before we parted, he delivered to me a caſket of precious ſtones and gold, which he had brought from my houſe, and he furniſhed me with an order ſigned by the caliph, and ſtamped with his ſeal, which he had received for himſelf; this writing imported, that he was travelling on a ſecret miſſion, and commanded all the ſubjects of the caliph to receive and lodge him. With this paper I was authorized to appear without exciting ſuſpicion by my diſguiſe, and even to hide my face by unfolding the drapery of my turban. Naſuf informed me he had taken farther precautions in favour of my journey, and when he arrived at Mecca he would write to the caliph, that he had loſt this paper. It was thus that I parted from this faithful friend; I preſſed him a long time in my arms, and wept; and when he had left me, I felt myſelf alone in the univerſe!——My journey, thanks to the ingenious forecaſt of Naſuf, was perfectly fortunate. Being arrived in Bavaria, I entruſted the count with my ſecret. In him I found the friendſhip of a brother, and all the diſcretion which my ſituation required; for the life of Naſuf, and perhaps that of Abaſſa, depend on the belief which prevails, that I no longer exiſt!—A few months after my arrival, Gerold, under pretext of ſome inquiries relative to the arts, diſpatched one of his ſquires

to Bagdat, with inſtructions to get information relative to every thing that paſſed there.—It is more than two years ſince I arrived in Europe, and I continued a long time in hopes, that Naſuf would be able to perform his promiſes; but ſince the return of Gerold's emiſſary, my hopes are almoſt extinct. This emiſſary, who had been at the court of Bagdat, informed us that the nation ſtill mourned for Barmecide; that no one knew what was become of the princeſs; that ſome ſaid ſhe had ſunk under her afflictions, others that ſhe had ſecretly eſcaped into Europe; that Naſuf was in high favour with the caliph, and poſſeſſed an immenſe fortune, and that reſiding continually in the palace, he never quitted the perſon of the caliph. After this report, I was but too well convinced, that Naſuf, ſatisfied with having been my deliverer, had not reſolution enough to ſacrifice his fortune and country in my behalf: I have no right, however, to complain, but this neglect of his promiſe condemns me to eternal obſcurity!—To him am I indebted for my life, and I cannot reſume my name, without expoſing my benefactor to the vengeance of the tyrant! In fine, my fears and uncertainty reſpecting the ſituation of Abaſſa fill up the meaſure of my misfortune!——Flattering myſelf, however, ſhe is actually in Europe, and that Naſuf, either through remiſſneſs, or fearful, perhaps, leſt we ſhould be again united, has not directed her to flee to the dominions of the count of Bavaria, I have been wandering for more than a year; I endeavour to diſcover her ſteps, encouraged by a faint hope which every day ſtill enfeebles. But to ſeek her is the only ſhadow of felicity that is left me, and to this dear

 occupation

occupation does my device relate, which at the ſame time bears alluſion to the *golden herb*, that Abaſſa ſought after to ſave my life. Thus ought you now to conceive the reaſons which attach me to Gerold's party. A fugitive, and a proſcribed man, in him have I found not only my true ſovereign, but a benefactor and a friend; attached by gratitude, and by the tendereſt amity, engaged by the communication I have made of my ſecret, I am forced to combat in ſupport of a cauſe which ſeems to me unjuſt. But I may venture to flatter myſelf that my preſence here will be attended with ſome utility; Gerold has procured my admittance into the counſel of the confederate princes; there I may hope to be heard, and I conſole myſelf under the neceſſity which obliges me to take arms, with the hopes of inſtigating Gerold, and the other chiefs, to pacific meaſures."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNFORESEEN TROUBLE.

Che incanto è la Bellezza
Ornata di virtu!

METASTATIO.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces ſhine?
They like the ſun irradiate all between,
The body charms, becauſe the ſoul is ſeen.

YOUNG.

WHEN Barmecide had finiſhed his ſtory, his two friends expreſſed their thanks and ſenſibility, and prolonged their viſit more than an hour. At laſt, after the moſt tender farewel, they took leave of the ſage Theobald, and immediately ſet out to the court of the ducheſs of Cleves (33). Upon the road, Oliver ſpoke much of Barmecide; and in the misfortune of this illuſtrious outlaw he could ſee nothing to compare to his own; for Barmecide, notwithſtanding the ſenſibility of his ſoul, had never experienced the fatal ſway of a predominant paſſion; his heart, divided between ambition and love, could have been but tranſiently torn by violent ſenſations—"In a word," added Oliver, "he will always derive conſolation from glory, and we may conclude, from his own ſtory, that could he ever reſume the ſplendid name of Barmecide, he would ceaſe to weep for Abaſſa!" Iſambard approved theſe re-

reflections, but ſoon brought back the converſation to the ſubject of Beatrice. This princeſs engaged both his imagination and his heart; and when he perceived the towers of her caſtle, and the white and azure ſtandard which waved from the top of the edifice, he experienced a ſenſation of joy blended with a vague diſquietude, with which his heart was at the ſame time ſadly oppreſſed. The vaſt caſtle of Cleves is ſituate on the ſummit of a majeſtic mountain, covered with rocks, and woods, and plants of every kind; prolific ſprings of pureſt water iſſue from the rocks, forming caſcades and ſtreams, which fall and meander among the cypreſſes and pines, and wander over flowery ſpots of meadow ground. An ancient and gloomy foreſt almoſt encircles the mountain, and covers more than half of it; on the other ſide lies an extenſive plain, watered by the Rhine (34). Arriving at the firſt guard, the knights declared their names, and the motives of their journey; then, being eſcorted by two ſoldiers, they proceeded forwards. When near the caſtle the ſoldiers blew a horn, which was a ſignal that announced to the princeſs the arrival of her new defenders. Immediately an anſwer was given by the ſound of drums and trumpets. At laſt having climbed the mountain, and paſſed all the fortifications, they came to the draw-bridge, which was inſtantly let down. There a crowd of ſquires and pages belonging to the ducheſs waited for the knights. They led them through ſeveral ſpacious courts, to the ſound of military muſic; all this preparation redoubled Iſambard's emotion, and when he was within a hundred paces of the flight of ſteps which led to the apartments of the palace, and had

had alighted from his ſteed, he experienced ſuch violent palpitation of heart, that he was forced to lean on Oliver's arm; who, remarking this extraordinary agitation, ſmiled, and almoſt at the ſame inſtant heaved a deep ſigh, on recollecting his firſt interview with the unfortunate Celanira! The embarraſſment of Iſambard ſtill increaſed, when he ſuddenly perceived, at the top of the ſteps, a group of ladies in the moſt ſuperb dreſſes. One of them clothed in ſilver brocade, and appearing in the midſt of the circle, was advanced ſome paces before the reſt, and ſtood upon the brink of the ſteps; one of the ſquires, knowing her perſon, informed the knights it was the princeſs herſelf (35). The knights quickened their pace, and arrived at the foot of the ſtairs; they could then diſtinctly ſee this celebrated ducheſs; but no ſooner had Iſambard caſt his eyes upon her, than, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, he ſtarted back, and looked at his unhappy friend.—Oliver, pale and trembling, and ready to faint, had his eyes caſt upon the ground, and appeared motionleſs. The ducheſs obſerved him for a moment with ſome attention, then breaking ſilence, ſhe addreſſed the two friends in a ſpeech full of grace, and inviting them to accompany her, ſhe entered the palace; Iſambard, who, for ſeveral minutes paſt, had thought of nothing but his unfortunate companion in arms, now in his turn lent him the aſſiſtance of his arm. Oliver, rouſing all his reſolution, reſumed a calmer deportment, and mounted the ſtair-caſe. In the veſtibule they met Lancelot and Angilbert, who came and embraced them; and Lancelot addreſſing the two friends—"You have ſeen the princeſs," ſaid he, "and were you not

much ſtruck with the aſtoniſhing reſemblance between her and the unhappy daughter of Witikind? I blame myſelf for not having mentioned this to Oliver, to whom this likeneſs muſt renew the painful remembrance of a tragical ſcene. I thought of this during our interview, but was averſe to enter into that detail in the preſence of a ſtrange knight: I intended to have told him privately, and I forgot it." At theſe words Oliver ſtammered a few broken ſyllables, which Iſambard haſtened to interrupt, obſerving, that he himſelf had experienced equal emotion and commiſeration. "Yet," obſerved Angilbert, "it is not one of thoſe miraculous likeneſſes, of which ſo many inſtances are to be found in romance; on examining Beatrice you will find conſiderable difference between her and Celanira. Beatrice is not light-haired, her locks are auburn, and her eyes black, her eye-brows are much darker and larger than thoſe of Celanira, her mouth is not ſo ſmall, her long eye-laſhes make her eyes appear larger, and her noſe, though of the ſame form, is ſtill more delicate; but that reſplendent clearneſs of complexion, thoſe ſame looks, the like expreſſion of candour and ſenſibility, a ſimilar tone of voice, the ſame ſize, and an uncommon ſimilitude of manners, mien, and deportment, produce an illuſion which will affect you a hundred times a day, by reviving the image of the moſt intereſting perſon we ever ſaw at the court of Charlemagne." This converſation was interrupted by Oger the Dane, who, with ſome degree of confuſion, came in queſt of his old friends; he dreaded their raillery, but they were not in a humour to remind him of the cottage, and to laugh at his philoſophy.

It was now time to repair to the faloon, and determine upon feeing the charming Beatrice again. Oliver avoided looking at her; Ifambard gazed on her with admiration chaftened by remorfe: for while enraptured at the pleafure of hearing and feeing her, he confidered himfelf as Oliver's rival; and if the reputation of the duchefs had not long fince made deep impreffion upon his heart, this fatal refemblance would have preferved him from any dangerous degree of amorous infection. But fhe had engaged his attention for more than three months paft; the perufal of the tablets had completely turned his head; and finding her a thoufand times beyond what fame had defcribed her to be, and being well perfuaded, that even a more perfect refemblance could not render Oliver faithlefs to the memory of Celanira, he fondly gave himfelf up to the enchantment of an infant paffion. Ifambard had a reftitution to make, and, accofting the duchefs, he prefented her the tablets, relating in what manner they had fallen into his hands. Beatrice blufhed, and requefted him to keep them: "I flatter myfelf," added fhe, "that in examining my conduct you will ever find it confonant with the maxims thofe tablets contain." Ifambard received the precious gift with tranfport; a gift which afforded a happy prefage to his love. Oliver, who had been ill at eafe ever fince he entered the palace, went out at the end of an hour, on pretext of vifiting the fortifications. An inftant after he was followed by Ifambard. When they met together, a moment's filence took place, on account of their mutual embarraffment; a laft Oliver, affectionately grafping the hand of his

 friend—

friend, ſaid—" My dear Iſambard, I eaſily perceive what is labouring in your mind.——Ah! may the new paſſion, with which you are inſpired, ſecure your felicity—'tis all the wiſh I have now to make.—Beatrice reſembles *her*, but it is not *ſhe!* You underſtand this, and the diſtinction ought to be ſufficient to remove all your apprehenſions." "It is true," returned Iſambard, "that I have an enthuſiaſtic admiration for Beatrice, and perhaps I ſhall ſoon be deeply enamoured with her; but it will be without hope, for how can I encourage any? In a word, I have devoted my life to thee, and never ſhall I form any projects inconſiſtent with that ſacred engagement."—Oliver preſſed his friend's hand, and was unable to make reply; when ſome knights approaching them at this moment put an end to the converſation.

In the afternoon Lancelot preſented the two friends to the principal ladies of the court. Iſambard was moſtly ſtruck with the beauty of the charming Delia, the favourite of Beatrice. This young damſel, who was only ſixteen, was as remarkable for her candour and modeſty as for the brilliancy of her perſon. Far from being elated with pride at this favour, ſhe kept herſelf continually at a diſtance. On all occaſions ſhe ſought the loweſt place, and ſhunned every diſtinction. Admiration and praiſe ſeemed to aſtoniſh and embarraſs her. The ſimplicity of her dreſs, the engaging penſiveneſs of her looks, and unalterable ſweetneſs of her temper, imparted an intereſt to her whole perſon, which carried every thing before it. In fine, ſhe afforded an inſtance, extremely novel in a court, of a favourite poſſeſſed of humility and diffidence, devoid

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of all ambition, without ceremony, or pretensions, and meddling with nothing. Isambard met with great pleasure the fair Amalberga, who was attached to Delia by the tenderest ties of friendship. He talked with her of Charlemagne, and the virtuous Amalberga could not hear the praises of that hero with indifference. At night the two friends were shown to their apartments; there they found arms of precious workmanship, rich mantles of purple hue lined with ermine, and other costly gifts, with which they were presented by Beatrice (36). Isambard, who usually did not go to Oliver's room before half after eleven, observed, among the squires and pages who had brought the presents into his chamber, one of the latter, who was less than the rest, whose appearance was charming, but whose features he could not well distinguish, because he kept at a distance, and in the dark, and concealed himself behind the others. When they were all gone out, the little page remained in the room, and shutting the door, he then advanced up to Isambard, who, looking stedfastly at him, immediately recognised Armoflede; but no longer was it in his eyes the dangerous Armoflede, whom he had found so charming a little while before; he was become acquainted with her artifices and all the baseness of her conduct, and she could now only excite indignation and contempt. After having eyed her from head to foot with the greatest indifference—"May I venture to ask, madam," said he, "what is the object of this masquerade?"—This question, and the cold manner in which it was uttered, entirely disconcerted the lady. However, soon resuming her wonted audacity, she replied, that

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in order to avoid the perſecution of Adalgiſe, ſhe had taken refuge in the caſtle; that ſhe had not confided her ſecret to any one; had obtained the office of page about the perſon of the princeſs, but had no particular employment aſſigned her, and therefore ſhe was not obliged to live with the other pages, or to appear in public; ſhe added, that the certainty of meeting Iſambard here had induced her to make choice of this aſylum; and ſhe finiſhed her ſtory with proteſtations of gratitude and friendſhip. During the narration, Iſambard, leaning in a negligent manner againſt the chimney-piece, heard her with indifference, and without making any interruption; when ſhe had done ſpeaking—"I cannot make a better return to your confidence, madam," ſaid he, "than by giving you two uſeful pieces of advice. The firſt, that you carefully avoid the preſence of Oliver; for ſhould he meet you, I ſhall take upon myſelf to ſpare him the horrour of ſeeing you a ſecond time, by informing the princeſs who you are, that ſhe may no longer give an aſylum to vice. What I next recommend relates to prince Adalgiſe: you have, madam, a very eaſy way to eſcape his perſecutions; inſtead of having recourſe to falſehood and diſguiſe, at once give up all impoſture; relate to him, without deceit, the principal incidents of your life, and you will quickly ſee him bluſh at his ridiculous conſtancy." During this diſcourſe, Armoflede, quite confounded and motionleſs, recollected with terrour the fatal prediction of the virtuous Meinrad; all pale and trembling, ſhe was on the point of fainting away. At length, falling into a chair: "O heavens," ſaid ſhe, "is this a french knight? Is it

Iſambard

Iſambard who thus treats a woman, that has juſt been giving him a proof of the moſt unſuſpicious confidence!" This reproach was ill founded, but it touched the delicacy of the generous Iſambard: "Yes, madam," returned he, "I acknowledge all the decorums due to your ſex, and you yourſelf are able to bear evidence of it. We owe the profoundeſt reſpect to all virtuous women, or to all who appear ſo, and ſuch we ought always to ſuppoſe them; for being born to protect and defend the ſex, we feel the neceſſity of giving them our eſteem. But when we have evident proofs of their perverſeneſs, we are exonerated from our attentions, and they can only pretend to our ſuccour, which weakneſs and misfortune have ever a right to claim. Thus, madam, is it, that I have already combated for you, and that I ſhould ſtill be ready to render you the ſame ſervices if you had occaſion for them (37)." "At the time you mention," returned Armoflede, "you ſeemed prejudiced againſt me indeed but were far from expreſſing that hatred and horrour which appear now to govern you; what then have I done ſince that period?" "Excuſe me, madam, from entering into ſuperfluous explanations." "What!" cried Armoflede, vehemently, "when you accuſe me of being a monſter, when you treat me with the moſt provoking contempt, you refuſe to inform me what are my crimes! You condemn me without hearing, do you call that juſtice? Would you act in this way with a man, who could call you to an account for the outrage? Is it thus you reſpect the weakneſs of which you pretend to be the protector?" "Well, madam," anſwered Iſambard, "ſince our interview, I have

I have learned the whole ſtory of the unhappy Oliver." Upon this Armoſlede, obliging Iſambard to liſten to her, endeavoured to palliate her crime, in proteſting ſhe had never been able to believe that Diaulas was really the brother of Celanira; ſhe ſupported this falſehood, and many others, by a flood of tears. Iſambard was not affected, yet he became a little ſoftened. "Calm yourſelf, madam," ſaid he, "and, for heaven's ſake, let us put an end for ever to this fatal ſubject; conduct yourſelf here with prudence, and, above all, avoid the ſight of Oliver, and be aſſured of my diſcretion. But let this interview be our laſt; you will never make me alter my opinion or ſentiments; and I am now going to confeſs what will prove to you, that, in ſpite of all your charms, you have totally ceaſed to appear dangerous to me. You were the earlieſt object of my love; I firſt ſaw you on your return from Lombardy; your graces, your gaiety, your talents, turned my head. Almoſt at the ſame time I heard of your engagements with Oliver, and I then avoided you with the utmoſt care. The ſentiments I felt for you being checked on their birth did not grow into a paſſion, but hindered me from giving reception to another, and coſt me a long and ſevere combat!"—"What," returned Armoſlede, "and you have loved me! You muſt indeed be well cured of your flame, to be able to make ſuch a declaration." Armoſlede now caſt her looks on the ground, and remained in ſilence, and a tear or two eſcaping from her eye-lids crept ſoftly down her cheek. Iſambard began to feel a painful ſenſation at the bottom of his heart, which ſeemed like compaſſion.

paſſion. Armoflede aroſe—" Farewel, ſeignior," ſaid ſhe, " my giddy head has led me into many an error; but if bitter regret and ſorrowful contrition can make any reparation, this evening has expiated them all." On ſaying this, ſhe advanced towards the door, when the good knight, ſeeming quite at a loſs, and relenting of his harſhneſs, followed her in a reſpectful manner, as if he wiſhed to bring her back: Armoflede put her hand to the latch of the door, and turning towards Iſambard—" Farewel then for ever!" ſaid ſhe, " and at leaſt be aſſured, that in ſpite of your hatred"——" My hatred!" cried he, " can you believe"——An inexpreſſible embarraſſment prevented his going on with the ſentence; he took hold of the pretty hand he ſaw laid upon the latch, and when he felt that hand within his own, his embarraſſment ſtill increaſed; he would fain make reparation by politeneſs, for a ſcene which he thought he had carried too far; he was fearful of ſhowing any thing like gallantry; he durſt not ſpeak, yet was aware how ridiculous it was to continue ſilent. This perplexity gave him an air of conſtraint and irreſolution, which Armoflede took for tender emotion: at length, very fortunately for Iſambard, the voice of his ſquire was heard in the anti-chamber, when Armoflede, pulling down her hat over her eyes, opened the door, and haſtily went away.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIX.

A COUNCIL OF STATE.

L'avis du plus grand nombre eſt ſouvent moins bon.

THE next morning, as Iſambard was walking out with Lancelot, and going along a ſpacious gallery, he paſſed by a chamber in which he heard muſic. He ſtopped, and liſtened to a charming voice which ſung the following ballad, accompanied by a lute.

They ſay I'm in love with PHILENE!
O heav'ns! how my caſe they miſtate!
Whate'er I may feel for that ſwain
Is not LOVE—it is liker to HATE.
I bluſh when I ſee him—I do—
His preſence ſtill gives me diſtreſs;
Yet, the more I think on him, 'tis true,
I perceive—*that I hate him the leſs.*

If Phillis ſay ought in his praiſe,
Be it ever ſo trivial and ſlight,
Ah! how my poor ſoul it affrays;
And fills it with ire and deſpight.
To love him 's a crime, in my view;
And yet I muſt freely confeſs,
That the more I think on him, 'tis true,
I perceive—*that I hate him the leſs.*

Of

Of all the fair nymphs of the plain
Letitia was dearest to me—
Letitia's in love with PHILENE—
Letitia with horrour I see:
My envy I cannot subdue,
My jealousy cannot suppress:
And the more I think on him, 'tis true,
I perceive—*that I hate him the less.*

If he ask me to dance, in the grove,
With reluctance I tender my hand:
Is this any token of love,
When I stagger, and scarcely can stand?
Palpitations and pantings ensue,
The cause I'm unable to guess:
But the more I think on him, 'tis true,
I perceive—*that I hate him the less.*

While musing, a few days ago,
I met him alone in a mead;
I ne'er was so flutter'd, I know;
I turn'd me, and suddenly fled.
Yet, alas! though I fled from his view,
I could not my feelings repress;
And the more I think on him, 'tis true,
I perceive—*that I hate him the less.*

Ah! why should sensations so keen
Lay hold on so youthful a heart?
Ah! why should a girl, not fifteen,
Endure so tormenting a smart?
A smart which I cannot eschew;
For his absence augments my distress:
And the more I think on him, 'tis true,
I perceive—*that I hate him the less.*

But,

But, be it *averſion*—or *whim*,
My *Reaſon* it ne'er ſhall diſgrace;
I will ever do juſtice to HIM:
He's the flow'r of the ſwains of the place.
Perhaps my averſion may ceaſe,
Perhaps there's a cure for my pain;
I feel it already decreaſe—
Ah! how can I *hate ſuch a ſwain?*

After the ſong was over, the two knights continued their walk. "The young perſon you have juſt heard," ſaid Lancelot, "is in love with one of the princeſs's pages, and upon that paſſion, which ſhe herſelf does not ſeem to underſtand, Angilbert compoſed the ſong, and gave it to her. The words ſhe finds ſo expreſſive of her own feelings, that ſhe takes delight in ſinging it every day; but do you know who the little page is, who thus turns her head? It is Armoflede in diſguiſe, and who is only known here by Angilbert, Oger, and me. She has been amuſing herſelf till ſhe has an opportunity of making more brilliant conqueſts, in creating miſchief among the maids of honour of the princeſs; but Beatrice has diſapproved of this intrigue, and the apartment of the young ladies has been ſhut againſt her for a fortnight paſt." "And how long has Armoflede been here?" demanded Iſambard. "She came with Oger," replied Lancelot, "about three weeks ago." This anſwer made Iſambard laugh; but he thought it proper to inform Lancelot, that Oliver, having quarrelled with Armoflede, had great reaſon to deteſt her, and he would do right not to ſpeak of her in his preſence. Lancelot promiſed to mention this to Angilbert. "He will not be aſtoniſhed at this

rupture."

rupture," added he, "for he has never believed the public report, that they were married, or that Armofiede was indeed worthy of becoming the wife of Oliver."

During this interview, Lancelot informed Ifambard, that he was going in an hour's time to the camp of the allied princes, to carry the laft propofals of peace from the duchefs. Lancelot, departing, repaired to Gerold's tent; he met the fage Theobald, who was waiting for him there, and the knight, and the venerable old man, acquitted themfelves of their miffion. The count liftened to them with calmnefs, and replied, that he fhould affemble a council of the princes, and there deliberate upon the duchefs's offers; "but I believe," added Gerold, "that they will be judged infincere; it is imagined, that fo many valiant warriors, as now compofe the court of Beatrice, are far from infpiring her with pacific fentiments; their interefts perhaps are oppofite to ours; the pretenfions of the king of Pannonia, for inftance, are fufficiently known, and fhould Beatrice confult him, he would not counfel her to offer peace upon fuch conditions as we could accept." "Seignior," replied Lancelot, "I am not acquainted with the projects of Theudon, but I know, that the princefs confults only her reafon and her duty. I know, befides, that all the knights, who are armed in her defence, are fearlefs of war, but have no interefts which make them defire it. They have all given proofs of their prowefs in the field of honour, and no new exploits can increafe the brilliant reputation of The Knights of the Swan, Oger, the Dane, the brave Angilbert, and the fons of duke Aimon; in fine, feignior, I can affure you, that you have

have many true admirers at the court of Beatrice, and that the perſon who appears to have the greateſt ſhare of her favour, far from being againſt you, openly profeſſes the warmeſt attachment for you." "And who may that perſon be?" returned Gerold: "It is the boſom friend of Beatrice," anſwered Lancelot, "the young and beauteous Delia, who was born, ſhe ſays, in your dominions; and all her vows are in behalf of her ſovereign; and if the ducheſs followed her advice in that reſpect, your wiſhes, ſeignior, would ſoon be gratified." At theſe words, Gerold being ſurpriſed and touched, aſked a thouſand queſtions concerning Delia: Lancelot, who was paſſionately enamoured with her, anſwered in a manner that appeared greatly to intereſt the count of Bavaria; and during the reſt of the conference there was no queſtion of any thing but the charming Delia. After Lancelot had retired, Gerold called an aſſembly of the princes; a grand council was held, and Barmecide was admitted a member. Gerold read the propoſals of Beatrice: ſhe declared her reſolution to remain free; that violent meaſures would never induce her to make choice of a huſband; but that ſhe wiſhed for peace, and offered to pay the expenſe of all the preparations of war. Hartrad, count of Thuringia, who had long been ſmitten with a violent paſſion for Beatrice, firſt began to ſpeak. He maintained, that peace on ſuch conditions could not be accepted without diſhonour; and that the allied princes would become an object of ridicule in the eyes of all Europe, if, after the fame of this enterpriſe, they ſhould ingloriouſly retreat without compelling the ducheſs to chooſe one among them

for

for a husband. Henry, duke of Friuli, who also loved Beatrice, was of the same opinion. The duke of Spoletto was almost the only person who appeared inclined to peace. Gerold combated his sentiments in a long speech, equally artful and eloquent, and endeavoured to prove, that mere policy, independent of all private interest, should lead them to reject the proposals of the duchess. Barmecide then requested leave to speak. After having drawn a striking picture of the dreadful evils of war; "when we reflect," said he, "on these terrible calamities, every passion ought to subside, and the voice of humanity, to suppress those of ambition, resentment, and love. It is said dishonour would attend the acceptance of the proposed peace.— When a prince submits to humiliating conditions, when he concludes a treaty contrary to the interests and rights of his subjects, then it is that he makes a dishonourable peace; but when nothing is required of him that can prove prejudicial to his nation, he commits a crime in continuing hostilities, and will alone be responsible for the blood that shall be shed. I will go farther, and observe, that should an enemy demand an equitable restitution, a prince ought to make it, and thereby expiate the crime of usurpation, for such may all conquest be considered. But in the present case there is no question of these great sacrifices. The duchess of Cleves, affording a noble example of moderation, demands peace of the aggressors, and tenders them her treasures to spare the blood of her subjects. Should this be refused, with what ardour will they combat in her cause? And as for ourselves, can we depend upon the zeal of our troops?

Have

Have they their homes to defend? What intereſt have they in the war? they are only to experience the fatigues and dangers of it. And of what avail is the valour and ability of the chiefs, when the ſoldiers are diſcontented and murmur? Their enthuſiaſm it is which produces victory; and diſcouragement and diſmay will prevail in our camp, while the energy of the beſieged will multiply both their reſources and ſucceſſes. Upon your deciſion depends the fate of that multitude of men which compoſes the two armies. Our tents, extended along the foot of theſe hills, have already ſtruck terrour into the minds of the peaceful inhabitants of this fine country; with a ſingle word you may diſpel all their alarms. Ah! turn your eyes towards thoſe fertile fields which ſurround you; look at thoſe cottages, the reſpectable abodes of innocence; behold that flouriſhing army; and conſider, that in rejecting peace you pronounce a ſanguinary ſentence, the prompt and terrible execution of which will every where carry devaſtation and death. Thoſe cottages, thoſe villages, will be burned and deſtroyed, thoſe fields will be deſolated, thoſe ſoldiers, now ſo ſhowy and alert, will be maſſacred, and at your command too; for all theſe evils, all theſe cruelties, will be your own work. —And in tribunals, inſtituted for the puniſhment of crimes, ſhall the judge be unable to pronounce ſentence upon the vileſt wretches without repugnance, while princes, aſſembled in council, ſhall coolly conſign thouſands of innocent men to death!—Yes, I will ever maintain, that defenſive war alone can be reaſonable and juſt; and where peace can either be accepted or propoſed, a declaration of war is the moſt horrid

of

of crimes. Succeſs even cannot diminiſh its atrocity in the eyes of natural and compaſſionate beings, for true glory is inſeparable from moderation, juſtice, and humanity."

This ſpeech gave riſe to the moſt violent debates; Hartrad, and the duke of Friuli, who felt themſelves particularly pointed at, expreſſed the moſt violent reſentment againſt Barmecide: and being ignorant of the real name of that great man, and conſidering him only as the obſcure Giaffar; they replied with diſdain and anger. Barmecide retorted with all his natural ſpirit; but Gerold put an end to this diſpute by obſerving, that if liberty of opinion were not allowed, it was uſeleſs to ſummon a council. "In this reſpect," ſaid he, "I may be permitted to offer myſelf as an example; two of the deareſt friends I have in this aſſembly are the duke of Spoletto and Giaffar; both of them differ with me in opinion, and I am not incenſed againſt them. They have ſpoken conſcientiouſly, and have done their duty: ours is now to weigh their reaſons, and duly to reflect upon them. I therefore propoſe, that nothing be decided upon with precipitation; that the ducheſs be informed, that we ſhall maturely examine her propoſals before we make reply; and that we deſire that the truce, which expires the day after to-morrow, ſhould be prolonged another month. During this time, new ideas and new negotiations may bring about a pacification, and eſpecially as in that interval the prince of Greece will certainly arrive at our camp, and that new reinforcement will facilitate a treaty of peace." This propoſal was combated by Hartrad and the duke of Friuli;

 but

but every other member of the council adopted it, and it was carried by a plurality of voices. The council immediately named two deputies, commiſſioned to carry their deciſion to the princeſs. Beatrice choſe to receive the deputies in the preſence of all the knights who defended her cauſe; ſhe accepted their propoſals, and conſented to the prolongation of the truce.

An hour after the departure of the deputies, the arrival of Barmecide was announced; as the princeſs had made a rule never to grant a private audience to the warriors from the enemy's camp, Barmecide could only ſee her in the midſt of her court. Being admitted into her preſence, he informed her, that the count of Bavaria, having heard that one of her ladies was a native of his dominions, was deſirous of making ſome inquiries concerning her. "Seignior," replied Beatrice, "it is proper that Delia herſelf ſhould gratify the curioſity of her ſovereign in that reſpect: you ſhall ſee her; you ſhall inſtantly be conducted to her apartment; but as intrigue has never found its way into this caſtle, all myſtery is baniſhed; all our proceedings are public, becauſe our intentions are all upright and pure; I am in the midſt of my friends and defenders, and unlimited confidence is the leaſt proof of gratitude which I can give them. My friendſhip for Delia, and your attachment to the count of Bavaria, may bring ſuſpicion upon a ſecret interview. To avoid therefore all falſe interpretations, you will permit, ſeignior, that the knights who are here preſent may be witneſs to this interview, and I requeſt them to accompany you." At theſe words Barmecide bowed low, and withdrew. The Knights of the Swan,

Lancelot,

Lancelot, Roger, young Guichard, and ſome others, attended them to Delia's apartment. When Barmecide was gone out of the ſaloon, he turned towards Oliver, and taking him by the arm, "There," ſaid he, "is a princeſs of twenty years old, whoſe policy is worthy the imitation of all the ſovereigns of the earth;—we ſhould then ſee no more revolutions." "Yes," replied Oliver, "*goodneſs, equity, uprightneſs,* ſuch is the ſecret of the great art of government, and Beatrice poſſeſſes theſe qualities." "I am fearful," returned Barmecide, "leſt this ſecret, which is ſo ſimple and excellent, ſhould be loſt with her; at leaſt for a long while." While he was thus ſpeaking, they found themſelves at Delia's door, and Barmecide entered with the other knights. Delia was alone, and employed in reading; ſhe was much ſurpriſed at ſeeing ſo numerous a company: Barmecide approached, and informed her, that the count of Bavaria was deſirous of knowing in what part of his dominions ſhe was born. "That prince," added Barmecide, "has been highly flattered on hearing of the intereſt you take in his ſituation. He laments on reflecting that misfortunes, or perhaps injuſtice, to which he is a ſtranger, have probably driven you from your native country; he makes you a tender of his friendſhip, madam, and of his protection and influence in favour of your relations, ſhould you have any in his dominions." During this diſcourſe the meek and timid Delia changed countenance ſeveral times, and nearly fainted away.—She replied, with a low and tremulous voice, that ſhe did not, neither ought ſhe to complain; that ſhe was an orphan; that the goodneſs of the princeſs rendered her

ſituation as happy as it could be made ; and ſhe added, on caſting down her eyes, that ſhe ſhould ever offer up the moſt ardent vows to heaven for the happineſs of her ſovereign. "Well, madam," returned Barmecide, "your ſovereign is entitled to preſent you with a ſlight acknowledgement of his gratitude, ſince he is deprived of the pleaſure of affording an aſylum to a perſon of your worth, at leaſt you will not refuſe theſe pledges of his eſteem and friendſhip, which he has commiſſioned me to offer you." Then Barmecide, cauſing his ſquires to come forward, took from them an open baſket, adorned with green ribbands, and filled with trinkets and jewels, and placed it on the table before her. Delia coloured, and heaved a deep ſigh. "Theſe ſplendid ornaments," ſaid ſhe, "would ill become me; but, ſeignior, I ſhall receive with reſpect and thankfulneſs this green ribband; it is the colour of the count of Bavaria, and is the only one of his gifts I can accept." On ſaying this Delia took off a broad ribband from the baſket, and tied it round her waiſt. Barmecide in vain endeavoured to prevail upon her to retract her refuſal. Delia perſiſted in it with firmneſs; Barmecide took back the gifts, and obſerved as he went out, that the favourite was, in her way, in every reſpect, as extraordinary a character as the princeſs.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MYSTERIOUS DWELLING.

—— Non e prudenza
Ma follia de' mortali
L'arte crudel di presagirsi i mali.
Sempre e maggior del vero
L'idea d'una sventura,
Al credulo pensiero,
Dipinta dal timor.
Chi stolto il mal figura,
Affretta il proprio affanno;
Ed assicura un danno;
Quando e dubbioso ancor.

METASTASIO.

Un noir dessein se forme à l'ombre du mystère.

PRADON.

ISAMBARD still recollecting with great concern the story of the unhappy Azoline, which Ordalia had related, was now convinced that Roger was, in fact, the lover of that unfortunate lady; he often observed him colour and tremble, when he had purposely mentioned the name of Rotbold in his presence. Thus persuaded, he proposed a walk into the forest with him; and when they were out of the castle, he observed he had wished to speak to him in private, in order to justify the memory of an innocent person, whom he doubtlessly considered as culpable. This preface, which announced the death of Azoline, made Roger start! he beseeched Isambard to explain himself, and the

Knight of the Swan related the ſad adventure of that lady. Roger, who during this narrative was alternately afflicted with ſorrow, and tranſported with rage, ſhed a flood of tears, and engaged himſelf, under the moſt terrible oaths, to avenge the death of the unhappy Azoline, by immolating her barbarous oppreſſor, and the infamous Tryphon, his accomplice.—"Alas!" cried Roger, "the crime of theſe monſters have rendered me guilty myſelf. I have calumniated virtue; I accuſed the innocent Azoline; contempt and indignation had cured me of hopeleſs love; while ſhe was dying in uttering my name, I was complaining of her infidelity and perfidy; nor did I know my fatal errour till it was no longer in my power to make expiation!" Iſambard, deeply affected at Roger's deſpair, ſhared his affliction, and felt, that of all the movements of the ſoul pity is the ſtrongeſt and prompteſt inducement to friendſhip. He promiſed to ſee him every day in private, to hear his complaints, and ſoothe his regret. Roger knew how to value ſuch a friend, and his acquiſition afforded him the greateſt conſolation he was capable of receiving. As they were walking along the ſkirts of the foreſt, Iſambard obſerved a ſmall houſe at a diſtance, at the foot of a hill, ſtanding entirely by itſelf; he had been for an hour paſt extremely thirſty, and was deſirous of ſtopping a moment at this houſe in order to drink. The knights repaired thither, and finding the door half opened, they entered the houſe. After paſſing through a kind of veſtibule, they came into a room which was decently furniſhed; a little maid ſervant thirteen or fourteen years old was ſitting alone before a large furnace,

nace, upon which was placed a ſtill. Above the furnace was a ſhelf full of bottles, of various coloured liquors. "This," ſaid Iſambard, "muſt be the dwelling of ſome chemiſt; but truly he has made choice of a very retired and wild ſituation. "Is your maſter at home?" demanded Roger; "I have no maſter," anſwered ſhe, "the perſon on whom I wait is a woman." "It is ſingular," ſaid Iſambard, "and will not your miſtreſs then ſee any body?" "O, yes, people come after her, but not ſo often as formerly; we have ſeen hardly anybody for a fortnight paſt, but the little page?"—"What page?"—"The pretty little page from the caſtle; I don't know his name. They who come here ſcarce ever mention who they are." "But," interrupted Roger, "tell us, I beg of you, the name of your miſtreſs."—"Marcelina," ſaid the girl.—"Ah! let us go hence," cried Roger inſtantly, "you muſt not quench your thirſt in this houſe; let us begone." On ſaying this, he took Iſambard by the arm and led him out, without waiting his reply. When they got into the foreſt, Iſambard queſtioned Roger upon what had juſt paſſed. "This Marcelina," anſwered he, "is an old woman, who is thought by the people of the country to be a ſorcereſs; and, according to all appearances, ſhe deals in poiſons. She pretends to practice chemiſtry, to foretel events, to prepare charms and philters; it is ſaid ſhe conjures up departed ſouls, and forces the dead from their tombs; but it ſeems evident enough, that ſhe has a fatal power over the living, for it is known, that two perſons have lately periſhed by drinking her potions. The princeſs, who is averſe to the very appearance of deſ-

potiſm, does not baniſh her from the country; but the old woman has been indicted upon ſeveral accuſations, and proſecution is going forward againſt her: but this will be a tedious affair, becauſe the humanity of the laws allows the accuſed perſon very extenſive meaſures of defence in matters of a criminal nature." Iſambard, on reflecting upon this adventure, imagined the pretty little page, of whom the ſervant had ſpoken, might be Armoſlede; and the idea of her ſecret propenſity to theſe vile ſuperſtitions increaſed the contempt he already conceived for her.

On going out of the foreſt, the knights entered an extenſive plain. Iſambard obſerved with ſurpriſe a large and open tent, which the workmen had juſt been erecting, and inquiring of Roger if he knew for what it was intended; "All I am acquainted with," replied the knight, "is, that the princeſs is to appear there to-morrow; that all her troops, and the inhabitants of the canton, are invited to attend her. The ducheſs has informed us, that ſhe will not declare her intentions but in preſence of all the people aſſembled together. We ſuppoſe ſhe means to make a ſpeech relative to the perſecution ſhe ſuffers." This explanation deeply intereſted Iſambard, and he waited for the morrow with extreme impatience.

CHAPTER XXI.

A VIRTUOUS AND ENLIGHTENED PRINCESS.

Toute puiſſance vient de Dieu, et tout ce qui vient de Dieu, n'eſt étable que pour l'utilité des hommes ; les grands ſeroient inutiles ſur la terre, s'il ne s'y trouvoit des pauvres et des malheureux. Ils ne doivent leur élévation qu'aux beſoins publics ; et loin que les peuples ſoient faits pour eux, ils ne ſont eux-mêmes tout ce qu'ils ſont, que pour les peuples.

MASSILLON.

La prevention du peuple en faveur des grands eſt ſi aveugle, que s'ils s'aviſoient d'être bons, cela iroit à l'idolatrie.

LA BRUYERE.

THE next morning, at ten o'clock, the ducheſs of Cleves gave notice to all the knights, that ſhe was going to the plain: it was in the month of November; but the air was as ſoft and ſerene as on one of the fineſt days of autumn; the princeſs was dreſſed with remarkable elegance and ſimplicity, and her perſon never before appeared to ſuch advantage. Attended by all the knights and ladies of the court, ſhe arrived at the appointed place. The whole plain was covered with people, who for two hours had been waiting for the appearance of their ſovereign; the moment they ſaw her, the ſky reſounded with ſhouts of joy, acclamation, and applauſe. Beatrice requeſted the ſplendid train which accompanied her, to ſtop for a moment; when, leaving the circle which ſurrounded her, ſhe advanced alone upon the plain, and mixed in the crowd that idolized her. Every one preſſed forward

to look at her, but at the ſame time was fearful of thronging her; at length they made an opening, and ſhe paſſed through the multitude to the tent, but with a ſlow pace, and frequently ſtopping to ſpeak with thoſe who were near her, and beholding them all with looks expreſſive of tenderneſs and gratitude. When ſhe approached the tent, the crowd ſtood ſtill. Beatrice, turning towards them, obſerved, that the fineneſs of the day rendering the tent uſeleſs, ſhe was averſe to go into it, but that having occaſion to harangue them, ſhe rather wiſhed to have the ſtage removed from it into the open air, in order to be heard by all preſent. This was inſtantly done; and the knights being now arrived, all, without diſtinction of rank, ranged themſelves around the princeſs. Theudon, however, with Iſambard and the youngeſt of the ſons of Aimon, found means to place themſelves very near her. Oliver, who was at a greater diſtance, could not ſee her; but Beatrice had him called, obſerving to Iſambard, that ſhe wiſhed him not to be ſeparated from his friend. Oliver came forwards, and placed himſelf beſide Iſambard. Deep ſilence prevailed, and the princeſs expreſſed herſelf in the following terms: "I have been two years ſovereign of this country; and I may venture to flatter myſelf, that I have added to its proſperity and happineſs; but of this I do not vainly boaſt. Young, and without experience, I could only claim the merit of blameleſs ſentiments and upright intentions. I wanted knowledge, but I was ſenſible of my deficiency; I ſought after wiſe counſels, and weighed them with a degree of reaſon, which nothing has yet been able to corrupt. My

My love for the public welfare has ſtood me in the ſtead of talents; and in that tender and ſublime ſentiment conſiſt the wiſdom and genius of ſovereigns. To my reſpectable preceptor, to the ſage Theobald, am I indebted for my principles, and my notions of real glory; and to him you owe the inſtitutions and new laws which ſecure your liberty, and conſequently your happineſs. From him I learned, in my infancy, that unjuſt prerogatives are leſs degrading to thoſe who grant them, than diſhonourable to ſuch as retain them. He has taught me, that it is a noble taſk to govern a people who think, and who are ſenſible of their rights; for ſuch only can judge of the conduct of their chief; ſuch only can eſtimate virtue, and diſpenſe glory, by their approbation and love; while the praiſes and obedience of ſlaves evince only their own baſeneſs and fears. He taught me, too, that one of the moſt important duties of a ſovereign is to avoid war, and to ſubmit to the greateſt ſacrifices for the preſervation of peace. Judge then of the ſorrow I now feel on account of the powerful league which is formed againſt me. The confederate princes inſiſt, that I ſhould make choice of a huſband among them; but the injuſtice and violence of their conduct ſufficiently ſhow, that were I to yield to their requiſition, I ſhould give you a tyrant to reign over you; and that ſole conſideration is enough to induce me to perſiſt in my refuſal. Finding, therefore, that war is inevitable, I have been reflecting upon the evils it will bring upon you, and not being able to ſupport that dreadful proſpect, I have taken, for ſome time paſt, the reſolution I am now going to make known to you. Ambition, and the de-

ſire of reigning over this fine country, have chiefly in-ſtigated the princes to appear in arms againſt me; if Beatrice did not poſſeſs the duchy of Cleves, there would be no conteſt to obtain her hand. My rank I only value as far as it is conducive to your welfare; and happy ſhould I be to renounce it, to ſecure the public tranquillity."——Here a thouſand confuſed and mournful cries interrupted Beatrice. "*No, no,*" exclaimed the crowd from every quarter, "*we will live, and, if it be neceſſary, die for Beatrice!*"——Theſe acclamations were accompanied by moans and ſobs; and the troops of the princeſs, who had mingled with the crowd by her orders unarmed like the reſt of the people, lifted up their helmets, and cried out, "*We will deliver you from your perſecutors; we promiſe you victory; we ſwear to keep our words.*"——All the people repeated the vow, and exclaimed, "*And we alſo will fight; we will all of us take arms.*" This univerſal enthuſiaſm touched the hearts of the knights, who were ſpectators of this moving ſpectacle, and they united their voices to the acclamations of the people and ſoldiers. The tender-hearted Iſambard could not reſtrain his tears: Oliver had hitherto, according to cuſtom, refrained from looking at the princeſs, but being deeply affected at her ſpeech, and, above all, at the ſound of her voice, he turned his face towards her, and burſt into tears. In her he wiſhed to contemplate the ſplendid triumph of goodneſs and virtue. How graceful does glory appear, when attended by youth and beauty!——This was the firſt time that Oliver ventured to gaze on that enchanting face, which recalled to his mind ſo dear and ſo mournful a remembrance.

brance. Admiration held in ſuſpenſe every other ſentiment; but meeting a look from her, he ſtarted!—he thought he beheld Celanira!——This look had the ſame expreſſion.——The wretched Oliver, bewildered and diſmayed, cried, "O heavens! what new kind of puniſhment!"—and he caſt down his eyes all ſtreaming with tears. Fortunately the tumult was too great, and the agitation too univerſal, to allow his diſtreſs to be particularly obſerved. At length Beatrice making a ſign that ſhe wiſhed to ſpeak, ſilence again prevailed. After having expreſſed her gratitude, and how deeply ſhe was affected, ſhe begged to be heard to the end of her ſpeech without any interruption, and ſhe thus went on: "It was not my intention to declare any fixed or haſty reſolution; I was only deſirous of making a propoſal, and offering you my advice. You are free, and I am not: Providence, in having placed me in the rank I fill, has conſigned me an employment which I cannot quit without your concurrence; an employment, of which you would have the right to deprive me, if I became unjuſt or tyrannical. Thus am I yours; to you are my days devoted, and you alone can diſpoſe of me; but before you reject the meaſures I recommend, let me intreat you to give them your moſt ſerious conſideration; I have taken due precautions: having no heir, I have thought it would be advantageous to you to paſs under the dominion of the moſt powerful and moſt virtuous monarch in Europe. I have ſounded Charlemagne upon the occaſion; and if you will accept my abdication, that great prince will become your ſovereign; or if you rather prefer a republican government, he will be your

your protector and ally; the choice will belong to yourselves: for my own part, I believe, with the sage Theobald, that a perfect government cannot exist, because it is impossible to fix the inclinations of men, or to limit their desires, and because there must be chiefs; and the ambition of those chiefs will always overturn the most sublime institutions, or render them of no avail. But if it be true, that peace and tranquillity are the best of blessings, monarchical government, founded upon laws, would perhaps prove the best of all, were the subjects and the sovereigns once convinced of this grand truth, *that the people have always the right and the power to depose tyrants* (38). However, do not imagine that personal alarms, or any selfish motive, have induced me to renounce the noble occupation of governing you; my glory is to render you happy, and I desire your welfare with an earnestness that will insure the success of my endeavours. Your love, your courage, and the valour and talents of these generous knights who are come to my succour, are certain pledges of victory; but what tears will that triumph cost me! Will it console me for the lives that must be lost?—Ah! suffer me to give up a pre-eminence which exposes you to such dangers; I shall not abandon a country which is so dear to me; I will continue to live among you in willing obscurity; and when I see you peaceable and happy, I shall have made no sacrifice; I shall have given up nothing."—Here the duchess, much affected, left off speaking, and put both her hands up to her face.—"*May Beatrice be always our sovereign,*" cried the people with transport. This general acclamation was a thousand times repeated

peated with the livelieſt enthuſiaſm, and the applauſes were redoubled. The people then intreated the princeſs to promiſe them to wave her intentions. Beatrice lifted up her hands, and made the vows they required; then did their expreſſions of joy and gratitude and love riſe to a pitch of intoxication and idolatry. After this, the people cut down large branches of trees, of which they formed a litter, and prevailing on the princeſs to ſeat herſelf thereon, they bore her in triumph to her palace in the midſt of the acclamations and ſhouts of the multitude. In public admiration there is a kind of infection, from which it is almoſt impoſſible to preſerve ourſelves, at leaſt for the moment, even when it is uſurped; but when reaſon approves, and envy cannot attack it, there ariſes from it a ſenſation perhaps of the ſtrongeſt nature the human heart is capable of experiencing. Whatever might be the degree of admiration, when we admire alone, the mind can remain compoſed; but public and univerſal plaudits, the charm and ſplendour of glory, exalt admiration and enthuſiaſm to a ſupreme degree.——All the knights, thoſe even who were not in love with the ducheſs, were ſeized with this irreſiſtible emotion; and when they were returned to the palace, Lancelot, who was in a corner of the ſaloon by the ſide of Oliver, ſpoke to him, in raptures, of the ſcene which had juſt paſſed before their eyes. "I muſt confeſs to you," ſaid he, "that had I been obliged to declare the kind of ſenſation the ducheſs then inſpired me with, I ſhould have anſwered very naturally, and with great truth, that I *adored* her; and yet I love another, and paſſionately too. My mind, however, being now compoſed,

I feel

I feel nothing farther for Beatrice than admiration and the tendereſt attachment; but the faſcinating glory with which I ſaw her ſurrounded, I muſt confeſs, contributes to render her ſtill more intereſting in my eſtimation. Before this day, I was ſufficiently convinced of her merit; yet we feel the value of virtue with greater force, after having enjoyed the happineſs of ſeeing it crowned. At theſe words Oliver ſighed, and, after a moment's ſilence, "Yes," ſaid he, "the ſpectacle, to which we have been witneſs, cannot but leave a deep impreſſion upon our minds." On ſaying this, he aroſe in an abſent manner, drew nearer to the ducheſs, an inſtant afterwards changed his place, and at length went out of the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

A QUEEN WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING, AND ILL-ADVISED.

L'Anglois indépendant et libre autant que brave,
Des caprices de cour ne fut jamais esclave,
Nous ne l'avons point vu régler, jusqu'à ce jour,
Sur la faveur des rois, sa haine ou son amour.
Contre un tel préjugé, son ame est aguerrie,
Souvent contre le trône il défend la patrie.

Warwick. Tragédie de MR. DE LA HARPE.

THIS day, which was so glorious for the duchess of Cleves, increased both the love and admiration of Isambard. He observed, with secret delight, that the princess treated his two rivals, Theudon, and the bashful Guichard, with studied and distant politeness, while her behaviour to the other knights, and particularly to himself, was less reserved, and full of courtesy. Already he began to discover, that he had incurred the hatred of the king of Pannonia; he attributed his sudden aversion to jealousy; and, by degrees, his heart prompted him to encourage the most endearing hope. Beatrice was seated between Amalberga and Delia; Isambard, Lancelot, Angilbert, Archambald, and some other knights, formed a half-circle, just opposite those three persons. Angilbert had just been reading a copy of verses, which he had composed for Beatrice; but, all on a sudden, the

princess,

princeſs, falling into a deep reverie, took no farther part in the converſation. In a few minutes, however, ſhe reſumed her diſcourſe, and, changing the topic, ſpoke of the court of France, and aſked Iſambard many queſtions on that ſubject. She then enquired of him, if he really obſerved that ſtriking reſemblance between her and the unhappy daughter of Witikind, which the French knights, and Oger the Dane, reported. This queſtion, though very natural, ſurpriſed Iſambard, and gave him an uneaſineſs, for which he was at a loſs to account; he replied, that the likeneſs was indeed extraordinary. Upon this, Beatrice aſked a multitude of queſtions reſpecting Celanira; and, entering into the minuteſt particulars concerning her, ſhe was deſirous of knowing in what manner ſhe was dreſſed on her firſt appearance at court; ſhe was told, that the princeſs for ſome time wore the dreſs of her country; and the ducheſs requeſted an exact deſcription of the Saxon garb; at this moment, Oliver entered the room; and Beatrice immediately began to talk on another ſubject. Oliver, according to his cuſtom, placed himſelf in a remote corner of the ſaloon; he rarely came near the ducheſs, and never addreſſed his converſation to her. She, on her part, ſpoke but little to him, and ſeemed to lament and reſpect his deep melancholy. The French knights had queſtioned Iſambard upon the grief of his friend. Iſambard aſcribed it to his rupture with Armoſlede; he had even ſpoken of it to Oger the Dane, and cenſured his attachment to ſo contemptible an object; but Oger, quite deluded, and more in love than ever, being at length perſuaded beyond all doubt, that his Aminta was Armoſlede, conſidered that all her

crime

crime was having ſacrificed Oliver to him; and he eaſily overlooked an errour which was ſo flattering to himſelf. This idea gave him no ſmall embarraſſment reſpecting Oliver; and the latter, knowing him to be enamoured with Armoſiede, conceived a ſort of diſlike to him, and carefully avoided his preſence—a circumſtance which ſerved to confirm Oger in his miſtake.

The converſation became general in the ſaloon, Oliver alone, of all the company, being retired to the farther end of the room, where he ſat indulging his ſorrow, taking no part in it; when the ſound of a horn announced the arrival of a new knight; and in a few minutes after appeared the valiant Aſtolphus, the renowned Engliſh Paladin (39), with whoſe reputation all our knights had been long acquainted, and whom Oliver had frequently met in his travels. After the firſt compliments were over, the company aſked the Engliſh knight many queſtions reſpecting the preſent ſituation of his country. Beatrice was deſirous of knowing the particulars of the revolution which had placed Egbert upon the throne, in oppoſition to the rights and the powerful party of queen Eadburga; and Aſtolphus thus gratified the princeſs's curioſity.

"The pretenſions of queen Eadburga, were in fact much better founded than thoſe of Egbert; but the throne is a poſſeſſion, the inheritance of which can only be ſecured by the love of the people. The beginning of Eadburga's reign ſeemed to promiſe much felicity; her tender youth, an agreeable perſon, and engaging manners, at firſt captivated every heart. Her mind was endowed with ſenſibility; her early ambition was to form an agreeable and confidential

ſociety

ſociety about her perſon, and to acquire true friends—But unhappily ſhe was deficient both in ſenſe and experience; ſhe made a bad choice; and a diſpoſition, of all others the moſt adapted to extend information and improve reaſon, ſerved, in this caſe, only to lead her aſtray, and corrupt her. She loved at firſt with an engaging ſincerity; and ſhe was leſs proud of her rank, than of the glory of having ſecured the attachment of friends whom ſhe conſidered faithful. Full of courteſy and delicate attention, ſhe placed all her happineſs in preventing their deſires, and loading them with favours. But ſo much generoſity produced only ingratitude, and could never ſatisfy the inſatiate ambition of her favourites. They were in general too unprincipled to promote the glory of the queen; and the levity of their own conduct made them even deſirous that ſhe ſhould ſhow herſelf above, what they called, prejudice. It was indeed no difficult taſk to corrupt a young, a lively, and tender-hearted princeſs, of inferiour underſtanding, and whoſe confidence they entirely poſſeſſed. They were able to induce her, on the moſt frivolous motives of pleaſure or vanity, to break through the ſevere rules of etiquette, which ſovereigns ought not to diſpenſe with in public, but occaſionally, in order to gain popularity. But the queen, without ſhowing any unuſual degree of goodneſs or affability towards the people, continued daily to act in a raſh and inconſiderate manner; and ſhe inſenſibly loſt all dignity of character and perſonal conſideration. The favourites were not loved by the nation; and they taught the queen to hold the people in diſdain. She manifeſted her ſentiments; ſhe was ſoon univerſally diſliked, and received

received convincing proofs of her subjects aversion.—Then, instead of endeavouring to recover the good-will of the nation, she gave herself up entirely to the most violent resentment; and, thinking that a little circle of flatterers sufficed for her glory, she ventured to brave the public opinion; she had no longer any regard to her conduct, or put any restraint upon her passions. She professed such contempt for decorum, that her court even, the most corrupt in all Europe, was scandalized at it *. The favourites made some slight remonstrances; but this served only to lessen them in her estimation. This unhappy princess, who had so long been led astray by flattery and dissipation, was no longer capable of listening to the voice of reason. At length, running on head long to ruin, her conduct became so scandalous, that her effrontery seemed opprobrious in the eyes of the most contemptible and depraved. The favourites all kept their places, but protested they had lost all influence upon her mind; that they were no longer consulted by her; and, as a proof of this, they openly censured her proceedings, and strove which should most loudly reprobate her character and moral conduct. The queen, now convinced of the insincerity of her friends, sought for consolation in new follies. Discouraged, and

* We must suppose that Astolphus here speaks in general terms, and that he allows of exceptions. And I must add, that my historical inquiries have furnished me with proof, that in this frivolous and licentious court there were many enlightened and virtuous characters, and that such were even to be found among those who successively shared the favour of the queen. But people of that description were not listened to.

totally

totally corrupted, her mind no longer gave reception to ſoft and tender ſentiments, but abandoned itſelf, without reſtraint, to hatred and vengeance; and her ruin was now complete. About this period, the revolution began; every one knows the hiſtory of it; and I ſhall only touch upon ſuch particulars as relate to the queen. The people were deſirous of ſeeing a reform of abuſes; the ambition and avidity of the courtiers counteracted meaſures which would lead to the ſacrifice of their own intereſts. The queen, accuſtomed to deſpiſe the people, was blind to the danger which threatened her. She ſhowed the greateſt unconcern; and the multitude aſcribed to courage, what only aroſe from ignorance. In the mean while, the people, who had riſen in arms, obtained a victory; and prince Egbert was on the point of mounting the throne, when Eadburga, yielding to neceſſity, at laſt promiſed to ſubſcribe to the ſtipulated conditions; the indulgent nation forgot her errours, replaced the crown upon her head, and prince Egbert was forced to ſeek an aſylum at the court of Charlemagne. The nation, in having reſtored Eadburga to her former condition, had acted with equal generoſity and ſincerity; but the courtiers, who hated the revolution, flattered themſelves, that the queen might yet ſecure the ſucceſs of their wild projects. With this view, they endeavoured to foment her reſentment for the injuries ſhe had received; they perſuaded her, ſhe had ſtill a powerful party; that all Europe had their eyes upon her, and that ſhe would acquire immortal glory, could ſhe attain to the recovery of thoſe rights which ſhe had ſolemnly abjured. They continually repeated, that they

they expected every thing from her firmneſs and courage; and the queen, infatuated with this flattery, and paſſionately deſirous of vengeance, adopted all the extravagant meaſures which were propoſed to her.—Then the courtiers applauded, in the higheſt terms of panegyric, her underſtanding, her greatneſs of ſoul; and the unhappy princeſs, while ſhe was acting the moſt imprudent and cowardly part, conſidered herſelf a heroine. What, indeed, could be more imprudent, than to ſurround herſelf with a crowd of people whoſe averſion to the revolution was notorious? and what could be leſs courageous, than to repeat, in all her public ſpeeches, the aſſurance of her ſincerity, and of her attachment to the new laws? The more ſo, as nothing obliged her to make theſe public harangues, and that ſhe had recourſe to them, without their being either ſolicited or deſired. This duplicity, together with her indiſcretion, and the imprudence of her pretended friends, revived the hatred and contempt of the nation. Her ſecret intrigues were diſcovered; and many were imputed to her which probably never exiſted; but the people, being convinced that the queen was implacable and inſincere, at laſt decided irrevocably in favour of Egbert. That prince was recalled, and received with tranſport; his reputation for gentleneſs, integrity, and goodneſs, gave encouragement to thoſe even who had ſhown themſelves the moſt averſe to his cauſe. His firſt ſtep was publicly to take a ſolemn oath to forget for ever all perſonal injuries; and indeed his noble and open conduct removed every uneaſineſs in that regard. In the mean while, the people, exaſperated againſt the queen, would have pro-

proceeded to violent meaſures, had not her ſucceſſour been determined to ſave her from their fury. He charged me to eſcort her out of the kingdom, together with all her treaſures; he himſelf traced out the road we ſhould take, and told me, that, as ſoon as we had croſſed the ſea, I was to conduct her to whatever place ſhe ſhould chooſe for her reſidence on the continent.— As I took an occaſion to praiſe the generoſity of the king towards Eadburga, who had been accuſed of conſpiring ſeveral times againſt his life: 'Humanity alone,' replied Egbert, 'would preſcribe ſuch conduct; but even ſound policy requires it. Misfortune corrects none but ſuperiour minds; it confirms the degradation of baſe ones. I know the queen; I am certain, that, wherever her aſylum may be, her conduct will juſtify, in the eyes of all Europe, the meaſures of the Engliſh nation. Let her live, and the partiſans who are ſtill attached to her cauſe will ſoon be forced to deſpiſe her: whereas, were ſhe to fall the victim of popular fury, the recollection of her whole life would be loſt in that of her tragical end; compaſſion would ſucceed to the hatred ſhe now inſpires; ſhe would leave behind her an intereſting memory; and the enemies of the revolution would make her a heroine.' I acquieſced in the juſtice of theſe reflections; and I admired that happy union of policy and virtue in Egbert's conduct, which, indeed, is only to be found in great minds, and ſuperiour underſtandings. According to the king's order, I accompanied Eadburga in her flight, and croſſed the ſea with her. The princeſs was deſirous of reſiding at that famous court, in which the prince who had juſt driven her from her country had himſelf formerly

 found

found an afylum. The reputation of Charlemagne had induced her to make this choice. The emperor confidered Eadburga only as an unfortunate queen, to whom he owed fupport; and he thought, with great juftice, that Egbert himfelf would be gratified to hear, that, under fuch circumftances, he had given reception to his rival and his enemy. I left Eadburga at Aix-la-Chapelle (40); and, having heard of the unjuft enterprife of the confederated princes againft the duchefs of Cleves, I am come to offer her my arm and my fervices."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONFIDENCES.

Le cœur a des ſecrets que l'eſprit ne ſait pas.

LA CHAUSÉE.

THE narration of Aſtolphus, the paladin, gave occaſion to a general converſation, which laſted till ſupper-time. Aſtolphus placed himſelf at table by the ſide of Oliver, and requeſted him to be favoured with a private interview. The next day, Oliver retired to his chamber at noon, and the Engliſh knight told him, in confidence, that the principal motive of his journey was to ſolicit the hand of Beatrice for the king of England. "That prince," added he, "during his exile, paſſed through this country. Being quite unknown, and loſt in the crowd, he only ſaw the ducheſs a ſingle time at a public feſtival. She was then but fifteen years old; her father was ſtill living; but ſhe made an indelible impreſſion upon the heart of Egbert; and he now lays at her feet the throne he has gained by his valour and his virtues." After mentioning theſe particulars, Aſtolphus added, that he wiſhed to obtain a private audience with Beatrice, to deliver his miſſion. Oliver replied, that the princeſs never granted any upon political affairs ſince the perſecutions ſhe had ſuffered; that, having the different humours and pretenſions of her defenders to manage, ſhe carefully ſhunned every thing which might inſpire them with ſuſpicion, or give them umbrage;

brage; and that every kind of negotiation was transacted in public. This information greatly embarrassed Astolphus, who, knowing the aversion Beatrice had to marriage, was unwilling to receive a public refusal.— After some reflection, he intreated Oliver to sound her inclinations, and to praise the personal qualities of Egbert, whom he had known. "Every thing I could urge in that respect," continued he, "would appear suspicious on my part, but could not be be so on yours." Oliver positively refused to be the bearer of this commission; and, at the repeated instance of Astolphus, he at length proposed to speak to Isambard on the subject, who, as well as himself, was acquainted with the king of England: and to this measure Astolphus consented. Oliver was led by two motives to make this refusal; the embarrassment of a tête-à-tête with Beatrice, and the scruple of making her a proposal, the success of which would afflict Isambard; the latter, it is true, had of late left off speaking to him of his passion for Beatrice. Oliver easily discerned, that the striking likeness of that princess to Celanira checked all his confidence on that point, and created an embarrassment which his reason could not overcome. But, persuaded that he adored the princess, and fancying he had perceived she had an inclination for him, he thought it his duty to inform him of this new event; and he immediately repaired to him to relate it. Isambard listened with much emotion; and, after having thanked him, said: "Well, my dear friend, if there exist a man on earth worthy of Beatrice, it is doubtlessly this prince; and the proposal must be communicated to her, as Astolphus desires." "Then," returned Oliver,

 "thou

"thou wilt charge thyſelf with it."--"No," replied Iſambard, "I muſt confeſs, I ſhould do it with an ill grace, and betray my own feelings. But I intreat thee to requeſt this private interview, and to urge, in favour of Egbert, all that truth and juſtice can prompt, and afterwards to give me an exact, and even minute account of every thing ſhe ſaid upon this occaſion."

When the company ſat down to dinner, Oliver approached the ducheſs, and was ſo near to her, that ſhe aſked him, for the firſt time, to ſit down by her. Oliver ſpoke but little, ſcarcely partook of the repaſt, and, during the whole meal, had not ſufficient reſolution to venture to make the requeſt he had intended. Every time he determined upon it, he felt a violent fluttering at his heart, and his words expired upon his lips. At laſt, at the inſtant of leaving the table, Beatrice turning towards him, he caſt down his eyes and bluſhed and then ſtammered out, "Madam, may I venture to intreat you to grant me a moment's audience to-day?" Beatrice made a movement of ſurpriſe, but immediately replied, "Yes, this evening, at ſix, in my cloſet."

The company returned to the ſaloon. Beatrice appeared thoughtful, and quite loſt in reflection.—Oliver retired to Iſambard's chamber, to wait the appointed hour of rendezvous. Iſambard, regaining his former confidence in Oliver, laid open his heart before him, and declared all his amorous diſquietudes; but he ſtill perſiſted in his generoſity, and ſtrongly recommended to his friend, to ſpeak of the king of England after his own conſcience, and with perfect regard to truth. Some minutes before ſix, Oliver repaired to the princeſs's apartment. As he went through the ſuite of

rooms

rooms which led to her cabinet; a recollection, at the ſame time delicious yet full of bitterneſs, was revived in his imagination; the hour, the diſpoſition of the rooms, their furniture, the agitation of his mind, all recalled his firſt private interview with Celanira, in the palace of Charlemagne, when Emma ſent him into her cloſet, where Celanira expected him. The idea that the perſonal reſemblance, and the like ſound of voice of Beatrice, was about to increaſe the illuſion, completed his diſtreſs. At length, he arrived at the door of the cabinet—it was half opened—he ſtopped ſhort—At this moment, a voice, which reached to the bottom of his ſoul, gently called to him, and bade him come in. It was the firſt time the princeſs, in ſpeaking to him, called him by his name; and the manner in which ſhe pronounced theſe two words, "*Come, Oliver,*" had ſomething ſo touching in it, that his eyes overflowed with tears.——Oliver, notwithſtanding the infirm ſtate of his health, and his exceſſive paleneſs, was ſtill remarkable for the graces of his perſon. His eyes, full of fire and ſentiment, expreſſed all he felt within him; and, in his manner, his geſture, and the tone of his voice, there was a native gracefulneſs, which inſpired intereſt, and captivated the attention. Beatrice, on perceiving him, aroſe from her ſeat; and, caſting her eyes upon him, ſhe was ſo ſtruck at the expreſſion of his countenance, that ſhe remained ſeveral minutes without ſitting down. At laſt, ſhe reſumed her ſeat, and pointing to a chair which was beſide her, Oliver ſat down, but did not utter a word. The ducheſs was placed in ſuch a light as obſcured part of her countenance, and diſguiſed the colour of her hair and eyes; the form of her face was

ſufficiently viſible, and ſhe was dreſſed in white.—— Oliver recollected, that this was Celanira's uſual dreſs; and never before did the reſemblance appear to him ſo exact. His embarraſſment and emotion were equally diſtreſſing. What would the ducheſs think of his ſilence and his looks? Yet he was unable to ſpeak; an inſurmountable oppreſſion of mind deprived him of all power of utterance; and, beſides, he could not well recollect what he had to impart: the conſtraint he was under, and his perplexity, are not to be deſcribed. After ſome minutes paſſed in this manner, Beatrice broke ſilence: "Well, Oliver," ſaid ſhe, "what have you to ſay to me?"——"Ah, Madam!" returned the wretched knight——He could not proceed, but burſt into tears; then, covering his face with his hands, he was going to retire.—The ducheſs held him, ſaying, in broken accents, "Stay—you muſt ſtay."—Oliver, more affected than ever, remained motionleſs—his tears ceaſed to flow—a ſenſation, he could not define, now ſuſpended and diſſipated his embarraſſment. He looked at the ducheſs; and, for the firſt time, he found her as beautiful and intereſting as Celanira herſelf; ſhe was weeping—"O heavens!" cried he.—He dared not ſay more; but, all painful recollection being for a moment removed, he ſaw but only her, and contemplated her with rapture. "Hear me, Oliver," returned the ducheſs, "I am going, I believe, to ſpare you an embarraſſing confeſſion; I have diſcovered your ſecret; and I am well acquainted with it. I know that a ſtriking reſemblance calls to your memory a moſt afflicting ſcene—I pity you from the bottom of my heart—I grieve at this ſingular likeneſs which afflicts you; but,

but, in the name of heaven, let not the illusion deprive me of such a champion;—and if you be come to take your leave"—"Leave, madam, what I," interrupted Oliver with vehemence, "I quit you, while my arm can serve you?—Ah! to shed my blood in your defence, to die for you, such henceforth shall be the only glory of which I can be ambitious!"—"You dispel my fears," replied the duchess, "I had imagined you intended to leave me." Oliver sighed, and made no reply. He distrusted his own heart, and ventured not even to speak. After a moment's silence; "I will tell you," said the duchess, "how I divined your sentiments. Long before your arrival, Angilbert and Lancelot had spoken to me of this resemblance, which causes so much pain, and they had related the tragical end of the unfortunate Celanira, and in what manner you exposed your life to save hers." Here Oliver shuddered. These words destroyed the enchantment which had been affording him a momentary reprieve;—and the duchess resuming her discourse; "this fatal story," continued she, "deeply interested me. I imagined, that among the great number of knights which compose the court of Charlemagne, it was impossible but that some of them must have loved a person of such extraordinary worth and beauty. I imagined, that if any one of those knights came here, I should discover his sentiments by the distress my presence would give him. Oger, the Dane, arrived here three weeks before you; he informed me, the Knights of the Swan would soon follow him; the celebrated name of Oliver recalled to my mind that of the interesting and unhappy Celanira.—I asked several ques-

tions—Oger told me you were plunged into the deepeſt melancholy, and that a black crape covered your ſhield; from that moment I ſuſpected the truth.—I waited your arrival with extreme curioſity.—When you appeared, I recognized you at a diſtance—for I had received an exact deſcription of your face and perſon.—I never ſhall forget the expreſſion of your countenance at that firſt moment of ſurpriſe and emotion.—I was more affected at it than I am well able to deſcribe."—On ſaying this the ducheſs left off ſpeaking—and the tears of Oliver began to flow afreſh. "I will not deny," madam, returned he, "what you have diſcovered; it is true, I adore her.—I ſhall carry with me to the grave this fatal paſſion!—Ah! can any thing ſhort of eternal regret be felt for one who ſo perfectly reſembled you?"—The ducheſs made no reply, and a long ſilence enſued. At laſt Beatrice, ſtarting from her reverie, ſaid; "I only entered into this explanation, to remove the diſtreſſing embarraſſment I always occaſion you; I am but too well aware, that nothing can conſole you; but I was deſirous to rid you at leaſt of the torment of conſtraint; I have thought too, that the illuſion of this reſemblance would be leſs diſtreſſing to you, when you had no longer any apprehenſions of exciting my aſtoniſhment by inexplicable behaviour. As to your ſecret, I need not tell you that you may depend on my diſcretion; or ſhall I ever renew the painful ſubject, but I ſhall conſider myſelf honoured by the confidence you have placed in me; and my heart, from the concern it takes in your ſorrow, is, I truſt, worthy of that confidence. Now, Oliver, inform me of the occaſion of your

your viſit." Oliver was ſo deeply affected, that he was obliged to collect himſelf for ſome minutes, in order to be able to make reply; at length, he entered into the particulars of his miſſion, and launched out into the higheſt praiſe of Egbert. The ducheſs heard him without making any interruption, and when he had left off ſpeaking, "How old is the king of England?" ſaid ſhe. This queſtion, which ſeemed to be the prelude to ſome ſort of deliberation, made Oliver bluſh: "I believe, madam," replied he, "that the prince is about my own age, and I am twenty-eight."—"Oliver, what would you adviſe me to do?"—"I think, with Iſambard, that if there exiſt in the univerſe a man, who may reaſonably have pretenſions to the hand of the ducheſs of Cleves, it is the king of England."—"But is not having pretenſions to my hand, likewiſe having pretenſions to my heart?"—"Policy, reaſon, and glory, madam, are the uſual motives of an alliance with perſons of your rank."—"You place me then in the claſs of all other princeſſes?"—"I, great God, who can only compare you with one ſole object!"—Here Oliver ſtopped and bluſhed again.—"Well," returned the princeſs, "I muſt tell you, Oliver, that, if I form the engagement you propoſe, I ſhall conſult my heart only. For the intereſt of my ſubjects I could, indeed, quit the ſpot which gave me birth, but ambition will never be able to induce me to abandon my country. You may communicate this anſwer to the engliſh knight." At theſe words Oliver aroſe, made a low bow, and withdrew. Full of perplexity and agitation of mind, he was averſe to reflect upon this converſation, and to enter into an

examination of his own ſentiments. He made a ſtrong reſolution to ſhun, with the greateſt care, every opportunity of ſeeing the ducheſs in private, and determined never to allow his thoughts to dwell upon the recollection of this dangerous interview. He announced to Iſambard, and the engliſh knight, the refuſal of Beatrice; and this refuſal, which was of ſo poſitive a nature, tended ſtill farther to encourage the hopes of his friend.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

NOTES

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

(1) Oger, the Dane, lived under the reign of Charlemagne. The authors of the dictionary of illustrious men say, that, after having signalized himself by many warlike exploits, he retired to a solitude, and there ended his days in ease and obscurity. It is not well known, says Mr. Gaillard, whence Oger received the surname of the Dane; whether he was thus named because he was born in Denmark, or whether it was a title of glory, in attestation of his victories, and that he was called *the Dane* as Scipio was named the African, and Metellus the Numidian. As to the retreat of Oger to the court of the king of the Lombards, it appears to have some foundation in history; the particulars of it may be seen in Mr. Gaillard's Life of Charlemagne, volume the last.

(2) In the old historical romance, entitled *Oger the Dane*, it is said, that this hero, combating under Didier, king of the Lombards, met with Charlemagne in the midst of the battle, without knowing him; that he attacked and overthrew him; and having at length discovered who he was, assisted him to get upon his

legs and to mount his horſe. Several other ancient romance writers likewiſe agree in giving Oger the glory of having ſaved the life of Charlemagne.

(3) So ſtriking is the conformity between certain parts of the hiſtory of Oger and the events of the preſent times, that it might be thought I had violated hiſtorical truth; I never made in my life, however, a falſe quotation; and among the numerous ſatires that have been written upon my works, ſuch conduct has never been laid to my charge. But, in order to verify the ſingular citations contained in theſe notes, I ſhall indicate the volume and the page of the book whence I take them; and I ſhall, after the manner of the extract relative to Charlemagne, copy Mr. Gaillard literally:

"Sigefroy, king of the Normans, was the friend of Witikind; his court was the retreat of the Saxon general under all his misfortunes: and the dominions of Sigefroy ſerved as an aſylum for all the Saxons driven out of their country:" *vol. 2, page 271.* "Godefroy, ſucceſſour to Sigefroy, adopted the ſame policy:" *vol. 2, page 272.*

It is a ſingluar circumſtance, that, in a parliament convened at Worms, Charlemagne cauſed war to be proclaimed againſt the Saxons becauſe they wiſhed to be free; and it is known that it was at Worms, and for the ſame reaſon, where the intrigues began, which finally created the coalition and the war againſt France.

(4)

(4) We know that the people of thefe times celebrated their warlike exploits in military fongs: the French had their fongs of Rowland and Oliver *; the Saxons had their bards or poets, who accompanied them in war, and fung during the fight: they were furrounded with a body of troops, in order that the enemy fhould not lay hold of them. Charlemagne caufed a collection to be made of all the works of the Saxon bards, but what became of that collection is not known. It cannot be doubted, that the Saxons had hymns in honour of the great Arminius, fince we know they made a god of him; "for," fays Mr. Gaillard, "the moft rational opinion refpecting their famous idol Irminful is, that it reprefented the celebrated Arminius, who was deified by that free people for having defended the Germanic liberty againft the tyranny of Rome:" *vol. 2, page 219, and the fequel.* The Saxon republicans fung their hymns to liberty in the dominions of Sigefroy, and the French at the prefent day have permiffion to fing their *hymne marfeilloife* in the fame country. What produces this tolerance?—the great confidence the nation has in the government which manifefts fuch noble uuconcern,

* The remembrance of the exploits of thefe two heroes was a long time preferved in the military fongs which the foldiers chanted before the battle. This cuftom prevailed under all the fecond race of kings, and very much under the third. On the day of the battle of Poitiers, king John, hearing fome foldiers finging the fong of Rowland and Oliver, exclaimed peevifhly—'*Tis a long while fince any Rowlands have appeared among the French.* An old foldier, hurt at this reproach, boldly replied---'*Tis becaufe they have no longer a Charlemagne to lead them.*

and

and which would not have poſſeſſed it, without the juſt right it has acquired to the love and gratitude of the people.

(5) "In theſe warlike expeditions," ſays Mr. Gaillard, "the Saxons maſſacred all who came in their way, without diſtinction of ſex or age. They murdered the women, they burned the children in their cradles, the aged and infirm in their beds, &c." *vol. 2, page* 236. Horrid cruelties! but they were committed by an ignorant and barbarous people, and in the eighth century; and our age has produced crimes ſtill more atrocious. The atrocious acts committed at Paris, Lyons, Nantz, and in ſo many other places, ſurpaſs in barbarity every thing that hiſtory hands down to us of that nature.

(6) "Godefroy, king of Denmark, had cheriſhed the ſentiments he had imbibed from Witikind, his friend, and the friend of Sigefroy, his predeceſſor; and although Witikind ſubmitted, and became the diſciple and friend of Charlemagne, Godefroy had not, like him, altered his opinion:" *vol. 2, page* 362.

Oger, in the courſe of his narrative, ſays, that Witikind at laſt became ſuſpected by the Saxons; and we likewiſe learn from hiſtory, that Charlemagne availed himſelf of the jealouſy which the glory of Witikind and Albion excited among the other chiefs, to draw the former over to his party. He addreſſed himſelf directly to Witikind and Albion, his illuſtrious enemies; he undertook to change their hearts, to diſarm their hatred by the moſt noble procedure; and

he treated with them as a great man treats with brave people, whom he has had the glory to conquer. He lavished upon them those attentions and those honours which alone can satisfy great minds. He taught them to feel the gratifications of civil life, the charms of peace, the holiness of christianity, which tends to make of all mankind a people of brothers. At length Witikind and Albion came to join him in the heart of his dominions, where they received baptism, together with a crowd of Saxons whom they brought in their suite; to all of these they afforded the example of sincerely embracing christianity, and remaining continually attached to it: *vol. 2, page* 258. The Saxons, however, after that period, were in constant rebellion; and it was not before the year 804 that Charlemagne was able to extirpate that war, by a general transplantation of Saxons, executed under his own inspection, by his victorious army; the whole force and violence of which were hardly sufficient to tear these unhappy people from a country, which they considered as the only real asylum of liberty. Flanders and Brabant were at that time almost entirely covered with forests; ten thousand Saxon families were transplanted thither, and employed in clearing away the ground. It is pretended, that the ruling passion of the Saxons, their love of independency and freedom, communicated by them to the natives, turned out afterwards the principle of so many rebellions among the Flemings against their sovereigns *; and it was a common pro-

* It was highly just that such an act of despotism should become fatal to despotism itself; and we may discover this lesson of providence in the history of every conqueror and every despot.

verb

verb in the time of Philip the Fair and Philip of Valois, that Charlemagne, in having blended the Saxons with the Flemings, *of one devil had made two.* "And why," cries the impartial hiſtorian of Charlemagne—"why exterminate and tranſplant a nation to conquer a deſert, beyond the confines of which war and hatred were ſtill to be found?" *vol. 2, page 268, and the ſequel.*

(7) As tournaments appeared to me neceſſary in a romance of chivalry, I have introduced ſeveral into this work, but I have anticipated a little the period of their inſtitution, for no mention is made of tournaments in hiſtory before the reign of Charles the Bald. Foreigners attribute this invention to the French, except the Germans, who lay claim to it themſelves. The firſt French author who mentions the tournaments is Nithard, the grandſon of Charlemagne. He only ſpeaks of them under the reign of Charles the Bald; and he deſcribes ſuch combats, but does not name them. It is only ſince Geoffrey de Preuilli, who died in 1066, and who is conſidered as the inventor of tournaments, that the word tournament appears in books. The principal regulations of theſe feſtivals, called *ſchools of prowеſs*, conſiſt in not ſtriking with the point but with the edge of the ſword; not to ſtrike a knight after he had taken off the viſor from his helmet; and the peace-officer, who was choſen by the ladies, was always at hand to interpoſe his pacific miniſtration, whenever a knight, through inadvertency, had violated the laws of the combat. This peace-officer, called, likewiſe, the champion of

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the ladies, armed with a long lance with a cap at the end of it, no ſooner lowered upon the helmet of the knight the ſign of the clemency and ſafeguard of the ladies, than the offender was ſcreened from harm: he was abſolved from his fault, when it was conſidered in any degree involuntary; but if it appeared clear that he had committed it on purpoſe, he was condemned to expiate it by rigorous puniſhment. Theſe warlike games always cloſed by what was called *the ſtroke, or the lance, of the ladies*; and this homage was repeated in combating for them with the ſword, the battle-axe, and the dagger. [See Mémoires ſur l'ancienne Chevalerie, par Mr. de Ste. Palaye.]

(8) This Meinrad actually lived under the reign of Charlemagne: he was the founder of the noble monaſtery of Einſedlin in Switzerland; a monaſtery celebrated for the magnificence of its buildings, and the number of pilgrims who have reſorted thither without interruption for more than five hundred years paſt *. Meinrad's father was named Bertold, and was of the family of the counts of Hohenzollern: he was born in a city of Swabia, called Sulſen. He turned hermit, retired upon mount Etrel, and there built himſelf a dwelling of branches of trees. A devout widow of Altendorf found him out, and built him a cell and a chapel. This ſolitude became very celebrated; the ſaint was wearied with viſits; and, in order to get rid of them, he retired into the midſt of a foreſt, near the ſpot where the monaſtery of Einſedlin now ſtands.

* This monaſtery is near Zurich.

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The abbefs of a neighbouring convent became, like the widow of Altendorf, his friend and benefactrefs: fhe built him a cell and a chapel, to which he gave the name of *the chapel of our lady*, which it bears to this day. Meinrad had paffed feven years in his firft hermitage, in this he lived thirty-two, at the end of which he was affaffinated by robbers. Two crows he had reared purfued the villains, and fet upon them with fo much fury, that they were quickly difcovered, for it was well known that the faint had fed crows; on this indication they were taken up, and they confeffed their crime. I found thefe particulars in a book in one large volume, entitled, *The Chronicle of the Monaftery of Einfedlin*. As to Gerold, I read in the fame book, that a german prince of this name, convinced of the folly of human grandeur, was one of Meinrad's fucceffours in this hermitage. If I have ventured to reprefent the pious Meinrad in love, it is a licence authorifed by the manners of paft ages*, for in thofe days fcarce any other remedy was known for an unhappy attachment than to turn hermit or monk. In renouncing the object of affection, it coft but little to renounce every thing elfe: they knew how to love, and great facrifices naturally arife from great fentiments. I muft further obferve, that, agree-

* It is well known, that the difcourfe and conduct of the ancient knights difplay an odd mixture of devotion and gallantry. The firft leffons they received related principally to *the love of God and the ladies*; and, according to the chronicle of Jean de Saintré, it was commonly the ladies, who undertook to teach young people, at one and the fame time, their catechifm and the art of love.

Mémoires fur l'ancienne Chevalerie.

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ably to the manners of the times, a ſaint in love is not an unſuitable perſonage for a romance of knight-errantry; religion, beſides, imparts a ſublime character and an engaging intereſt to the paſſions, whenever ſhe combats and triumphs over them without working their deſtruction.

(9) Witikind had, in fact, a ſon named Diaulas. The romance writers have made him act a conſpicuous part: they aſcribe many exploits to him; but in a battle he propoſed to fight Charlemagne in duel, the challenge was accepted, and Diaulas vanquiſhed. Hiſtory only obſerves, that Diaulas combated valiantly for liberty under the command of his father; but does not afterwards mention what became of him. When Witikind made an alliance with Charlemagne, it does not appear that Diaulas followed his example; I therefore can ſuppoſe, with more likelihood, that he remained among the Saxons, for it appears by hiſtory that in fact he did ſo.

(10) In the hiſtory of Charlemagne is found a perſon of the name of Rotbold, who was celebrated for his vices and ferocity, and who entered into a conſpiracy againſt the emperor.

(11) Whenever a knight was going to combat for a lady, he was armed by her, and ſhe likewiſe gave him what was called *faveur*, *joyou*, *nobloy*, or *enſeigne*; this was a ſcarf, a veil, a cap, a bracelet, a lock of hair, or, in one word, ſomething which was taken from her dreſs, and occaſionally a work wrought with her

her own hands, with which the favoured knight decked the top of his helmet, or his lance, or his coat of arms. When a knight ſet off upon an expedition in favour of a lady, he received at her hands chains of gold, with which he ornamented his ſhield: and when he went to fight for her, he begged her to give him what was then called *the word of combat, the word of battle*; it was a ſentence which varied according to circumſtances, and the pleaſure of the ladies; and during the combat the knight did not fail to repeat, with a loud voice, the words the lady had dictated. When he came off conqueror, the victory was proclaimed by heralds, accompanied with muſic. The formulary of acclamation was by no means uniform: one of the moſt uſual was the following—*Honour to the ſons of the valiant*; at other times was cried—*Love to the ladies, death to heroes*. At tilting matches, where the danger was not ſo great as at tournaments, the herald only proclaimed—*Love to the ladies, death to horſes*. But a thouſand piercing cries re-echoed the victor's name; a cuſtom which formed the word *renommée*, renown, as likewiſe the word *grido* with the Italians, who ſay, *un cavaliere di gran grido*, to ſignify a man of high reputation.

Several days before the celebration of a tournament, all the armorial ſhields of ſuch as were candidates for the liſts were ſuſpended in a place erected on purpoſe, that they might be expoſed to the inſpection of the dames and damſels. An herald, or purſuivant at arms, informed the ladies to whom they belonged; and if among theſe candidates was found any one who had given a lady cauſe of complaint, ſhe touched the creſt, or ſhield, of his armour; the judges then made proper

per inquiry, and if the complaint of the lady were well-founded, the knight was excluded from the tournament. It was ſufficient for her to prove, that the knight had ſpoken ill of her, for the laws of chivalry expreſsly forbade *ſlandering the ladies.* When I repreſented Oliver, in the firſt volume, flying to the ſuccour of Zemni and his mother, without knowing them; when I repreſent a multitude of knights aſſembled together, and diſputing for the glory of defending an oppreſſed woman, I exactly deſcribe the manners of the time. The greater part of the laws of chivalry, ſays Mr. de Ste. Palaye (from whom I have taken what has been juſt read), might have been adopted by the wiſeſt legiſlators and moſt virtuous philoſophers of all nations and ages: in virtue of theſe laws, widows and orphans, and men in *indigent circumſtances*, and *unprotected*, all who groaned under injuſtice and oppreſſion, were entitled to claim the protection of a knight, and to require in his defence not only the ſuccour of his arm, but the ſacrifice of his blood and life. To throw off ſuch obligation was breaking a ſacred duty, and incurring diſhonour for the reſt of his days. With ſo much generoſity, it is not ſurpriſing that the feeble and defenceleſs ſex ſhould be treated with ſuch reſpect and attention, and that the honour of riſking their lives in their ſervice ſhould prove a matter of contention among the knights. The aſſiſtance, however, which was due to a brother in arms, was a ſtronger obligation than that to which the ladies were entitled: "a damſel," ſays Mr. de Ste. Palaye, "having in vain ſolicited the protection of a knight, the latter exculpated himſelf by proving, that he was then

then under the neceſſity of flying to the ſuccour of his brother in arms." See *Mémoires de l'ancienne Chevalerie.*

(12) It is very remarkable, that, in general, all the leaders of popular revolutions have neither been men of great talents nor genius: Rienzi, in Italy; Cromwel, in England; the execrable Robeſpierre in France, and ſo many others, are proofs of it. Superiour talents always excite the hatred of the ordinary and contracted minds which form the multitude. Furthermore, the aſcendancy of a man of genius is always dreaded, and artful deſigns and ambitious views are readily imputed to him: it is eaſily believed, that the man whom nature has eminently exalted above others ſhould have pretenſions to the higheſt rank in ſociety; his ſpeeches are applauded, but they excite ſuſpicion; leagues are formed againſt him, his ſucceſſes are calumniated, he becomes ſuſpected, he is repulſed and loſt in the public opinion; whilſt the man of moderate abilities, if he be of an intriguing diſpoſition, and poſſeſs a great fund of hypocriſy, much ſuppleneſs, and perſeverance, is ſure of attaining his end, and ſucceeding at leaſt for a ſeaſon.

(13) If decrees of the national aſſembly had not ſolemnly adopted the manners and language of quakers in France, the nation would never have ſupported the tyranny of Robeſpierre two months. But that infamous deſpot wore neither ſceptre nor crown; every one was allowed to thee and thou him: he ſpoke of nothing but the *ſovereignty of the people*; and who could

could imagine him to be a tyrant? In order *to be elevated to the height of circumſtances*, it was neceſſary then to believe that dignity and politeneſs were incompatible with liberty; and, according to Robeſpierre and his accomplices, the definition of a true republican was reduced to theſe four words—*vulgar, impious, implacable*, and *ſanguinary*.

Diaulas upbraids the Saxon chiefs with having flattered the people; the reproach may be revived in our own days. Much has been ſaid againſt the flattery of courts, and with great reaſon; but there, at leaſt, it had its bounds, and popular flattery has none. A ſovereign, however vain he might be of his rank and power, is always enlightened and reaſonable enough to reject extravagant adulation. Lewis the fourteenth bluſhed on hearing that the french academy propoſed, as the prize of eloquence, this queſtion: *Which of the virtues of the king merits the preference?* The monarch was diſguſted at the flattery, and prohibited the diſcuſſion of the ſubject. The crimes of deſpots have often been born in ſilence, but, at leaſt, no apologies were made for crimes *. How have the popular chiefs harrangued the people upon the burning of caſtles; the maſſacres of the third of September; upon plundering, and, in fine, upon all the exceſſes that have been committed! They contented themſelves with ſaying, *the people had been led aſtray*; and never failed to add, that the people, whatever they

* I am not ignorant that a weak and ſanguinary prieſt made the apology of the murder committed by a duke of Burgundy; but an inſulated fact, and relative to a ſingle perſon, proves nothing.

had

had committed, are *always good, always just:* in them the most abominable cruelty was only an *excusable errour; they had been deceived, their credulity had been imposed upon.* To what tyrants have the basest flatterers ever dared to hold such language? The courtiers who flatter a king are certainly very culpable; but, after all, they corrupt but a single man; and if that man become a tyrant, he may be deposed; but the flatterers of the people corrupt the whole nation together:—and what a crime is that! A king, however defective his education might have been, has yet derived some benefit from it; he has a general idea of history perhaps; and, if fond of reading, he might possess as much or more acquired knowledge than those who are about him. It is often impossible, and, at least, always very difficult, to lead him astray by persuading him that a bad action is an act of heroism, and consecrated by the example of the greatest men, and the admiration of every age *. He never can be persuaded, for instance, that there are cases in which murder and assassination are sublime actions; if he be instigated to the commission of a crime, at least, he will be aware, that it is a crime he is advised to commit. But the people being totally ignorant, it is easy to

* I allow that the robberies of Alexander, called the Great, have been too long the subject of admiration; but the political abuses of conquest have, for more than a century past, been acknowledged, as well as their odiousness, in a moral view. Telemachus was written in the last century: this immortal book is in the hands of every prince; and certainly no work since has displayed, with so much force and eloquence, all that reason and humanity have to urge against the spirit of conquest and war.

falsify

falsify history in order to lead them astray, and this has been often done: the second Brutus assassinating his father is incessantly held out to them as a perfect model of virtue; but they have not been told that, among the ancients even, all truly virtuous men have blamed that atrocious deed *. They have been told, that the Romans abolished royalty, that Tarquin was dethroned; but they have not heard, that the Romans expelled him without injury, and that they restored to him all his wealth; and that wealth was immense. What a wretched lecture upon history have the people of Paris heard from the tribune of the Jacobins, especially for the last three years! The orators, in a style worthy of the maxims they profess, select from history only such facts as degrade it, and never bring forward a single virtuous action. When it was represented to the people, that their interest justified every thing, authorised every thing, what would they have thought had a citizen mounted the tribune and related the following trait: " The Athenians were in great danger; Themistocles observed to the people who were assembled together, that he had found out a certain expedient to extricate them from their situation; but, as secresy was necessary to its success, he could not mention it in public, and he demanded the people to name some persons who might form a judgment of the project. The people named Aristides solely, with whose virtue they were well acquainted. Aristides heard Themistocles, and afterwards informed the assembly, that, in fact, the expedient seemed to be in-

* See Bayle, at the word *Brutus*.

fallible, but was unjuſt; and the people with one voice rejected the meaſure." Ancient hiſtory abounds with ſuch traits, and great care has been taken to conceal them from the French people, whoſe good diſpoſitions their leaders wanted to corrupt: and, in order to preach up murder and aſſaſſination with impunity, to declare openly, without any contradiction, that juſtice ought to be ſacrificed to intereſt, that clemency and generoſity are weakneſſes, that moderation is a vice, and vengeance a duty, it was neceſſary to ſubvert the only prop of morality—it was neceſſary to deſtroy religion, and proſcribe the Goſpel. But the preſent rulers of France appear to hold ſuch outrages in deteſtation, and have already given ſignal proofs of moderation and equity; and, whatever the enemies of the french republic may ſay, if they perſevere in their conduct, if the liberty of the preſs be no more impeded, if ſanguinary decrees be repealed, if they revive any ſentiments of equity towards the unfortunate remains of the houſe of Bourbon *, if they throw open the churches, and re-eſtabliſh divine worſhip; if, in a word, they will reſtore humanity and good morals to the people, the ſole foundation of liberty and happineſs, their preſent legiſlators, in ſpite of the cry of envy and hatred, will acquire great glory, and ſave France; and France cannot be ſaved but on theſe conditions, for crimes alone produce anarchy, whilſt order and peace are the happy fruits of virtue: the

* And the perſonages of this unfortunate name, who exiſt in France, are ſo intereſting! ſome for their virtues and irreproachable conduct, others on account of their youth and all the misfortunes they have ſuffered!

repre-

representatives, therefore, of the French people muſt henceforward either become the deliverers of their country, or victims to faction.

(14) The Saxons loſt a deciſive battle, which is named *the battle of the brook*, and upon the following account: The French being parched with thirſt, and on the point of being forced into a retreat, were ſaved by a brook, which, dry till that moment, now poured forth a plentiful ſtream, and produced the double effect of ſlaking the thirſt of the French and giving them encouragement, by perſuading them that heaven had performed a miracle in their behalf. The event was conſecrated by a medal, which repreſents a trophy erected beſide a ſtream, with this inſcription—*The Saxons vanquiſhed before a brook*. [See the hiſtory of Charlemagne.]

The battle of the brook preceded the taking of Ereſbourg. This fortreſs was deemed impregnable: the temple of Irminſul was pillaged; the fortreſs delivered up to the flames; and the ſtatue of the god, which was of wood, was conſumed. Charlemagne, in order to remove an object of idolatry from the eyes of the Saxons, cauſed the ſtone column upon which the ſtatue of Irminſul was placed to be buried under ground. It was dug up under Lewis the Debonair, and removed to Hildeſheim. In this city an annual feſtival is ſtill ſolemnized in commemoration of the deſtruction of the idol of Irminſul. [Hiſtory of Charlemagne.]

(15) This incident of the wall is not void of probability; the hiſtory of the lower empire affords a ſimilar example. Towards the year 1145, the emperor Manuel confined his couſin Andronicus in a dungeon: the latter found means of making an opening through a wall, but which led him into a dungeon ſtill darker; there he remained, with the reſolution of dying with hunger, in order to eſcape the horrours of an ignominious death; and with that view he carefully ſtopped up the hole he had made in his firſt dungeon. His wife was accuſed of having favoured his eſcape; and that princeſs was confined in the dungeon which he had left. Her cries penetrated the wall which ſeparated him from his wife, and the unhappy Andronicus recogniſing the voice, removed the ſtones, and ſuddenly appeared before his wife. He thus continued to ſee her for a long while, without being diſcovered, receiving the nouriſhment which ſhe ſpared from herſelf for his ſubſiſtence. In this ſame priſon ſhe had a ſon by him, who afterwards mounted the throne.

(16) According to *the Edda*, or the mythology of the ancient people of the north, the ſouls of the wicked ſuffer eternal puniſhment in a frightful abode named *Naſtran*; and the good, who are tranſported into *Valhalla*, there find all their enemies and perſecutors delivered up without defence to the ſame vengeance they themſelves formerly exerciſed. Their principal divinities were, their great god *Atfader*, or *Odin*; *Frigga*, or the earth, his wife; *Geſione*, the goddeſs

goddeſs of chaſtity; *Vanadis*, or *Freya*, the goddeſs of love and hope, &c.

(17) In Mr. de Ste. Palaye's work numberleſs examples of this ancient French generoſity are to be found. I ſhall quote one only. In 1450 Lalain and Pietois fought on foot at a public tilting-match. A rich bracelet was the victor's prize; the two combatants fell down one upon the other. They were taken up, and led before the judges. Lalain declared, that having been thrown down the prize belonged to Pietois, and the latter maintained, that he himſelf having likewiſe fallen he had no more right to the prize than Lalain. This contention of politeneſs created a ſtrong and laſting friendſhip between theſe two generous foes. "Modeſty," adds Mr. de Ste. Palaye, "was one of the principal virtues of ancient chivalry, and according to the maxim of Perceforets (an old author) 'That knight is a robber, who conceals the valiant deeds of another; and he is diſgraced as a braggart, who ſpeaks of his own.' Theſe principles of modeſty induced the conquering knights to ſhow particular attention to the vanquiſhed. Theſe examples of generoſity, which were continually repeated at tournaments, could not be forgotten even in the midſt of the carnage of war, in which the knights never loſt ſight of that general maxim, of being as compaſſionate after victory as daring in order to obtain it." [*Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry, vol.* 1.]

(18) "A great number of knights and gentry," ſays Mr. de Ste. Palaye, "had placed plumes or helmets over the gates of their caſtles, to ſerve as bea-

cons to ſuch as appeared in the neighbourhood, and to announce to them a ſafe and agreeable lodging in a manſion, the owner of which would be honoured to receive them. And I have ſeen," adds our author, "ſeveral of theſe helmets ſtill upon the top of our moſt ancient edifices, particularly thoſe ſituate in the country. The gueſts were not only received and treated with kindneſs, but on their departure were loaden with gifts; they were preſented with rich garments, arms, horſes, and frequently money. Thus did the hoſpitality of the time lay them under great and laſting obligations. If a knight, in the courſe of his journies or expeditions, had received hoſpitality or aſſiſtance from a man even of the loweſt condition, he conſidered him ever after as his generous benefactor; he declared himſelf his knight, and ſwore to leave the moſt inviting paths of glory to acquit himſelf of the obligation. Such oath was inviolable." [*See Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry by Mr. de Ste. Palaye, vol.* 1.]

(19) As long as chivalry prevailed, it was a general cuſtom among the knights to make raſh and ſometimes very extravagant vows; whether they were ſhut up in a place to defend it, or making attack upon another; or whether in preſence of the enemy in the field, inviolable and indiſpenſible oaths were taken, obliging both the chiefs, and thoſe whom they commanded, to ſhed all their blood rather than abandon the intereſt of the ſtate. Beſides theſe general vows, it was cuſtomary to make particular ones, both in the army and elſewhere. Valour gave occaſion to many ſingular

enterpriſes;

enterprifes; fuch as being the firft to place an enfign upon the walls or the higheft tower of a city during a fiege; throwing himfelf in the midft of the enemy, and ftriking the firft blow; and, in a word, in achieving this or that exploit, giving fuch and fuch a proof of boldnefs, and frequently of temerity. The moft valid of all vows was that called the vow of the peacock or the pheafant. The day on which a folemn engagement was to be made, a roafted pheafant or peacock, ornamented with its fineft feathers, was carried by the ladies in a gold or filver difh into the midft of the affembly of knights. The bird was prefented to each of them, and every knight made his vow thereupon; and it was then fet on a table, to be cut up and diftributed among all who were prefent.

In an ancient poem, called *The Vow of the Heron*, we read of an earl of Salifbury, in England, who, on the moment of his departure to the army, befeeched his miftrefs, in an affembly, to place *a finger of her beautiful hand upon his right eye, fo that it might be quite clofed.* The lady inftead of one applied two fingers, and the earl fwore upon a heron (upon which other knights had made different vows) not to open that eye till he had entered the French territory, in order to avenge Edward the Third, and had combated Philip in a pitched battle. During the whole war, the earl would not allow himfelf to fee with that eye, and all the army, which was witnefs to his exploits, likewife bore witnefs to his fidelity in fulfilling his engagement. Du Guefclin vowed to fwallow but three *bafons of wine foup* till he had combated a certain englifhman, who had given him a challenge. Laying fiege to Montcon-

tour, he vowed neither to eat nor undreſs himſelf till the place was taken. Another time he vowed to take no more ſuſtenance after the ſupper he was going to eat, until he had fallen in with the engliſh, in order to combat them. At the ſiege of Breſſiere, in Poictou, his ſquire made a vow to erect his maſter's banner, in the courſe of the day, upon the tower of that town, to cry out Du Gueſclin when he had performed it, and to die rather than fail in the attempt. A few years ago, a ſingular monument of this cuſtom among the ancient knights was to be ſeen in France. Near the town of Moutiers, between Riez and Senez, are two majeſtic hills, which are ſeparated by a ſpace of two hundred and fifty feet. From the ſummit of one hill to that of the other was extended an iron chain, in the middle of which hung a large ſtar of five points. This was ſaid to be one of the uſual vows of the ages of chivalry: it was believed that ſome knight had ſworn to chain two mountains together, and that the ſtar was his device; and it is added, that the knight who made this vow was of the family of Blaccas. The town of Moutiers has blazoned its arms from this chain; it bears azure, two hills argent, faſtened together by a chain, to which is ſuſpended a ſtar. Theſe vows were the more inviolable, as they were addreſſed to God. They had all of them the ſanction of religion, and it would have been held equally baſe and impious not to accompliſh them: hence hiſtory does not afford an example of a knight who ever broke ſuch vows *. Death could alone hinder them from fulfilling ſo ſacred an engagement.

* Madame de Genlis is miſtaken in this. T.

(20) Giaffar

(20) Giaffar the Barmecide, or ſon of Barmec, was in fact a very great man. He was born in Perſia, and became the vizier and favourite of the celebrated Aaron Alraſchid. I ſuppoſe in my tale, that his family was European, that his name was Barmecide only, and that he did not aſſume the name of Giaffar till after his misfortunes. It is ſufficient to obſerve here, that Aaron owed all the glory of his reign to the genius and virtues of his miniſter. Barmecide was adored by the people he governed, and received from public gratitude the fine ſurname of *generous*.

(21) Aaron Alraſchid, the 25th caliph, was ſon of Mahadi, of the race of the Abaſſides. His father declared him his ſucceſſour, in prejudice of his eldeſt ſon; but Aaron, reſpecting the rights of his brother Hadi Muſa, refuſed the ſceptre, and obtained an oath of fidelity in his favour, on the part of all the grandees. The new caliph was inſenſible of this benefit, and meditated the death of Aaron. But the mother of the ungrateful Muſa, whom he had offended, cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated, and Aaron was proclaimed caliph. This prince had great perſonal endowments, and was celebrated for his liberality, his taſte for the fine arts, and his patronage of men of talents. It is ſaid the Arabians invented algebra during his reign. Hiſtory farther informs us, that when Aaron went to war, he was attended by a hundred men of letters, whoſe converſation afforded him relaxation under the toils of war. [*See the Encyclopedia, and the Hiſtory of the Arabians, by the Abbé de Marigni.*]

To the honour of ſovereigns, as Mr. Gaillard obſerves, it ſhould be publiſhed, that at this period there ſubſiſted a ſincere and perſonal friendſhip between two illuſtrious and heroic monarchs, one in the eaſt, the other in the weſt; between the caliph Aaron and Charlemagne. Theſe two princes, who never met in their lives, had conceived a mutual friendſhip for each other, from their reſpective reputations; a friendſhip far ſuperiour to all attachments ariſing from political and intereſted motives. They ſtrove to outdo each other in kindneſs, even in the ſmalleſt concerns; their mutual preſents, as to choice, time, or circumſtances, were ever marks of eſteem and pledges of amity. Many hiſtorians aſſert, that the caliph ceded to Charlemagne, by way of gift, the ſovereignty of Jeruſalem and the Holy Land, reſerving to himſelf only the title of his lieutenant. Charlemagne and Aaron loved the fine arts, and both of them made verſes. Aaron was ſo ſenſible to the charms of poetry, that he would frequently weep at the recital of a beautiful compoſition; nor was he leſs alive to the charms of muſic; he compoſed many of the tunes which at this day are in vogue in the eaſt. Aaron particularly reſembled Charlemagne in acts of truth and juſtice: but is it poſſible for a conqueror to be always juſt and true! A woman one day complained to him of having been aggrieved by his ſoldiers, Aaron obſerved to her, it was written in the Koran, that princes waſted every country through which their armies paſſed. "Yes," replied the woman, "and I have likewiſe read there, that the houſes of kings are deſtroyed on ac-

count of their injuſtice." The caliph approved of this hardy reply, and immediately redreſſed her wrongs. Aaron, as well as Charlemagne, was a great alms-giver; he died five years before the latter, in 809, after a reign of twenty-three years, and in the forty-ſeventh year of his age. [*See the Hiſtory of Charlemagne.*]

(22) It is known that the firſt organ which was ſeen in Europe was ſent to Charlemagne by the caliph Aaron. I have only ſuperadded the origin of that inſtrument, which is entirely unknown to us.

(23) The anſwer of Barmecide, when the caliph was ſhutting the door, in order to read a work upon the rights of man, is truly hiſtorical. But it is related only that *he was going to read with a ſage,* without mention being made of his name, and I have ſuppoſed that ſage to be Barmecide.

(24) Arichiſus, duke of Benevento, and an enemy to Charlemagne, died (as likewiſe did Romaldus, his eldeſt ſon) leaving but one ſon, named Grimaldo, then in the power of Charlemagne, to whom he had been delivered as a hoſtage. Charlemagne had (what were then called) well founded rights to the duchy of Benevento, and the Beneventines wiſhed him to rule over them; but Charlemagne reſtored Grimaldo both his liberty and dominions. He ventured, ſays his hiſtorian, on obſerving the extent to which the power of injuries was carried in the world, to truſt likewiſe in the power of favours. Grimaldo, touched at the

generoſity of that prince, endeavoured to render himſelf worthy of it, and the emperor could not boaſt of a more faithful ſubject. He fought againſt the enemies of Charlemagne, againſt Adalgiſe, though his brother-in-law (he had married a ſiſter of the latter), and the Greeks, and with equal ardour and ſucceſs. After the defeat of Adalgiſe, hiſtory makes no further mention of him. It was believed that after this he retired to Conſtantinople, where he lived and died in obſcurity.

(25) There was really a king of the name of Theudon, who lived at this period; he was one of the petty monarchs of Pannonia. Hiſtory repreſents this prince ſuch as I deſcribe him; he was ambitious, deceitful, hypocritical, but eminent for military talents; he turned chriſtian to pleaſe Charlemagne, and afterwards betrayed him. Pannonia was what is now called Hungary and Auſtria.

Duke Aimon was a relation or ally of Charlemagne, with whom, according to the old chronicles, he had many diſputes. His four ſons were named Renold, Richard, or Richardet, Alard, and Guichard; the eldeſt and moſt celebrated of whom was the renowned Renold, of Montauban. Theſe four brothers, ſay the romances, all rode upon one horſe, which was called *Bayard*. Bayle ſays, that Renold, whoſe name was ſo famous in romance and poeſy, ſuffered martyrdom, and that the church of St. Renold, at Cologne, was dedicated to him.

(26) Amalberga, who has been canonized, was a young

young and beautiful lady of the court of Charlemagne. That prince fell in love with her, and the virtue of Amalberga was proof againſt the ſuit of the moſt amiable man, and greateſt hero of his time. Hiſtory tells us, that being one day on the balcony, and perceiving the emperor approaching, ſhe threw herſelf from it, in order to avoid an interview, which ſhe apprehended might be dangerous, and broke her arm in the fall. She at laſt retired to a convent, where ſhe ended her days. [*See the Hiſtory of Charlemagne.*]

(27) The duke of Spoletto, Henry duke of Friuli, Hartrad count of Thuringia, are real perſonages of thoſe times. The latter was concerned in a great conſpiracy againſt Charlemagne.

Conſtantine Porphirogenitus, ſon of the empreſs Irene, was to have married Rotruda, one of the daughters of Charlemagne, and the emperor having broken off the marriage, Conſtantine joined his own reſentment to that of Adalgiſe, but without any ſucceſs.

(28) The idea of this fabulous plant is not of my own invention; I found it in Bomare's dictionary of natural hiſtory. The following is the deſcription given by that naturaliſt: "*Baaras*, the name of a plant found upon mount Libanus in Syria. Joſephus, the hiſtorian, ſays it ſhines during the night like a ſmall taper; that its light goes out by day; that its leaves, when wrapped up in a handkerchief, get out of it, and quickly diſappear; that this plant is beſet by demons; that it has the power of changing all metals into gold, for which reaſon it is called, by the Arabians, the

golden

golden herb; that it destroys the person who gathers it, if proper precautions be not taken, and these unhappily are not known; that it is nourished by bitumen; that its odour is suffocating, when it is plucked; and that it must be looked for in places planted with cedar trees."

(29) History informs us that Aaron gave the hand of his sister Abassa to Barmecide on this strange condition, and that he consented to the marriage, in order to see two persons he loved at the same time; and likewise told Barmecide that if the princess was not his sister, he would himself marry her. [*See the History of the Arabians, by the Abbé de Marigni.*]

(30) We learn from history that Barmecide, notwithstanding the watchfulness of the caliph, had a son by Abassa, whom he sent privately to Mecca.

(31) As neither the dead nor the living, not tyrants even, should be calumniated, in any work whatever; far from having added to the atrocity of this act, I have diminished the horrour of it. The following is the historical fact: The caliph, on discovering the secret commerce of Barmecide and Abassa, ordered the massacre of his grand vizier, and all the Barmecides. *Forty* persons, it is said, who composed the whole family, were destroyed. The slave, charged with the assassination of the vizier, was much inclined to save him: "I will go," said he, "to the caliph, and announce thy death; if he ask me no questions, I will return and procure thy escape; but if he ask to see thy head, thou must then submit to the sentence."

The

The execrable tyrant ordered the head of Barmecide to be brought him, and the ſlave obeyed............As to the princeſs Abaſſa, ſome ſay ſhe was ſhut up in a dungeon, where ſhe died with grief; others, that ſhe was only baniſhed from court, and was reduced to the moſt miſerable condition; that many years after, a lady making her a preſent of five hundred drachmas, it afforded her as much delight as if ſhe had been reſtored to her former ſtate. Abaſſa had much wit, and made good verſes. [*See the Hiſtory of the Arabians, and the Dictionary of Illuſtrious Men.*]

(32) Barmecide was in reality idolized by the nation, and his death occaſioned violent and univerſal ſorrow. The caliph perceiving, that there were no bounds to this juſt regret, publiſhed an edict which forbad, under pain of death, the name of Barmecide to be uttered, or any mention to be made of him. An old man braved this prohibition, and at the very gates of the palace recited a copy of verſes in the praiſe of Barmecide. The caliph, ſurpriſed at his boldneſs, ordered him to be brought into his preſence; he aſked him what could have encouraged ſuch exceſſive temerity. "Gratitude," replied the old man; "Barmecide was my benefactor." "Well," returned the caliph, "I will henceforth be thy benefactor likewiſe; ſubſtitute my name in the place of Barmecide's." On ſaying this, he gave him a magnificent cup of pure gold. "O Barmecide," exclaimed the old man, "it is ſtill to thee that I am indebted for this preſent; even after thy death I receive thy benefactions!—how then ſhall I be made to forget thee?"

(33) In these ages there really existed a duchess of Cleves, of the name of Beatrice. History informs us, that the neighbouring princes persecuted and besieged her; that she was delivered by a brave french knight, named Trélie, and that she married her benefactor. This knight bore a swan upon his buckler, and the duchess instituted the order of *the Knights of the Swan*. These particulars I have found in the Encyclopedia, under the article of *Knights of the Swan:* and this article it was which furnished me with the idea of my tale, as well as its title. I have since found in another work, written a hundred and fifty years ago, and intitled, *The Imposture of the Devils*, an old fabulous tradition, founded upon the historical trait we have just mentioned. The authour of this work, who was physician to the duchess of Cleves, relates, that ancient manuscripts ascribed a miraculous origin to the dukes of Cleves, and thus he relates the tradition: " The sole remaining heir to the duchy was a princess; one day, as she was walking upon the banks of the river, she perceived a beautiful little vessel drawn by a noble swan. The princess remained motionless with surprise; but her astonishment was doubled when she beheld the vessel making toward the shore, and stopping near the spot where she stood. A young knight came out of the bark, and the vessel disappeared. The knight conducted the princess to her castle. This wonderful stranger received the name of the *Knight of the Swan*, and the princess married him. This pair were perfectly happy for two years; but, at the expiration of that time, the Knight of the Swan fell into a deep melancholy; and one morning when he was walking

on the banks of the river, the veſſel and the ſwan again made their appearance; the knight ſtepped on board, and the veſſel diſappeared for ever." The author, who gives this relation, gravely adds, that *he does not certify the truth of it*; "but one thing is certain," ſays he, "that the caſtle is ſtill full of monuments which atteſt the exiſtence of a *Knight of the Swan*. Upon the towers are ſculptured repreſentations of that bird, and the old hangings repreſent the armours of chivalry, bearing a ſwan as an emblem," &c.

(34) This ancient caſtle ſtill exiſts at one of the extremities of the pleaſant city of Cleves. I paſſed through that place a year ago, and viſited the habitation of Beatrice; ſome parts of the caſtle have been rebuilt, but moſt of the ancient apartments and the antique roofs ſtill ſubſiſt. I rectified upon the ſpot the deſcription I give in my romance, and therefore it is exact; but I could not make mention of the charming engliſh garden which has been planted around the caſtle upon the ſlope of the mountain, and which is the moſt agreeable and picturesque I have ever ſeen of the kind. This delightful habitation was the reſidence of the governour of the city. I walked for two hours over the gardens, and I felt that it was there I ſhould have written the hiſtory of the Knights of the Swan, and the ducheſs of Cleves. That nothing ſhould be wanting to the agreeableneſs of this caſtle, it is ſituate at the extremity of a handſome city, in a country remarkable for its fertility, and the beauty of its woods, plantations, and walks.

(35) Bea-

(35) Beatrice in coming out to meet the knights acted conformably to the cuſtoms of her time. We read in Perceforeſt, ſays Mr. de Ste. Palaye, of a queen, although juſt recovered from ſickneſs, ſetting out to meet a poor but brave and virtuous knight, who came to pay her a viſit. Mr. de Ste. Palaye mentions other inſtances of this kind.

(36) Knights only had the right of wearing rich furs, ſuch as the *vair*, the *ermine*, the *menu-vair*. Other furs of a more common kind were reſerved for the ſquires. Scarlet, and all ſorts of red colours were appropriated to the knights, becauſe, ſays Mr. de Ste. Palaye, of their ſplendour and excellence. The colour is preſerved in the dreſſes of ſuperiour magiſtrates and doctors. It may beſides be obſerved, that the liberality of the ducheſs towards her defenders was ſo much the more natural, as it was at that time a law of hoſpitality, and that the knights were always magnificently treated and maintained, and loaded with preſents by the princes with whom they ſojourned. See in Froiſſart the particulars of the exceſſive liberality of the count de Foix to the knights who viſited at his court.

(37) It was, as I have already ſaid, the indiſpenſible duty of a knight, to ſuccour all the unfortunate, and to devote himſelf particularly to the defence of oppreſſed women. Boucicaut inſtituted an order of chivalry under the name of the *white lady of the green ſhield*, in order to force reſtitution to be made to all ladies whoſe eſtates had been taken from them by vio-

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lence in recent wars. I could cite a multitude of inſtances of this kind, but wiſhing to write a note, and not a book on this ſubject, I confine myſelf to the relation of a few traits only; the following one is taken from the memoirs of ancient chivalry of Mr. de Ste. Palaye. I have retrenched ſome particulars, but what I extract is literally copied.

A faction known under the name of the *Jacquerie*, at firſt taking its riſe in the dioceſe of Beauvais, ſoon extended itſelf to the provinces, and made a league againſt the order of knighthood, and all the nobility. More than a hundred thouſand plebeans and peaſants taking arms, reſolving to exterminate the nobles, ravaged the country, burned the caſtles, and put the knights, the ſquires, and all the gentry to the ſword, without ſparing even women and children. The better to ſignalize an inveterate hatred againſt all the nobility, and as if it were to inſult the gentleneſs and humanity of chivalry, they gave the name of virtue to the moſt brutal ferocity and moſt barbarous cruelty *. The ducheſs of Normandy, wife of the regent, the ducheſs of Orleans, and three hundred ladies, were at Meaux, and not in a ſtate of ſecurity; ſome detachments of theſe furious wretches, joined by others, ſallying forth from Paris and its neighbourhood, thought themſelves ſure of ſeizing a prey, which they imagined could not eſcape them. The inhabitants had opened their gates, and, in concert with this factious rabble, had driven the ladies and their attendants to

* I ought here to repeat, that this paſſage is faithfully copied. See the edition in 3 vols. printed in the year 1781, vol. 1, page 198, and what follows.

take

take refuge in the place called the *market of Meaux*; a poſt divided from the town by the river Marne. The danger was extreme; and there were no exceſſes which were not to be dreaded from theſe turbulent bands. The count de Foix, and the captal de Buch, who at this time were on their return from Pruſſia, heard of this ſad news at Châlons. Although they had only ſixty lances, that is to ſay, ſixty knights with their ordinary attendants, they inſtantly determined to go and join the ſmall number of the defenders of the fortreſs of Meaux. The honour of the ladies did not allow the count de Foix to reflect upon the danger of the enterpriſe, or the captal de Buch to conſider that he was an engliſhman; he eagerly availed himſelf of the liberty which the truce between France and England afforded him, to gratify a ſentiment more powerful in the heart of a knight than national enmity. Theſe two heroes with their little troop repaired to Meaux, and marched againſt the enemy. The knights cut their way through the hoſtile ranks, ſlew ſeven thouſand men, diſperſed the reſt, and returned in triumph to the ladies, whom they delivered, &c. *vol.* 1, *page* 199, and what follows.

This generoſity towards women was not peculiar to France and England; it was univerſal throughout all Europe, and even in earlier times it prevailed among the leaſt civilized nations. The north was the cradle of chivalry ſays Mr. Mallet; all the monuments of the ancient Scandinavia evince it; in theſe monuments the taſte for chivalry, as i its bud, is to be ſeen; the hiſtory of other nations repreſents it as unfolding itſelf and ſpreading into Spain, France, Italy, and England, with

with the people of the north who eſtabliſhed themſelves there. Wherever we open the old hiſtories of the north, we ſhall read of the feats of knights of equal gallantry and proweſs. A ſwediſh prince had a daughter of rare beauty, named Thora; ſhe was carried away by violence. Her father publiſhed in all the neighbouring ſtates, that he who conquered the raviſher of Thora ſhould obtain her hand, of whatever condition he might be. The youthful Regner delivered the fair captive, and married her. Thora afterwards dying, Regner married a young ſhepherdeſs named Aſlanga, whom he raiſed to the throne. *Harold the fine haired*, king of a part of Norway, fell in love with a young girl named *Gida*, and aſked her in marriage; but ſhe replied, that in order to merit her heart, he muſt ſignalize himſelf by more glorious exploits than he had yet achieved; and that ſhe ſhould not conſider him worthy of her until he had ſubdued all Norway. Harold ſwore to take no farther care of his hair till he had completed the conqueſt of that country, nor did he marry Gida before he had brought the whole kingdom into ſubjection. Theſe facts, and a thouſand others of the kind, appear to be well authenticated; but (continues Mr. Mallet) it ſignifies little whether they be true or not; it is ſufficient to give us an idea of the manners of thoſe times, that theſe chronicles are written by men well informed in the hiſtory and cuſtoms of their country. [*Hiſtory of Denmark, by Mr. Mallet* *.]

* This hiſtory, containing nine volumes, is written with much ſagacity; it abounds in curious and intereſting inquiries, and gives a clear idea of the hiſtory of the northern nations.

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It was by their elevated ſentiments and irreproachable conduct, that the women of thoſe days acquired ſuch an empire. The laws of chivalry, ſays Mr. de Ste. Palaye, which forbad ſlandering the ladies, obliged them to have particular regard to the decency of their own conduct; and in order to be reſpected, it was neceſſary they ſhould firſt learn to reſpect themſelves. But, if by an oppoſite conduct they gave cauſe of juſt cenſure, they had always to apprehend ſome knight at hand, who would call them to an account for their behaviour. The chevalier de la Tour, in ſome inſtructions he addreſſes to his daughters, towards the year 1391, makes mention of a knight of his time, who, paſſing by caſtles inhabited by ladies, marked with infamy the abode of thoſe females, who were not worthy to receive *loyal knights purſuing honour and virtue*; and on ſuch as merited public eſteem, he laviſhed his praiſes. The ſame writer mentions, that in a grand aſſembly, *the good knights* placed a lady of inferiour condition, but *of good reputation*, above a lady of high rank, becauſe the latter was *blaſmée de ſon honneur*; that is to ſay, of bad repute.

A man may run into many follies for a worthleſs woman, but can only achieve great actions for her who is capable of inſpiring great ſentiments.

(38) I know of no governments purely democratic, but in the ſmaller cantons of Switzerland; and I know of no places where tyranny exerciſes a more arbitrary oppreſſive ſway. There, although no ſumptuary laws exiſt; yet, if people appear in public dreſſed in a better garb than the rude manufactory of the country, they

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are insulted. There, if a man think fit to embellish his house or garden, or construct a dwelling more remarkable than those of his neighbours, *the sovereign people* rase, or burn his house, and cut down his plantations. There, if a magistrate give offence, the people rise, and seize and hang him without any formality of law; for *popular justice* is very expeditious. The Landamtmann of Zug was executed in this manner two years before the French revolution, and such examples are very frequent. It is true, that, after the death of this magistrate, the people found out that the unfortunate man was innocent, and they honoured him with *a handsome funeral*. In fine, the almighty people of these small democratic cantons have but one distinct idea, which is, they that are *the strongest* are *the masters*; and they very naturally conclude thence, that their will is the only sacred law, and that every thing should yield to it. The extravagant pride, which this persuasion creates, gives them a sovereign contempt for all strangers; thus, none can have the honour of being naturalized in these little cantons, or even to purchase an estate there; and, in no country are strangers so ill treated by the inhabitants. In the public markets, for instance, they are made to pay at least the double of its value for every article; if their servants dispute the price, they are told, that strangers are not allowed to haggle; and if they give the money which is asked, without making any difficulty, the other buyers complain, that such prodigality raises the price of things. In such a predicament a stranger is at a loss how to act. While I lament these abuses, I am not the less struck with admiration and respect for a country, the other

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cantons of which are ſo praiſe-worthy on account of their laws, their morals, and the well informed and virtuous men who govern them.

(39) This Aſtolphus, the Engliſh paladin, is a real perſonage of the time, of much renown in old chronicles and ancient romances, and likewiſe the hero of ſeveral modern poems.

(40) Queen Eadburga really exiſted at this period; I have given her the character which hiſtory aſcribes to her, and have made no alteration in the facts relating to her ſtory. She was the rival of Egbert; the Weſt-Angles abandoned her and repaired to his ſtandard, and ſhe deſerved this fate for her vices, the depravity of her manners, and her crimes. Driven out of England, ſhe found an aſylum at the court of Charlemagne. One day ſhe obſerved to that emperor, that her higheſt ambition was to be queen of France; "Well," replied Charlemagne, by way of joke, "I am a widower, my eldeſt ſon is a batchelor; which of the two will you marry?" "The younger," ſaid Eadburga. "Had you choſen me," replied the emperor, "I ſhould have given you my ſon, but ſince you prefer him to me, you ſhall have neither of us." Charlemagne conferred an abbey upon this princeſs, which ſhe quitted in order to go off with a new paramour. She at length retired to Pavia, where ſhe ended her days in miſery.

END OF THE NOTES TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

FRENCH AND ITALIAN MOTTOES.

VOLUME SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

HOW pitiable is the lot of him
Who has become the voluntary ſlave
Of two bright eyes, and beauteous ebon treſſes,
That veil a wicked and perfidious heart?
Unhappy wight!—In vain he ſeeks to flee;
Or, if he flee, he, like the ſtrucken deer,
Carries his rankling wound where'er he goes.
Aſhamed, both of himſelf and of his love,
He dares not tell, yet tries in vain to cure it!

CHAPTER III.

1. What charm is this?—The world beneath my feet,
I mount to God. Unhappy is the man
Who fondly puts his confidence in man.
Not ſwifter glides the veſſel on the waves,
Not ſwifter flies the arrow from the bow,
Than human glory paſſes.——Such is man!

2. Penſive, alone, my meaſured ſteps I bend
O'er diſmal deſarts, unfrequented plains;
And anxiouſly avoid the haunts of men.

CHAPTER IV.

Why, love unjuſt and cruel!—why ſo rare
A mutual flame? And why doſt thou delight
To ſow the ſeeds of diſcord in our hearts?

CHAPTER V.

Hypocrisy is a homage which vice pays to virtue.

CHAPTER VI.

Ungrateful!—What have I not dared and done
To love and please thee? Have I not betray'd,
On thy account, my country, father, king?
Yet, see the recompense I now receive!

CHAPTER VII.

1. At once, an object terrible and dear!

CHAPTER VIII.

2. Yes! maugre that great crime, which I deplore.
With you, I cannot altogether hate
Myself, while you still love me, and vouchsafe
With my remorse to blend your tears of pity.

CHAPTER IX.

Doubt not a time will come———

CHAPTER X.

1. The history of every woman is a romance.

CHAPTER XI.

1. Towns laid in ashes! rivers tinged with blood!
Plains desolated!—only meet my view.

2. I will not be th' accomplice of his crimes:
No; rather let me be his last sad victim.

CHAPTER XII.

How dear, how precious, is a faithful friend!

CHAPTER XIII.

Happy abode of sweet simplicity!
Receive the homage of my ravished eyes.

In thee alone I find the laws obſerved
Of ancient hoſpitality:—in thee
Truth undiſguis'd, graces devoid of art,
And ſentiments without their affectation.

Chapter XIV.

2. Is there a ſoul ſo ſtubborn, as not to feel reverential emotions, on conſidering the gloomy ſpacioufneſs of our churches, and hearing the devotion-inſpiring tones of our organs?

Chapter XV.

A tyrant's friendſhip is a chain of ſlavery.

Chapter XVII.

1. His hate is ever greater than his love.

2. At court, the ſervices of many years
Are in a moment cancelled and forgot.
There, favour, always ſought too eagerly,
Is often but a ſnare to cover death.

Chapter XVIII.

1. What charms in beauty, when adorn'd with virtue!

Chapter XIX.

Not always beſt, the counſel of the many.

Chapter XX.

1. That cruel art, which teaches to preſage
Future misfortune, is not ſurely wiſdom:
'Tis folly.—When the timid, credulous mind
Paints to itſelf ſuppoſed impending ills,

The image always is beyond the truth.
Why, then, ſhould fooliſh man himſelf torment
With vain anxiety, and realize
Evils, which, at the moſt, are only doubtful?

2. Myſterious doings cover dark deſigns.

Chapter XXI.

1. All power is derived from God: and whatſoever is derived from God, is eſtabliſhed only for the advantage of mankind. The great would be uſeleſs upon the earth, if there were none poor and unfortunate: their elevation they owe to the public needs: and ſo far are the people from being made for them, that they themſelves are entirely made for the people.

2. So ſtrong is popular prejudice in favour of the great, that if theſe would but think of being good, it would amount to idolatry.

Chapter XXII.

The Briton, independent, brave and bold,
Was never yet a ſlave to court caprice *:
He never regulates his love or hate
By kingly favour: no ſuch prejudice
Has any influence on his actions.—He,
To ſave his country, would o'erturn a throne!

Chapter XXIII.

The heart has ſecrets to the mind unknown.

* Did Mr. De la Harpe know us ſufficiently? or are we changed, ſince he wrote?